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King Noanett

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King Noanett

A Story of Old Virginia and the Massachusetts Bay

F. J. Stimson
(J. Scott Jones)

He does not touch our eyes; but Sorrow."

J. B. O'Reilly

King Noanett

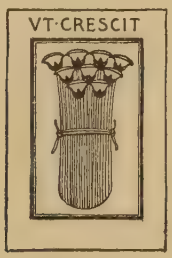
A Story of Old Virginia and the Massachusetts Bay

By

F. J. Stimson
(J. S. of Dale)

"For when God gives to us the clearest sight
He does not touch our eyes with Love, but Sorrow"

J. B. O'REILLY



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To the Memory of

John Boyle O'Reilly

This Book

So often planned together and now executed

Alone

Preface

THE story of Bampfylde Carew, one of the earliest settlers on the upper Charles, is herein for the first time printed. Though first set down (as appears by the context) for the edification of the writer's children, Mr. Carew's views upon some subjects, notably Cromwell and the later Puritans, would have rendered their publication inopportune in New England at a time much before the present. But if he sets forth these matters in a somewhat novel light, he is severer still upon certain phases of early life in Virginia. He speaks without fear or favour, and I have printed it as written, altering only the spelling; and although occasionally he uses words only suited to the robuster stomachs of his time, I have let them stand: partly that the sweet and noble temper of his story atones for them, partly that our own stomachs are a trifle over queasy (as to words alone). To use his own, the fighting companies of the Old Dominion were but a "ribald crew"; and the events, even the incidents, which he narrates I have found curiously verified in memoirs nearly contemporary, notably the diaries of his acquaintance, Colonel Byrd of Westover. I have been at some pains

to identify the military uprising in Virginia in which he and his hero, Miles Courtenay, took part; it preceded by a few years Bacon's rebellion, though Ingram is an historical character. It was probably one of the numerous border forays which took place in those times. On the other hand, his account of "Springfield parish" (now Dover) I find exactly verified in the early records of Medfield, Dedham, and the Indian missions in the valley of the Charles.

F. J. STIMSON.

Boston, November, 1895.

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The illustrations for this volume have been made by
Mr. Henry Sandham, R.C.A.

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King Noanett

I

In which I Begin Life at Slocombslade

"WHAT last on earth you saw?" — thus spake
The angel to me when I died. — "I saw
Alone, in a dark wood, at eve, her face.
Her face, turned half away, and from it came
A light that was not of the sea nor sky."

"But after?"
"After that was nothing. — But
The brown leaves of the mountain fell around,
Blown o' the last gale of summer; and the storm
Still was above; only, from the pale West
(Where since an hour the hidden sun had set)
Came one cold level ray and touched her face,
Her face, that was beside me, and her eyes."

"But after that?"
"Was nothing."
"Forty years!"
"Forty years? I know not. — But her face,
As it looked out, so pure, to th' distant sea —
(We were together, she and I, alone)
Her face, white in the night, beside me there,
(She knew it not) was burned into my heart."

"But forty years that followed?"
"What know I?
They may have been; they are not; I have told
The last on earth I saw, as thou hast said."

COURTENAY'S verses begin the story well enough. And the first light that I saw on the earth, as I remember, was the bright light of a September morning on the moors. And that morning and that evening have made my day of life. And whereas in my earlier days it was the evening that I remembered most often and most bitterly, now that I am in the eve of life myself, the thought of that bright morning lieth in my heart like a wine to make death gentle. Marriage and giving in marriage are not in heaven, we are told: but we are not told, there is no love; and that is all that I have found within this world eternal; we but pretend to other things. I have heard, too, all that is said by priest or puritan.

I have often thought also how strange our meeting was — in what troubled soil, and in what lull of great world-tempests my love was sown; and blossomed there so tenderly, so hardily, like our first March meadow-flowers, that are the frailest ever. For it was that lull in the shock of steel coat and leather jerkin, joy and thought, Honour and Conscience, Charles and Cromwell, that made our two grandfathers thoughtless of our trifling hearts, and gave my own, just born, its chance of breath.

For my grandfather, either that he was old or thought the crop uncertain, had turned squire and

let both his farms that year; and I had no labour, but was left to roam like a gentleman's son, only that I had neither tutors nor horses. So fair an August had I never known; the warm rich sky lay over all the West of England, softly blue, above the scarlet heather and the golden gorse, and the sweet soft green where on the moors the new grass grew: the glory of those days stayed with me many sober years, and tinged their blankness faintly.

The moors were mine, and the openness, and the sweet air of life. And from the Northern seacliffs to the ivy-clad valley of the Holne Chase, aye, West, to wilder Dartmoor, I was king. But most I liked, of all dominions, that central nest of moor and moss where Barle and the Lyn-stream rise, and the fields have no hedge, nor the heather any paths, save what the wild moor-ponies make; even sheep roam not there, for the farmers dare not trust them in that wilderness.

This year, though, they had been safe enough: for, all that season, not one armed man did I see, they being elsewhere engaged. And that the sheep had been there in older, gentler times, the heart of my domain was evidence. For, in a gentle fold of the valley, on the topmost moor, where the first soft crease of green showed in the stern purple highlands, only just hidden, yet safe beyond all seeking (as a lady's love-letter in her bosom), lay my home — my true home. It was an old abandoned sheep-fold (*bield*, we called it) built of stone; a square rod only, in extent, but yet like a little fortalice: for at one corner of the thick stone wall, and that the lowermost, rose a round stone tower, so that it made a

sort of sentry-post and cover at the top; and below (which had been the shepherd's room) a room for me.

And this was my true home; here my being was; my seeming (at mealtimes, and of nights, when I could not get away) was at my grandfather's. In the stone enclosure I kept a wild moor-pony, that I had caught and bridled with a rope; no longer wild now, for he neighed to me at the dawn, and made sleepy, comfortable noises, when I sang to him in the evening.

No man (so far as I knew) came to this place. It was long since sheep had been pastured there; I fancied that its owner was dead, and it forgotten by his heirs. So I called it mine. And on the first of those forty days that I remember, it was early of a Monday morn that I started from my grandfather's; the sun-rise sunlight lay freshly on the moors, as I started Northward, skirting the dangerous bogs for haste to get there and see my pony: for my grandfather had had a sermon-fit the day before, and kept me indoors all the Sunday. On such occasions poor Noll, the pony, had to find new grass as best he might in the courtyard, and beware lest he kick over the water-trough.

All my life I have believed there was enchantment in the air that day. I was conscious of it before I came to my sheep tower; and the dread Mole's Chamber, lying in the sink of the down upon my left, had veiled its evil surface in a rosy cloud. Noll whinnied at seeing me, though his water-trough was full. I brought him grass, and he seemed not hungry; and then I sat on the little slope of grass that lay sunward, above the brook, leaning on the

last dense wall of heather, now full of bloom and fragrant. And the water made soft murmurs, and I dreamed.

Then became I conscious of the spell. There was a presence there; I felt that I was not alone. So strong grew this upon me that I fancied I heard a breathing, and it was not Noll's nor mine. I lay just beneath the little corner tower, and it seemed to come from there. At last I could resist no longer, and I went back to the fold, and entered it, and went to the little wall-stairway of projecting stones (Noll pressing after me and snuffing at my elbow) and climbed this; and entered the little tower cell. Two long slits were in the wall of this for shooting culverins; and now through one of them shot a shaft of sunlight, athwart the stone chamber; and beyond this, lying on a bed of heather I had made, her lips just parted, softly breathing, lay a slender maid asleep.

I went back to my hill-slope, and thought about it. For I never had seen a young lady before, and they were not in my thoughts.

Old women were plenty round about us; and there were a few farmers' daughters in the neighbourhood, but not many; for our land had been but a poor place for the marrying and giving in marriage, those dozen years before, harried first by Prince Rupert, for his Majesty, and then by my Lord Fairfax, for the Protector. But this, I had seen (though I had hardly seen how old she was), was a young lady.

How had she got lost upon the moors? or rather (for the losing was no great matter to make), how

had she gone upon the moor to lose herself? And, if lost, how came it she was gently sleeping, fearing not loneliness — in my old stone tower? And this most of all, and last, — how was I to wake her, and set her back again upon her way?

Then it occurred to me that, barring my pony neighed, which he would not, unless hungry, the next sweetest sound was singing. And either sound would frighten her less than by direct address. So I began to sing; at first, timidly (for I was a bit frightened myself), then louder, and louder yet — old country songs, we all knew, then — and after a bit, I fancied, she woke, and put her head out of window. Then, she saw me (though I kept my head turned away), and then she came down the stairway, and out the sheepfold, and along the grassy path behind me. I felt her approach; and when she was nigh, I arose, and turned me to her, and bowed low. And when I slowly straightened up from this bow, my eyes met hers. And here I saw her; and her eyes were like the Mother Mary's eyes in heaven.

II

In which I Meet Mistress St. Aubyn

I HAVE great pity for all such as have gone through this world untouched by love; the true, I mean, little light, little selfish, only unending in eternity and bringing a soul unto men on earth. For, as I muse on it now, it seemeth a rare experience, even among you Puritans; rarer still, in that old time of my youth when, to the one world, all that was not pleasure was food for jest, and, to the other, all that was not sanctimonious was sin. There was one Parson Herrick, a poet, not far from us; he wrote most sweetly of maids and blossoms, and what he called love; yet never wrote he a line of love as I have known it. And as for the Puritans then, they had no heart for it, nor charity; but only head, and faith in sour dogmas, and getting on in this world. Truly, as I believe, the most of men are not blest to have known my love, which by the grace of God hath so lighted my life that absence — aye, and death, without doubt — could not darken it. Even Shakspere seemeth to me hardly to divine it; his loves are but a courtier's, or at best a shepherd's, tending to possession, and ending then. Whereas, with mine, the knowing her was all; the being in the world; and if so be my heart met understanding and response,

it could die no more, and the purpose of the world was full.

So is it that after three score years, my dim eyes still see her brightly. Slender she was, yet lithe and strong like the straight birch-tree; her face I may not so well describe to you; for I hardly ever saw her face, but only her eyes; nor even saw I her eyes to describe them well, but only herself in them. I think they had the colour of the midmost of a mighty wave at sea; I only know that they were brave, yet marvellous gentle; and in them they had, with pity and sweet honour, the meaning of the world. For when I looked in them, even on the second time that morning, I felt that all the good in me was known: so the evil could no longer be.

She was not lost (it seemed, she knew the moor as well as I); only had walked too far since a cool dawn, and now was resting from the drowsy heat of the August mid-morn, fearing not the moor, but liking the remoteness of it. By Combe Park had she come, and from the Abbey; a longish way, so that (perhaps but for the putting of me at greater ease) she was willing to ask if there might not be a shorter, else a leveller way home. For my tower was over by the Sadler's stone, snugged in 'twixt Exehead and mighty Chapman Barrows, thrice the height of these Massachusetts hills we have here; and she had had to cross, by down and up, two of our deepest combes, in coming. Then I told her, surely there was a shorter way, so that she might be home even by noonday; but that the byre with its little watch-tower was not mine, only that I and my

pony had discovered it just as she had; and that I would go away, if she wished to sleep. And at this she smiled, and said No, she was done with sleeping, only she liked the quiet there, coming from a house full of armed men. And by her manner, you would have thought she was a queen grown, and I (as I was) but a child.

Then (forgetting I had said the watch-tower was not mine) I wanted to tell her, she might come there as often as she would; but my tongue was clumsy with it, and my cheeks burned red; so I made a show only to tell her how quiet and safe it was, and how I liked it for the great hills guarding it to east and west, and the deep scoop to the blue northern sea, and the dim blue mountains beyond, where were giants still, and they spoke even a language that was not ours. "But how came your house full of armed men, sithen the time is peace?" said I, too bluntly; for her face crimsoned softly a bit, like a shell that is held to the dawn. Then she turned and spoke to me truly, simply, as one who sees in life no other way; only her eyes on mine as she spoke (and there, I think, already began my happiness; only men, and surely Master Herrick, would not call it so).

"I have seen none but armed men about my grandfather since King Charles, God bless him! was slain." And I bowed at her blessing, though amazed; for of my grandfather I heard more curses than blessings ('tis true we Protestants pray not for souls of the dead, and most of those we then had cause to curse were main alive), and the very name of God served but as handle to strong blows given

here on earth. And I had the breeding not to ask her more; for we, at Slocombslade, were Parliament men. Only, I thanked me that the fighting now was over. "And to-day," she added, simply, "my uncle St. Aubyn is come over from Challacombe, and even my Lord Say and Sele from Lundy. So my grandfather bade me run and play" (she ended with a smile), "and I am here."

Then I could not question her; and I might have been hard put to it to find anything worthy the saying to her, but that she seeing this began to question me; and I told her much about our country, and something of the pony, and not a little, as I fancy, of myself; for next to talking of her life with her, it was sweet to have her talk of my life with me. And she had that wonderful way of seeing all the world, largely, with her wise, kind eyes; and all that there might be in a man at the first looking at him. But the day was a day of gossamer, fairy-spun; and soon the spell of it took us outward to the moors to the secretest dingle of it, where the flowers could grow in shade by little trees that were born at the birth of Farley water. Here its young life made but a greenness in the sod; and here, beneath a shelter of little ancient cedars, the fairies had indeed spun their web, even to a mighty pavilion of the gossamer skein, a half a rood in largeness, its silver roof glistening yet with the frosty dew and heaped and tented into peaks upon the taller stalks and flowers.

We looked over to the Countisbury hill and the higher moors; and westward the heather waves rolled ever lower, into, at last, a mazy glistering of

gold; while all before us were blue spheres of sea. And then she told me of her father's battling in the wars, and of her following, a little child, from keep to keep, as each in turn was taken. Now it was all but a dream to her, even as the knights in Arthur's tale; only that her old grandfather had grown more fierce, since his son's death and the King's; and would ever talk to her of them; and made the Abbey but a camp for men at arms. And then I must tell her what I knew: which was little save the knowing of the hills and fields, and some old country tales of Palomyd or Iseult and the older Christian kingdom, that we learned in our country of our nurses still.

And then she must go home; and she rode upon my pony, and let me lead him (not that he needed it, but the way was new). And I led them by Paracombe and Halwell castle, and so by Bonvile, where her own people had lived, to the Abbey. And that was all she told me on that day; but the telling of it made my life's tale.

III

In which I Find Myself

THAT September morning lasted six weeks. And then, I remember, I came home one night and found my grandfather waiting me.

"Where hast been," said he, "where hast been, Bampfylde Moore Carew?" (He always called me Bampfylde Moore Carew, at length, because he hated me. His name was Slocombe,— Farmer Slocombe, of Slocombslade — and my father had married his daughter.) "Hast been to th' Abbey, I'll be bound."

I nodded; surlily, I suppose, for he went on, more angrily, "Nor the first time, nuther, since that old fox, Penruddock, ran to earth?"

Now I had been there every day six weeks, since that first bright morning when I found her lost near the old sheepcote by Exehead Barrows; so this time I kept silence, confession leading further than the old man was likely to imagine; yet knew I only as by instinct what thing it was that I would not confess.

"Humph!" said my grandfather, "I can guess the old Royalist hath brought some pretty spawn of his'n to bait his traitor's hook with —"

At this my ire rose. "He hath brought his orphan granddaughter, as I am yours —"

"Some byblow from the court —"

"A fairer, purer maid lives not in Devon —"

"Ho, ho," said my grandfather, and he peered at me closely, and there was malice in his eye, "a fair maid, quotha? A maid thou callst this highborn lady? Thou wouldst marry her, thou, this gentleman's daughter? Thou, the beggar's son, whom I took in for charity!"

Now God knows I had no thought of marrying, and knew that she was worlds above me, but that He made her so, not man. And the thought thus put in my heart, I plucked up heart to answer, "I may not marry her, but I may serve her still — yet who knows? My father was a gentleman, at least."

"A pretty gentleman, indeed! A beggar, and a beggarly sailor! and worse, if all is true; for he was well hanged by the Spaniards for a thief, at Port-of-Spain."

Now this I had never heard; and my heart gave a plunge within me. "A beggar?" I faltered.

"Ay, and king of beggars was he called, until he broke the gaol, at Bridgewater, and took to pirating. And my only child must marry him, Bampfylde Carew, because he was a gentleman, forsooth! And so she came home, and lay upon my doorstone, in travail with thee; and I took her in, before she died, as I might have taken in any woman from the road. So, Sir," ended my grandfather, "thou mayst go to old Penruddock, and show him thy pedigree, the proud fool! and ask to quarter thy beggar's arms with his. But the gibbet, thy crest, I dare say, will do for both." And the old man strode into the house, and I heard him settle himself for the day before his leathern Bible.

For it was Sunday. I know not what I felt; but I went up into the moors, by the old stone bield and tower where first I found her; and there in the long grass by the bright stream I pressed my fevered face and wept into the cool waters. They ran so brightly by, all sparkling; never was the blue heaven more deeply blue, nor the warm sunlight more glorious; and all the sweet home wildflowers grew about my face as it lay there, close to earth in that soft green valley, and found no better thing than tears. And there was one flower that they call the Easter-flower I had never seen on the moors before, and it was out of season; blue with a golden heart; and I remembered it until I saw it once again.

In the afternoon, I rose and bathed my face in the water — Farley water was it called, and please God, it flows there still — would I go to her again? Aye, though every minute with her bred a year of after sorrow — only to look once more into those her eyes! It seemed, if I could but carry their look away with me, they might bear me through my life alone. Just once more — only once more, I promised myself.

I did not then know what usury of years we pay on minutes of joy so stolen. But had I known, I should still have gone to her. Who loves — and would not barter his own life, year by year for hour by hour, with hers?

My grandfather was sitting by his doorstep, when I went in to get my best doublet; and I took down my father's sword boldly before him, though I had never taken it before. I was ready for his anger;

but he only looked up grimly. I thought for once perhaps his Bible reading had softened him.

"So," said he, "thou'dst be a gentleman, too, and put thy own neck in the noose? Tell me what the old fox says to thee — if thou couldst but find when he means to break covert, some good might come of all thy fooling."

I looked at him and buckled the sword around me. I was twenty, then, and well grown for my years. "Tell me this, Sir," I answered, "if my father was hanged for a thief — if he were hanged on the Spanish Main — how came his sword here by you?"

His eyes sought the floor, and he muttered something; but all I heard was "fool of a Royalist." I strode away and left him there.

IV

In which is the Promise of my Life

THE sun was hanging above the western sea, still three hours high. But I thought only of Miss St. Aubyn; one look of her I craved, or the sun might sink forever, for all me. I crossed the Mole's Chamber, and the high barrows over Dean, and then strode rapidly down to the fair lawn of Leigh Abbey. And there my love stood, on the pleasaunce, tending flowers; flowers whose blooming we should never see. And then, she looked up; and I saw far within her eyes.

My heart drank deeply; for were not the days of drought to come? And she looked at me bravely — she had a marvellous still look in them, a look, I think, that is given by peace and pure friendliness — and then,

"I thought that you would come," she said.

Something in this speech made sweet within me — perhaps she saw it, for she said hastily, "I thought that you would come to-day; for it — it is for to-morrow —"

She hesitated, confused; but this speech I liked not so well; and I broke in, and cried, "What is to-morrow — what is to-morrow to us to-day?"

"But my grandfather says that you must not come any more."

I looked at her, and her eyes met mine once more.

The love made heaven within them, and I minded not her words. One day was an eternity to me. And so we walked off, over the moor; for this day, at least, was mine.

"You uphold the Lord Protector," said she, "and we, the King." I thought then of the division that was between us, not only this, but the other matter; and my steps grew heavy—until that day I had never thought that this could end! But now, this was, perhaps, our last day on earth. And I walked beside her, like a miser, counting her steps by my side. (Her walk was like the waving of the barley to a gentle wind.) We went up the long sweep of Exmoor, with the sinking sun behind us, and I watched her light feet fall upon the heather. And at the highest point of that down, a bit of grey stone breaks through the turf; and she sat on this enthroned, for the level sunbeam made a radiance round her face. I knelt beside her; the heather curved downward from us, toward the South, and far in the dip of the valley was the grey little church of North Molton, nestling in the trees.

"And I too," said I, "I am forbid to see you any more," and I laughed, so little then I knew. Then I told her, or I tried to tell her, what my grandfather had said. But I could not say it all. She listened, to the end; and then she smiled.

"Thou art a gentleman, I see, so have no fear—beside, what dost thou know of me?"

"'Th' four wheels of Charles's wain,
Grenvile, Godolphin, St. Aubyn, Slanning, slain—!'"

cried I, "all Devon knows of that, alas! My

grandfather was at Launceston, with the Parliament men, and came home with half a coat, swearing; for the two thousand Cornishmen had beat seven thousand that were with him, fighting with naked swords against bullets when their powder gave out — and then, at Lansdowne-hill, they cried, the Cornish foot, that 'they might have leave to fetch those cannon!'"

"'Twas there my father died. But my grandfather —" she checked herself. "But let us go on walking."

We went on, over the heather, ruddy or deep purple in the sunset or the shadow; and so walking, we came by the little sheepscote where I had lain that morning, and the still, sparkling stream. The sweet fields and rills, the sunny hills and the bright water, fresh as when the hand of their Creator left them; the fields seemed still to wear his smile, the water to run his will, as on the day he left them, saying, "It is good!" And I thought how I had prayed the Virgin — on that morning (for it was the eighth of September, the day of the Nativity) that I might see my lady there once more; and now it was granted me, on the very spot where I had seen the world so hopeless, and had had my tears. So then I made a vow, that I would trust my love and heaven, and fearless take the way they showed to me. Then I said to her, "Mistress St. Aubyn, may I come to see you soon again?" and the spell was broken.

"No — I do not know," said she, coldly or sadly — ah me, the doubt of which it was! and when I implored her, she would not say, but only looked at me sadly.

"We must go back," said she, at last; and we turned and went in silence. Our steps lay downward; the sun had set, and only its last radiance remained to light her face. It seemed, there was an autumn wind, the first of winter, upspringing from the sea; the cold light fell upon her eyes and lips; and I stumbled as I walked, looking at her, for some instinct bade me stamp her portrait on my heart that day. Only, it lay blurred upon my memory, dazzled in the light that dwelt within her eyes: I saw them once again. Alas, we were already by the vale of rocks! But the last turns of the path were longer: bless the long moor that lies 'twixt there and Leigh! Her face shone pure and white, against the shadowed moor. And the two turns still to make before we reached the carved lions of the gate, I hoarded to my heart. But ah! there we met Colonel Penruddock, his iron-grey hair still long in curls, and laces showing at the collar of the steel corslet he wore, — standing grimly, as if he waited for us.

"Present me to this gentleman," said he — "but first, you, Sir — do you know her?"

"Miss — Mistress St. Aubyn," stammered I.

"Lady — Lady," he corrected me; "daughter and heiress of that Lord St. Aubyn, who with his cousin Bevil Grenvile, fell at Lansdowne; and niece of Sir Richard Grenvile, he who fought a fleet of Spaniards in his single ship, and said, 'Here die I, Richard Grenvile, with a joyful and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do —'"

"'Fighting for his country, queen, religion, and honour!'" said I, taking off my hat.

"So — thou art a gentleman," he said; and then turning to her, "What is his name?"

Trembling, but bravely, she pronounced it. I thought he frowned; but it may have been my fear.

"And grandson of the churlish farmer here? So; how long has this been going on? — Well, well; there may be little more. Thou art a Roundhead; if thou wouldst be a gentleman —" my heart bounded within me — "then come no more."

I bowed; and faced him. "At least, I may go with her to the Abbey?" She had left us while we spoke; and I ran after her. "Once more — only once more," I begged; "to-morrow?"

She looked at me, and I am sure she saw my heart dying in my eyes.

"Perhaps — perhaps to-morrow," she said gently; and then, "Oh, go away — forgive me, go away!"

"I must see you once more," I cried; for already I felt her features fading from my heart, so hard it is to bring to memory the features of the face you love too much. "Only once more — to-morrow? Promise me that I shall see you to-morrow?"

She shook her head, and looked away far over the grey sea; and I felt a cry within me to fix this moment by some vow.

"Promise me you will not believe what story my grandfather or other men may tell about my father — or of me — and promise — to have faith in me," I ended; for I did not dare to say what I wished. And the memory of those words unsaid haunted me for many years.

She looked brightly at me, smiling. "That is easy," she said.

"Then, to show that it is true, let me see you once more to-morrow. I will ask your grandfather why I may not come."

"Oh, not, not that," cried out my lady, wildly. "He will — he will —" ("He will bid you stay," I know now that she said; but the last three words were drowned in tears.)

"Then promise," I said, laying boldly my hand to hers.

"I promise that you shall see me once more — some time," she murmured, and ran through the courtyard into the house. And with this, her promise, I walked home beneath the stars.

V

In which I Find a Cross

I SANG while I walked; for my heart was light that night, as it had been heavy in the morning. Though a lover have but one more meeting in prospect, he looks not beyond it; but forward to that morrow, or next week, or even next year, if need be, and he have but due assurance of it, as to such infinity of blessedness that it needs no eternity; but that the morrow and all the days that lead to it are made glorious thereby. And, as I sang, I heard a plaintive cadence of melody over the evening moor; it was a man's voice, but no roistering cavalier melody, only just that sad and simple little tune to which the cause of the Stuarts died: —

"Her whom ye love
For him ye shall leave,
He is thy King, if Queen she shall ever be;
Now ye may prove
How both ye do love,
Dying so loyally, living so tenderly . . . "

Lillibullero it was; poor, plaintive, little tune of a lost cause; to one's ears now it hath a "dying fall" indeed. Of course I had heard it often enough before, but to bolder words, and resented it; for Slocombslade, our parish, had sided with the Commonwealth, but somehow these new words seemed

to wind themselves about my heart that night; who sang them I did not know, nor why; it was a man's strong voice tempered to sweetness either by the words themselves, or by the lonely moor, or by the unsafety of such singing in such times. But my ear caught up the tune, as my heart the voice; and I came into our farmyard humming it softly. My grandfather looked up sharply from his doorstone, where he sat smoking his pipe.

"Bampfylde Moore Carew, what hast thou learned?" said he. I looked at him innocently enough.

"What advantage hast thou of thy folly? Will the old fox break covert in the morning?" Even then the reason did not come to me; I am not slow-witted, but my mind was full of her. "Art thou going back in the morn?"

I felt again like a miser whose treasure has been half uncovered by some rough step. I hung my sword upon the rack, but gave no speech.

"I trow not," he grumbled. "Lad, thee must ride even to Bideford the morrow, and bring back the Lord Protector's soldiery." Like a blow this order fell upon me, and I turned and faced him.

"I will not," I said, "and I am going back in the morning." I looked to see him fire with choler; but he only laid his pipe down, and clasping his knees, he rocked his long beard to and fro, and chuckled softly. "Ah, ah, the bird is not yet flown," he muttered. "Let them make head, let them make head. The old cock will not fly till the nest is clear. What dost thou call her?" he cried to me suddenly. "Penruddock, or St. Aubyn?"

Now, her name for me (so far as she needed name) had been Miss St. Aubyn, and more than this I did not know. And so foolish was I that I would not confess this even to the old yeoman; but went upstairs to bed. And there I opened the window to look at the upward sweep of moorland to the stars. For, as some of you may know, God help you, or may come to know — aye, and God help you soothlier if you never do — I would not have lost in sleep one minute of those bright hours that lay between me and my darling. Hours enough for sleep might come thereafter, when I could sleep no more.

The night was fine till nearly dawn; but then a mist came stealing from the earth, and the stars paled and, one by one, went out in the cold, slow Northern wind that began the winter, and sucked the warmth and sweetness from our soft uplands. I shivered then, and arose and dressed me. And all that day the fog enveloped me, where'er I went, and the sun was gone; and the darkness of it lies still about that day in memory.

For I went to Leigh Abbey long before it was noon (there was no sun to the day, and how could I tell the time?) and I watched for her, but she did not come. And I walked slowly on the ridge of the moor, against the sky where she might see me, all along by the side of the old Abbey where her chamber was; and saw no answering sign. Then at last I went to the door and knocked; and an old serving-woman came to my call.

"Her bean't here," she said. Now this I knew was not true; for she had promised me that I should

see her; and had I not been in sight of her dwelling since the dawn? (and no one had departed from it). So I said nothing, but hung my head; and went up to the great beetling rock that hangs over against Leigh Abbey by the sea; and there I watched and waited. Had she not promised to see me? And I, who had asked her to believe in me, truly I must well believe in her. All day I sat there, without food or drink, and saw no sign of her. But many companies of mounted troopers I saw come to the Abbey, and more depart. And at last, in the afternoon, I went back and clamoured at the door; and this time it was a soldier that appeared; and he looked at me and asked if I was an honest gentleman and came from Bideford disguised; I told him that I sought to see the lady St. Aubyn; and at this he rudely laughed, and shut the door in my face. And so I must fain go back half crying, not so much at losing her, but that she had broken her word to me — one of the two poor promises she gave — to let me see her once more; nor in absence to think ill of me. What if she broke the other too?

The time for sunset came, but the mist was breaking into driven rain, and clearing coldly. Yet some hours more I sat there, until, about eight in the evening, it seemed to me I saw two gowned figures issue from the side door; and two or three horses stood there in waiting. I went down and came close to them in the dark, and then I saw that they were priests. Now I had been bred a good Protestant; but my father was of the older religion; for nothing worse than Papist knave had my grandfather called him until that day; besides, in those days in our

country we still kept many of the feasts, and even prayed to Mary, that here they think but Popish idolatry. So I was about to speak to them, when, seeing me, they stopped and crossed themselves; and one spoke, timidly as it seemed, the words "South Molton."

"South Molton?" said I.

"Are you from Bideford?"

"Nay," said I; "my grandfather bade me go there."

"And who is thy grandfather, lad?" said the priest, now boldly.

"Farmer Slocombe, of Slocombslade —"

Hardly had I said the words ere they were in the saddle and clapped spurs to their horses. "A spy," cried one; and the other had already vanished. I stood in the dark, looking after them, not noticing their servant, who was mounting clumsily, turning his horse about and around, and tripping over a long blunderbuss he carried; and as he got up in his seat, he brought it fairly to his shoulder and fired full at me. The horse had started, and the bullets rattled harmlessly enough against the stone Abbey wall a yard ahead of me; and before I had come out of my daze the varlet had followed his masters up over the moor. The night was clearing rapidly; and as I looked after him, I saw the red glow of the balefire on Dunkery beacon, fifteen miles away, flushed in the clouds. And suddenly, there was a light behind me, and I turned and saw a tongue of flame leap from the Abbey window by my side.

I rushed to the little door, but it was fast barred and would not give; then I ran around to the great Abbey entrance, but it was fast also. Then I prayed

Heaven that it might be true, that she had broke her promise, and had left without meaning to see me again. Another window burst out in flame; and then another and another. The fire was in the back of the building; and already little spurts and jets came out and licked up the mosses on the low gable. No sound came from within: but what if she was still there, sleeping perhaps, while her grandfather and all his company were away? For I felt sure some business was going forward that night; what, I did not know. The blood was in my head; I rushed wildly back to the great hall entrance, and dashed my arm against the lattice of a window. It fell inward with a clatter on the stone floor; and I made my way in, despite the cloud of smoke that poured from the broken window. I found myself in the great hall, already litten with a ruddy glow; and I ran up the stairway, seeking where I thought her room might be.

Door, after door, I opened, but only found breastplates, boots and suchlike matters; and I made my way hardly through the blinding smoke. I cried her name aloud, but vainly; and beneath me I could hear the crashing of the falling timbers. At last I opened the door of what seemed to be a little chamber; a door opened from it, and groping in the stifling dark, I felt a crucifix upon an altar. I ran back into the hall stairway, which was already flaming, and I twisted out one of the burning balusters for a torch. Back in the little room, I could have cried for joy; for there was a couch empty, and one of the robes, lying carelessly across it as if left in haste, I knew for hers. I knelt down beside it one

moment and kissed her gown; and there was a little book of hours beside the little cross, and I took this book; then throwing wide the casement (for all the central hall was furious fire now), I dropped from its little balcony and fell unhurt upon the grass.

When I reached home, my grandfather was waiting up for me, though it was midnight. He looked at me, and saw my sad visage, and then he smiled.

"The old earth is burning," said he. "Thou'lt take the mare and ride to Bideford this night. I see by thy looks 'tis time."

"That will I not," said I; for now I knew what business might be forward.

"Then roof of mine shall shelter thee no more." He made as if to strike me; but I met his glance, and once again it sought the ground. I turned from him and took my father's sword (which I had left behind, that day that I had thought a tryst for seeing her) and I stopped in the larder for a crust of bread.

And this was all I took from what had been my mother's house; and so, penniless and hungry as she had entered it again, twenty years before, I turned my face to the moor and left him there.

I slackened not until I came to the highest point, near the Exehead; and there I lay upon the moss and ate my bread; and my heart was cold within me. For the day had gone that she had promised should be mine, and yet I had not seen her. And the night came on the colder as it wore to dawn; and it was now the second day since I had look of her, and I pressed my face to the wet turf and wished — God forgive me — that I might die.

VI

In which I Witness Penruddock's Rising

AT dawn the mist was heavy again; and I rose and stumbled feebly (for I was faint with hunger) on the road to South Molton. For the priest had said South Molton; it might have been a mere password, but it was my only clue. Now the little village of Simonsbath lies in a hollow of the moor where trees may grow, and is wont to be silent as any combe in Devon; but, as I came over the hill above it, I heard great shouting, and the clash of muskets grounded and being loaded. I looked down, but the little cup-like vale was full of mist, and I could see nothing, though the sound seemed to come the clearer. So I went down and mingled among them; at first cautiously, then boldly, for I saw it was only the neighbours armed. They said they were waiting for the soldiers; and I soon gathered that the old man Penruddock was the object of their array, and that he indeed was believed to be at South Molton, making head against the Commonwealth, and that the Rump soldiers were coming from Bideford to put him down. I waited for nothing more, not even to eat, but went back by the way I came, lest they should suspect my errand; and I dared not go by the straight road;

but when I got upon the moor alone, I circled about, and made hard for South Molton town.

But I was too faint for want of food; my run came to a hobble, and the hobble to a walk, and my heart was pounding against my ribs. Some miles yet I struggled on, until I saw a lonely shepherd's cottage; and I made for this, and the sky turned black, and I fell fainting against the door.

I got over this weakness as quickly as I could; and then I saw a crackling fire of furze, and a young man was rubbing my hands, and better than half a dozen children looking on with their large eyes, for they had learned young the lack of food. When my eyes opened, the father came to me with a bowl of smoking barley broth and spoke to me kindly, and the sour smoke of the furze got in my eyes and brought the tears there. It was no shepherd, but old Parson Berry of South Molton. I knew little of him then, save that I had often heard my grandfather call him fool; but I had often seen him when, in his rusty old cassock, he used to come to the farmers round about, begging milk for his two babies; for the mother had died that spring.

For Mr. Daniel Berry, being a very loyal as well as learned divine, fell under the ruins of the church and state in the grand rebellion, in the days of King Charles the First, which he vigorously, though in vain, endeavoured, according to his conscience and duty, to support. For which reason the very zealous, tender-conscioned reformers of those times thought fit to turn him out of his benefice (which was his freehold), contrary to all law and justice; and not only so, but to strip him of all he had,

even to the bed he lay upon. Which goods and movables of his thus seized upon were sold by the sequestrators at a public survey (as it is called, a kind of auction long practiced in our parts), all, except his books; and those, being of good value, were liberally bestowed on that famous, independent preacher, Mr. Lewis Steukley, who sometime lorded it at Exeter with more than prelatical rigour, for which this great zealot, as he had not the conscience at first to refuse them, so had he never after the honesty to restore the value of one farthing for them; though there were no less than nine horse-loads of them, and the family reduced to very great extremities. With the grief of which barbarous treatment, Mrs. Berry contracted such distempers and diseases as at length brought her to her grave, leaving behind her, to the Divine protection, her nine small children. And here they were living in this shepherd's hut, little better than a linhay for the sheep; for the chimney was but a hole in the roof, and the floor was earth. And before he gave me the broth, he must needs read something out of an old church Bible, which, I verily believe, was the only book he had; for they would not let him read services in the church there in those times.

But I made short work of this; for I told him what the men of Simonsbath were doing, and how Colonel Penruddock was at South Molton, and Noll's troops marching at him from either side, and I had started out to warn him, but thus had fallen by the way. After this, he read but one short collect, and put back his gilded book carefully on the only shelf that had been fashioned in the side of that hut;

then, coming back, he said to the eldest, "John, you must go — " then breaking off, he looked at me sharply. "Are you an honest gentleman?"

"At least, I am no liar," said I.

"John, you will run to town — and as ye may not come back to me, take thy poor sword. God bless thee, my boy, and mayst thou serve him only 'whose service is perfect freedom'!" At this, John went off over the moor, and the eight smaller children set up a great cry, and I finished the broth alone, the old vicar standing at the open door to watch his son. Then I too got up to go.

"Poor boy, not yet," said the vicar, suddenly turning some of the love that was in his face to me. I cried a bit again, for it was, save hers, the first kind word my life had known — but I had more to make me go there than had his John. So when the brother had gone, I thanked this poor parson, and started too.

When I got to the town, there, by the door of the inn, stood Colonel Penruddock, an old man already, yet with iron-moulded features, his blue eyes fixed, his thin grey hair (for he had laid aside his iron headpiece and his wig) whipping in the wind. Around him stood some dozen or two of gentlemen, and in the village street some scores of their followers; and in the ground before them had been planted the royal standard. The idle villagers looked on, agape and curious; and he finished speaking to them as I arrived. "Here set I first the royal standard of King Charles," he ended; "now let all England follow it."

"King Charles!" cried out the gentry. "Long live Charles the Second!"

There was some thin cheering from his followers, but no one of the villagers moved. Then I saw first on Penruddock's stern face that other-world light that marked the fanatic. "To-night we go to Bridgewater," said he. "To-morrow, Exeter will rise."

"To-night, thou'lt go to Bridgewater gaol," I heard a voice behind me say, and I turned and saw my grandfather. But just then, there was a ringing of horse, and a cavalcade of well-armed gentlemen was seen, defiling down the moor-track from the South. They had come from Pendennis castle, it was whispered, and they all wore the white cockade. So large did a few score horsemen look in that lonely place that the villagers began to waver, being more afraid than unwilling; and perhaps half a hundred came over and took arms, of which there was a great store heaped up in the inn yard. And then there was a great outcry, and all the people ran to be the first. My grandfather touched my elbow.

"Wilt come back with me, once for all?" said he.

"Nay," said I, for I was thinking how I might see her, now her grandfather was here.

"Thou fool," said my grandfather again, "dost know, the troops even now are closing in from Taunton and from Minehead way? And they of Bideford may yet be here ere nightfall."

"More need for me to warn him, then," answered I; and I think the old man would have struck at me, but that he saw it hardly safe to make a stir. For, by this time, that little Devon village was King Charles's, though all the rest of England were Roundhead still.

"Farewell, then, since thou must e'en go thy father's way." And he disappeared amid the press, and no one offered to stop him, for it was free coming and going all that day. So I went up to the inn; but I was told the commander-in-chief (such hopes did old Penruddock give himself) and the gentlemen from the South were in earnest council, and he might not be importuned with the visit of a stripling such as I. But among the crowd I saw one that had been serving-man at the Abbey; and I asked him whether his young mistress were within. "Nay, God forbid — she left last night," said he. "Please God, she is well on her way to the North by now."

She had left the day before! — I fell back amid the crowd, and knew not where in all the world to turn my head, now that my heart was gone. For she had deceived me knowingly, and while I left her but for the few hours, she had made the promise, knowing I should never see her, no, not even the once, more. She was all my life, and I was none of hers.

I did not know she had done this in kindness, knowing that my love was beyond hope, and thinking by this sooner nip of frost to cure it (as young trees are saved by cold days coming quick upon the warm, in winter). Alas, we should do our natures, if they be kind, and leave other things to God, who seeth far; nor choke down our hearts when they would speak; a gentle lady should be brave, and pure — let who will be discreet; discretion needeth to be taught to maids of modest station. For a true man will live a lifetime on a kind word, yet never trouble the speaker. And afterwards, it was for this

I wandered in the wilderness, and almost lost the heart to live.

So all that day I stayed about the place. The gay flag flaunted still by the inn door, and I sat there, on a mounting-stone, and looked on idly. By twos and threes a few rustics came in, in the afternoon; but I saw by the looks of the gentlemen when they came to the door, that they were grievously put about. John Berry came not, and I knew afterwards that he had fallen in with a party of Commonwealth men, and wisely made no sign of his errand. And at last, toward nightfall, a messenger ran in breathless, and said that the soldiers were coming.

Old Penruddock came out from the door and drew up his men. "'Tis at most a company," I heard him say to another, one Hayes, that was with him.

"Two companies, at the least, and what are we?" and he pointed sadly to the scanty line of gentlemen and the ragged crowd of countrymen, huddled like sheep behind, half-armed, undrilled, and some that were plainly starting to waver and looking for a chance to slink away.

"Now, Heaven forbid that any score of honest gentlemen turn tail before a pair of companies of Noll's hired raffle," he answered; but just then there came a crash of musketry and a hail of bullets through the street; and from the side, we saw a line of leather-jerkined troops advancing, and I saw my grandfather with the officer at the head, showing the way. Penruddock's recruits turned the other way to fly, and were met by the two companies we had

first seen, coming down from the moor to the South; the others were the Bideford men, as I have been told. Some of the gentry got to horse, and these escaped; old Colonel Penruddock grasped the banner and stood there, seeking to face both ways with his sword. He made nimble play with this; and, with the dozen men he still had with him, gave good account of the first rank that met him, who had discharged their muskets; but it was soon over. And I stood there, and looked on, so heartless was I; only that when a soldier sought once to give the old man a thrust as he faced the other way, I brought my flat sword down on his arm; but even as I did this, Penruddock was seized and quickly bound. And we were chained together, two by two, and my grandfather's word proved true; for so we marched all night, and before the dawn came, we were lodged in Bridgewater gaol.

I doubt King Charles ever more than heard of this. Yet, this thing happened, and it was scarce six years before he entered London, 'mid all England decked in flowers and the fountains spouting wine.

H. Sandham

VII

In which I Visit Bridgewater Gaol

THEY did not keep us long in gaol; so I need not say what things I suffered there. Only, the worst was that I had no word of her. I knew her grandfather had been taken, and was there with me; I fancied she found means to write him letters there. But it was scarce a week, and they led us to the assize, which was held in a room of the prison; and when I entered it, the unwonted light blinded me so that I could see nothing, only that there was a great company; the crowd of common folk behind us, and we prisoners in the centre; and, behind the judge, a gaily dressed group of lords and ladies. But I soon saw that these last were no enemies, but rather felt for us. And slowly my eyes became used to the light, and the clerk of justice was reading something, and I felt my heart was thrilling with a presence in the room; and I looked up, and there, behind the justice of the Commonwealth, I saw my love. So it was that I met her that once more. My knees gave way beneath me, my lips parted; she laid her finger on her lips.

But when it came over me how she had not seen me after her promise that last time, I looked into her beautiful grey eyes, and tried to make mine look as if they saw a stone. But at this she only

smiled, and made at me as if she nodded slightly and did not dare to more.

Her grandfather was sitting with us, but on the end, so that she could bend over the bar and speak to him. I saw her whisper, and he looked at me. He was still richly dressed, and he wore his sword, and some one had given him a red rose and a white one, which he held and smelt of delicately, now and then, as had he been at court. You could not see that his hair was grey, for he wore a courtly wig, flowing and long. And she was very pale, and did not smile again, and I saw him touch her hand as if to comfort her.

"Stand up," said somebody, and I became conscious that we were being tried. We all stood up, and the judge made a long speech, the most of which I do not remember, for I was looking at Miss St. Aubyn; but the purport of it was, that we had been found in arms against the Commonwealth, and were like to be all taken out and shot. All except Colonel Penruddock; his turn would come later, said the judge. And at this the old man only smiled, and fingered the roses in his hand.

"But no man shall henceforth in England be condemned except upon fair trial and good evidence," then said the judge, in closing. "Harry Champernowne, what hast thou to say? The rest of ye, be seated. Now, what art thou?"

"I am a Captain in the service of King Charles," said my neighbour. Short work was made of him; the sentence passed, the justice turned to me.

"Bampfylde Moore Carew, art thou of King or Commonwealth?"

(As the judge began to speak, I saw that she had now the roses in her hand. And as he ended, her eyes made appeal to me, and I saw her hold the red one up. And her lips made motion of the longer word.)

"I beg your Honour's grace—he is my grandson," said a voice; and lo! it was my grandfather.

"Thy grandson, Farmer Slocombe? How came he in this evil company?—The man's well known to me," I heard him say to a grave person that sat beside him, and seemed to be some personage of state.

"I sent the lad as messenger to bring the troops from Bideford," said my grandfather, "and he was taken by the way. He served but as my spy."

Now Heaven tame our haughty hearts, I was not so touched by the old man's relenting over his own flesh-and-blood, as I could have killed him for that lie, and for the look that passed over my lady's face. A scarlet flush swept over it; and her eyes (which till then had never left me) were turned away. And I saw her grandfather smile to her grimly, and her glance sank to the floor; and I knew that henceforth I was naught to her. Her lips no longer formed the message; she cared not that I told the truth, now that she believed me not. And then, resentment for her leaving me, and rage that I had lost her, choked my thoughts; and the justice repeated his question impatiently, and they thought I was afraid.

"I am for King Charles," said I, loudly. "It is a lie that I took a message to Bideford."

Oh, pale that was so red! Her lips blanched as she looked at me, and I saw her eyes again; then

she turned quickly to her grandfather, and he stood up and spoke. "He is no recruit of mine," said he. "I never saw him under arms."

"He was taken fighting," said the justice, doubting.

"Only to save my life — I had known the lad a little — he but struck a musket down that was aimed at me, as I was being taken."

"Pish — we can't waste time over the fellow — let him be sent to the colonies. Who's next?"

The others were rapidly disposed of. And then, at last, they took up Penruddock himself; and we were filed away, all chained together; but as I passed in front of where my love was sitting, I said quickly, "Believe not what they say of me," and I looked my last within her eyes. But she turned hers away. And then, as we left the court room, I heard her cry aloud, and saw her fall; for her grandfather was sentenced for high treason, to be hanged and quartered.

VIII

In which I Meet Miles Courtenay and Jennifer

MORE than a year it was before the rumour came to us, through some kind undergaoler, that the ship at last was ready. And in that year I heard nothing of Miss St. Aubyn nor of the fate of her grandfather. It was a bright June morning that we were marched, still chained in threes and fours, out into the sunlit streets, and to the docks at Plymouth, where we saw the fair blue water. We were led into the fore part of the vessel, and penned like sheep, 'twixt mast and forecastle; and that same afternoon the ship got under way. How fair the chequered fields of Devon look, to men who are leaving them in chains!

So I left England, with my heart behind me — for that they could not chain — a convict, with convicts for the colonies. But on the next day, when that dear land was already sunk behind the sea, they took our chains off, from such of us as had not been malefactors, and I took a long breath of the free sea air, and vowed to myself that I would be true to her though she knew it not, and some day return, when no longer a disgrace to her; as soon as I might, I would go back to find her. And if I found her happy, I would never more reveal myself; but go back again to that new country we were sailing to, and do a man's work while I lived.

A sad ship's company we had. First, there were regular convicts, old offenders, who were shipped for no particular reason but to get them out of England. Then ourselves, the enemies of the Commonwealth, as they called us, and many servants, who had bound themselves, perhaps for years, to labour for their freedom in the colonies; redemptioners, these were called. And there were many women; some going out to become wives to the colonists, others, I fear, because they had ruined themselves at home; but the most of them belonged to neither class, Irish, many of them, but seemed like gentlefolk, or at least not like the others, and were crying bitterly. Among these last were several young maids, some with their mothers, some alone, but never a man or brother with them; hardly in their teens, poor things, with fresh, childlike faces; enough to make your heart bleed.

At first, all of us were most miserable; Heaven forbid my describing such scenes as there we saw, all penned together. I noticed one — young gentleman he seemed — always cheery, doing all he could for those poor women; a handsome fellow with dark curling hair and deep blue eyes. He was full of songs and stories; so that he even made some favour with the captain, and got permission to carry some of the poor things up to the poop deck, where they could have some room, and rest from the foul air and often fouler speech of the place where we were penned. He lay by me at night, and we used to talk together and keep awake; for we had to get up now and then, to get fresh water for the women, or perhaps a bit of physic from the ship's doctor

for any one who might be plainly ill; although one had to be at death's door to get much comfort from the crew of that ship; ay, and beyond, 'twas but a scant shroud, and their poor bodies were hardly cold ere they were hurled into the blue waves that closed so tranquilly over them. One night, I made bold to ask this gentleman his name.

"Courtenay — Miles Courtenay," he said, laughing. "Faith, 'tis a better name than the man deserves, or the place requires."

I remembered the name well, in Devon — they were people that had vast estates in Ireland — and had lost them, as our gentry had a way of doing, with such kings as Charles. And I told him my name (with some misgiving), and how I had lost it by declaring for the second Charles, whom I had never seen nor cared for. But I did not tell him how this came about.

"Bampfylde Carew? Why, 'Jack' Carew, we called him, was your father, then? A brave man was he, and a soldier of the King's, God rest his soul." And he made as if to doff his hat, though we were lying like herrings in a box, and hats had none. But I — my heart was in my mouth, and I was glad for the night, that he could not see me blush.

"Then he was not — then he was not hanged —"

Courtenay shouted an oath out fiercely, and I was fain to pluck his sleeve, to keep him quiet. "Now, what foul, crop-eared cur has slandered an honest gentleman?"

I kept silent, for shame of my grandfather.

"Then he was not hanged by the Spaniards at Port-of-Spain?"

"I know not where Port-of-Spain may be, and I doubt not many Spaniards had been glad to hang him, there or elsewhere! But nay, it was the Cromwell did it; and he died on the block like a gentleman, did Captain John Burleigh Carew. For they had the King penned up in Carisbrook Castle, like a rat at cheese; and this was too much for thy poor father; so, being in command at Newport, he caused a drum to be beat at quarters, for God and King Charles; and thereupon was found guilty of high treason, for levying war against the King, at prosecution of one Sergeant Wilde, who at the same assize acquitted one Rolf, that had sought to assassinate his Majesty, of all offence! And I have heard, that for both these acts, the shedding thy father's honest blood, and saving the life of the other, a murderous, bloody villain, this Wilde received a thousand pounds for each, out of Noll's privy purse at Darby-house. Han-a-mon Dhiaoul!" And Courtenay closed with, "the curse of Cromwell," so it sounded, gritting his teeth; but I was full of sorrow for my father, and thinking how I should contrive to let her know. Meantime, Courtenay hummed a tune, —

> "'*They rode till they came to a Sea Town*
> *Where ships were sailing in the Downs,*
> *And now sweet Betsy's upon the salt wave,*
> *Sweet Betsy's gone for an arrant slave.*'"

"How did you come to be here?" I asked suddenly.

"'*Of a Brazier's daughter you shall hear,*
A pretty story you shall hear,
For she would up to London go
To seek a service, you shall know.'"

"I'm even a prisoner of State, like yourself," he laughed. "Sure, the State takes more trouble o' me gone wrong than it ever did of me the pillar of it."

I wondered that an officer like himself had got off with his life.

"Sergeant," said he, "only sergeant — the Tower is not for the likes of me. Sure, I'm just a poor fellow taken fighting, like yourself, and they shipped me out to populate his Majesty's dominions — when his Majesty comes by his own again." And the moonlight that slanted down to his eye just then showed me so merry a look, that I wondered if losing his country was a thing to make a man happy. "I'll tell ye all about it some day," said he, and hummed under his breath, —

"'*Her master had one only son,*
Sweet Betsy's heart was fairly won,
For Betsy, being so very fair,
She drew his heart in a fatal snare —
His mother, happening for to hear,
Contrived sweet Betsy far away
For a slave in the province of Virginia.'"

"What doggerel is that?"

Courtenay laughed, and drew from his pocket a couple of printed songs, each one furnished forth with a most villanous design.

"*The Trepann'd Maiden*," said he, "*The Betrayed Maiden!* I bought both for a penny as we were coming down the dock — and faith, I think they speak truth, as they murder the King's English, without malice prepense — " and Courtenay jerked his thumb in the direction of the poor women between decks. . . . I read the other; and I remember how its first verse ran like this: —

> "*This girl was cunningly trepanned,*
> *Sent to Virginny from England,*
> *Where she doth hardship undergo;*
> *There is no cure, it must be so;*
> *But if she lives to see the main,*
> *She vows she'll neer go there again.*
> (*Licensed and entered according to order.*)"

And Courtenay remarked the license was well needed.

"Whither are we bound?" I asked.

"Virginia," said he, and sighed. "New England I wished for; but how could a poor rebel tell the ship they would take him off in? Worcester is near Bristol; and I built on the Bristol trade. But I'm thinkin' I'll take the vessel there me ownsel!"

I rose on my elbow and looked at him. He was serious if ever man was. "Are ye fit to hear a tale now, Bampfylde Moore Carew?"

I kept on looking at him. "Whisht," said he; "don't ye stare at a man like that — ye'll put me out o' mind o' me own conceit. Sure, the word's been passed from one poor chained devil to another this se'ennight, until it struck a freeman like meself

— an' ye're the only soul left out of it, of cause that ye were too steady-goin' and farmer-like a chap to be trusted. Do ye think ye can hear it now? Take a bit of usquebaugh, the savin' of a cask I brought over from County Clare — 'tis the rentroll of my property, as it were — " and he drew out a large flask of usquebaugh, aqua-vitæ, that lay concealed in the little kit he made a pillow of. " 'Tis better physic than the ship's doctor's for the poor sick women, now I tell ye; an' ye're little better than a woman now ye've left your heart behind ye."

I started at this, but he only laughed softly. " Aye, I can tell a man that had a heart and left it behind him for safe-keepin'. Ye'll not need it much where we're going, I'm thinkin'." And Courtenay stopped to have his laugh out, as he always would, at any juncture. " We mean to take the ship — that's all."

" You? "

" No less — and a better gentleman than the captain for all his courtin' those fine fat planters' wives on the poop. It'll be he and the mate that maltreated the poor maid the other night, that we'll put ashore in the sea at the first convanient spot; give the others a choice of a King's ship or following them, borrow a few of the Virginia ladies' India shawls for the women here that are starvin' with cold, christen the vessel the *Royal Charles* with a raal priest I have in mind, and then, egad! we'll sail the seas against the King's wanting her to come to his own in! "

" Pirates? " I cried.

He clapped his hand to my mouth. " Never a

pirate more than old Noll," he whispered. "Think it over, man — barrin' ye tell on us, an' ye'll not do that, I'm thinkin', if I know the breed."

"Surely," I said. But not what you are, but what you're thought to be, is the question in this world; and I thought of my brave father, believed by all his countryside to have been hanged by the Spaniards for a thief.

"'*Give ear unto a maid, that lately was betrayed*
And sent unto Virginny O!
In brief I shall declare what I have suffered there,
When that I was weary, weary, weary, weary, O!'"

Courtenay went on singing. "An' tak' a bit of Irish whiskey while ye think it over," added he, as if the song had not convinced me. "Sure, 'tis the only thing to drink if you're plotting treason."

IX

In which Miles and I Plot Treason

I DO not know how to tell this part of my story rightly, lest I prejudice my grandchildren and theirs against the first of their blood that "came over," as we used to say in old England of the Conqueror. For the Lord Protector, that had been King anointed had he dared, is such a figure in men's minds about here that it is petit-treason at the least to take from him but one of all the virtues. . . . But these poor women in this ship of ours had been sent there, the best of them, by Cromwell's orders, and it was Courtenay that told me how. Indeed, I knew afterward of other like things that had been done, in Scotland, aye, even in England. After Prestonpans were brave men given away as slaves, two thousand at a time, or sold like cattle, at two-and-sixpence the head. And I myself, in our town of Boston afterward, met numbers of the two hundred Scotchmen that had been shipped by no less a person than Sir Arthur Hesselrigge, and were sold as slaves; and you shall see how that Miles and I bought some ourselves, to make of them free men and soldiers once more. But Ireland! That was the worst.

Courtenay was often in deep converse, particu-

larly with the men that were chained; and we both did what we could for the women; and some of these were ladies, like your wives and daughters; and others were the scum of London; and by Cromwell's orders these were shipped together. And one night I asked my Irish friend about these poor girls, and how they came there with no men nor mothers.

"Han-a-mon Dhiaoul!" said he. "How did they come here? 'Tis the curse of Cromwell brought them here, and me with them. When he overran Ireland, all that was with the King,—God rest his soul!—the officers, the gentlemen (barring a few like me, that was too modest), were dacently beheaded or shot. But even old Noll couldn't find it in his Puritan conscience to execute the women and young girls for high treason, seein' that all they had done was to bide at home and cry about their sweethearts. So he ships them off to the West Indies—the boys for slaves, the girls for mistresses to the English sugar-planters. 'Tis God's truth I'm tellin' ye," Miles broke out fiercely, "and young ladies at that, the poor daughters of gentlemen that had died sword in hand, or been beheaded for no worse a crime than loyalty to their oath as gentlemen and soldiers. Aye, and the rich merchants of Bristol sent over their agents and crimps, and they hunted down the wretched people in their homes. The keepers of the gaols and workhouses joined in the hunt. Why, man, look here," and Courtenay took out a yellow paper and showed it me. I saw it with my own eyes. It was a proclamation of the government to all governors of gaols and workhouses and

recruiting agents of the army of Commonwealth in Ireland; and it enjoined them to collect the daughters, wives, and young children of "such as had been taken in arms" and deliver them at Dublin, Drogheda and Bristol; particularly "boys who were of an age to labour and women who were marriageable and not past breeding."

I had chosen sides before, as any man might do, but for the love of a woman; but now my mind went with my heart in the matter. For I could not see that the habit of long prayers justified such things; and kindness and humanity seem still more worthy of Christian men than sour pretence, or even belief in personal perfection. Still, I could not decide my own part in Courtenay's proposed capture of the ship. Yet the miseries and cruelties of that voyage were enough to make a man try anything to better it. One day, for some slight offence, six prisoners were stripped to the waist, tied to the foremast, and flogged. And I saw some of the gentry on the poop-deck come forward and look on, while this was done. Courtenay protested, and was put in irons for it, and threatened with a flogging himself, though he was not a convict. I know not which way I should have finally decided, but for Jennifer.

For among the women on board was this poor little maid of sixteen, who came from Camelford in Cornwall. She had been very ill at first, and Courtenay had helped her; her name was Jennifer or Guinevere, as Courtenay told me it should properly be spelled. Her pitiful little story we soon learned; she had been out to service, her father and mother being dead; and then her mistress had sent her

away, for some childish offence; and she fell among some other serving-women who had been disorderly and were being sent to America as servants, slaves, or wives (they seemed to think it much the same thing) to the colonists. And they persuaded her, poor thing, that all she had to do was to come along with them to be sure of a rich husband, or at least (what she cared more for), honest work. And the most worshipful Plymouth Company was then almost as anxious to find wives for their colonists as to get men to till their fields (this latter indeed the Guinea slaves could do), and they took up such poor creatures greedily.

Now one night, we heard a cry from this poor child, and Courtenay and I sprang to the rescue and went to see. The women were only separated from the prisoners by a canvas sail, drawn across the hold; and there we found one of the ship's officers was persecuting her. The poor child wore but a shift beneath her dress which he had torn from her shoulder; and she was blushing scarlet and crying, and the women near her laughing, looking on. Courtenay struck the man so that he fell senseless, and we picked up the child and carried her to the outer deck, the women jeering at us, and Courtenay vowing in his teeth he could protect the child better than they. There it was bitter cold, and the poor child trembled, with her arm all bare to the sea wind; but we found her a bit of shelter in the corner of the bulwark, and Courtenay wrapped her up in his great cloak, and she lay there the rest of the night, sobbing for it; and he and I walked up and down beside her.

This it was decided me, and I was ready to take the ship though half our lives were lost in trying. But Courtenay was silent; and all next day, when the story got about among the men, some of them gave it as a reason for a meeting; and we heard others, the convicts, carousing and laughing among the women, and saying how they would have a merry time of it when all got free. I did not hear Courtenay say a word, though I am sure they looked to him for leader. And little Jennifer kept close to him, like a dog; and the next night cried at going back away from us; so what does Courtenay do but give her a fathom or two of cord, and tie it to his wrist, and bid her hold the other end, where the women were, forward, and sleep in the middle of that noisome hold himself, and not on the main deck, as we had been wont to do. And all that time the word was passing among our passengers that there was to be a rising; and one file was procured and passed up secretly to the chained prisoners forward; and I, who knew this, could hear the noise of their grating it, softly, but as loud as they dared, on their irons, all through the night. There was a stepladder went down from the forecastle into the main hold, and through the hatchway I heard them shouting curses on the ship and singing ribald songs. Before the dawn Courtenay came up this, carrying the poor girl; and again she went to sleep upon the deck, covered with our coats, and he and I lay our heads together what we should do. For it seems the same mate prowling about, had tripped over Courtenay's rope, and measured his length upon the deck; and then he had drawn a knife, and Courtenay had

speedily disarmed him, and the women had only laughed, and he had gone away, vowing vengeance.

Towards morning, still wakeful, I got up and wandered about. Courtenay seemed asleep. As I looked down the hatchway I heard low voices and there was this same mate, confabbing with the mutineers. I came back, and told what I had discovered to Courtenay. He only nodded, as if 'twas old news to him.

> "'*We would rather see our son lie dead,*
> *Than with a servant-girl to wed;* —
> *His father spoke most scornfully,*
> *It will bring disgrace upon our family*'" —

and more than this nonsense could I not get out of him that night.

The morning was a fair one, but 'twas high noon before the gentlefolk came out on deck. Courtenay was walking with the young girl, and I saw him watching them, as they sat with their cloaks and cushions, on the high place behind, until I saw his design. There were two or three ladies by this time on the poop, and he was looking at them, as a cat might look at cream. "Moore," said he, as I passed, "which one of 'em d'ye think looks the kindest, now?" — But even as he spoke one of them got up to give her seat to an older lady, and in doing so she turned, and we saw her face. — "Sure," muttered Miles, "she hath eyes like — Faith, the pretty ones are always the best natured; it spoils their young faces to be cross —" and as he spoke, he made bold to go up among them. And there I heard him make his plea for Jennifer, that they

would take her under their protection. And among the older ones that were more richly dressed and were said to be planters' wives, you may be sure was great outcry, of prison-folk, and ship-fever, and I know not what all that makes them that are clean and fine look down upon the poor in their misery; but our fine lady, God bless her! said the child should sleep in her cabin, come what come would; and, despite her having given up her seat to an older one, it seems she was of a rank that made them all defer to her. For nothing more was said, and she gave Jennifer a gown of her maid's, and so, every time we went back toward the after deck, we saw little Jennifer looking down on us and smiling; and so we saw her no more that voyage. But when Courtenay walked under the poop, and that young lady was there, he would fetch her so grand a bow with his old salt-watered hat as the Queen at Whitehall ne'er had a better, in the old days; and she would bow, too, and smile at him. Jennifer did not know how to bow; but I thought the colour that came in her face a salute that was prettier still. . . .

Now it happened a night or so after this that things came to a head on board. It was at the meeting, which was held secret in the forecastle, in the middle of a great storm; and all the crew — aye! and some of us too — were wanted at the masts to tend the sails. Courtenay was liked by many on board, and had proved himself a fine sailor, so he was up aloft; and those that were there were the poorest stuff of the lot, that was none too fine in the piece; landlubbers like myself, and they that were chained, and ready for anything that would bring

them leg-bail. So these were all for taking the ship, and killing the officers, and starting off to sell the cargo at some of the Indies. Now I would have liked well enough to have fair battle with one mate myself, for the harm he had sought to do to little Jennifer; but I only held my peace and listened. And so they all agreed that in the morning watch, in the first fine night after the storm should abate, they would do all this; and just as they got it all squared and settled, Miles came down. Now by this time we were all up to a fine pitch of fury; and Miles started off on the wrongs of Ireland, and the Curse of Cromwell, and the crowd cheered as loud as they dared, and were ready to cry up Miles to the skies, and make him Captain-general of the seas and follow him to the ends of them; when he suddenly checked himself, mopped his face, and said he would have none of it.

Had a crew of Spaniards come boarding over the bulwarks, you would not have seen the men more stogged, and knowing not whither to turn if their leader failed them. But he veered right about, and, from being the leader of the mutiny, took to talking, as they said, like any sea-parson. I doubt if he would have prevailed, but that he told them (and this it was which moved them most) that the plot was out, and all their plans were known, and a double watch to be put on them from that night forth, and all of them well ironed.

True, they turned and called him traitor and a lying Irishman; and at this his eyes snapped a bit, but his lips only smiled. Ah, 'twas the smile upon the lips that Miles showed the world, with a bit of

the heart behind it! And, when we got alone, he told me how it was that he had changed; that all our passengers save a bare half dozen or so were thieves and cut-throats, and some of the women worse; and after they had killed the captain and all the gentlemen on board would do yet worse by the women, and sail the ship for a regular freebooter, and probably end on the gallows a bit the sooner themselves. "And the young lady there that gave Jennifer the shawl; it would never do to bring her sweet face to this; more by token that I have a better plan," said Courtenay.

Now, this was Miles all over; he would always turn up fresh and smiling "with a better plan" in the morning, which was well enough when you had not done some business over night on the last plan but a couple or so; but it was all Miles's Irishry. For the sky looked to him blue one day and grey the next, and he spoke the truth both days, only that we stodgy Saxons could not keep pace with it. "A better plan, to bring King Charles back in Virginia! faith, no less."

I laughed, but I, too, thought of little Jennifer and the lady that had been so kind to her; and thus ended the mutiny on board that ship; and they little knew it, the gentry of the cabin, that perhaps that one gown given to Jennifer had been the saving of their lives.

But in some way, as I saw, Courtenay had become quite a hero among them, though our women and the men in chains took to hating him the harder; and turncoat and Papist were the least of the things they called him. For we were all

good Protestants aboard the *Elizabeth*, even the convicts.

I asked him one day whether he hoped to get his freedom when on shore. For the thought came over me he had done this thing for his own liberty; it was the last time I had such thoughts about Miles. "Not I," said he, "they'll think I'm all the better servant that I serve so well." And he blew a kiss to Jennifer, who was looking at us over the poop, and sang his song:—

"'The worst of weather can but mend,
There's a turning to the longest lane,
E'en rascal Roundhead rule shall end,
And the king enjoy his own again!
Though bear their yoke long years we must,
And see the royal martyr slain,
The butcher's brood shall bite the dust,
And the King come to his own again!'"

X

In which I Witness a Wife-auction

OF lies that are told and believed, I know none more desperately false than that absence puts an end to love. The nights were warm now, and Courtenay and I used to lie side by side and look at the stars. What he was thinking of I did not know, but the leisure, and the space, and the silence left only the more room in my heart for her, and thinking of that poor old man, her grandfather. And I would clench my hands and groan aloud that I could not have stayed in England to save them. So I know the stars, and loneliness, and the being far away have no spell to make a man forget his love; for they also are eternal and abide with him. And, in this new quarter of the world, I liked to watch the same soft lights that looked on England still. And Courtenay, who jested all the day, would sing by night, and softly.

In this wise we passed nigh on to fifty days, and then we saw a low, poor, sandy shore, and stood into a bay of turbid waters; and that was Virginia. We dropped anchor at the mouth of a great river, by a little fort; and the next day we began tediously warping up the river until we stopped before a small town of low brick houses and log cabins. This was

Jamestown, and we were landed after the sheep, but before the other cargo. Some hundreds of persons were gathered there to meet us, looking half like farmers, half like idle soldiers; and there we were drawn up in two rows, the women on one side, the men on the other. "I'm thinkin' it's a country dance," said Miles to me, and tried to whisper it to Jennifer, who was looking lonely opposite, so that she looked across and smiled.

But our laughter came to a quick end, as the captain of our ship strode down the middle alone and mounted on a kind of butcher's block. There was a rosy, well-fed gentleman stood beside him in long top-boots, and cracked a drover's whip by way of grace, and beside him a grand and courtly gentleman they told us was Sir William Berkeley; and so the man began:—

"On behalf of the owners of the good ship *Elizabeth*, and as captain and supercargo thereof, I read a letter from the Council of the most worshipful, the Plymouth Company, to our good friend, Colonel Byrd, the consignee." And the captain doffed his hat to the gentleman beside him, who lightly nodded his head by way of acknowledgment, and the crowd behind him set up a sort of surly cheer. And then the captain, mouthing his words as if he liked their taste, read aloud to the crowd, which gaped open-mouthed at this new kind of livestock:

"'London, August 21, 1657.

"'We send you a shipment, one widow & eleven maids, for wives of the people of Virginia: there hath been especial care had in their selection, for

upon the choice of them not one was received but upon good recommendations. In case they cannot be presently married, we desire that they may be put with several householders that have wives until they can be provided with husbands. There are nearly fifty more that are shortly to come, and are sent by our honourable lord and treasurer, the Earl of Southampton, and certain worthy gentlemen who, taking into consideration that the plantation can never flourish till families be planted, and the respect of wives and children for their people on the soil, therefore having given this fair beginning; reimbursing of whose charges, it is ordered that every man that marries them give 140 lbs. of the best leaf tobacco for each of them.'"

I grasped Miles Courtenay's arm. "By Heaven!" cried I, "the women are to be sold, then, like cattle?" But Courtenay only laughed.

"What's the matter? Art not contented with the price? Sure, they're offered at their weight in *smoke!*"

"But in a Christian country —"

"They might do worse than marry them — and better," added Miles, reflectively. "A man that gives ten stone in good tobacco for its weight in wife may have reason to repent of his bargain!"

I gasped, wondering that Courtenay could take the thing so lightly. But I after found this was his way, while in action; if God willed, he might think of things before, but never then; and of this auction it seemed he had been forewarned by that kind lady on the quarter-deck.

"Hush! heed this—" and I heard the captain-auctioneer read on:

"'We desire that the marriage be free, according to nature, and we could not have those maids deceived and marry to servants, but only to such freemen or tenants as have means to maintain them. We pray you, therefore, to be fathers of them in this business, not enforcing them to marry against their wills.'"

"Sure, 'tis kinder than many fathers are at court," quoth Miles. "Now for sport!"

But the captain had yet a little speech to make; and in this he told us that "the young planters had every guaranty for finding in their wives the respect and obedience alike required by laws, human and divine."

"Faith, I'm thinking they'll be worth more than one hundred and forty pounds tobacco, then," said Miles to me. But the captain had a tongue hung on both ends; and he went on to tell us that, by an order of Council passed in the late King's reign, but still in force in the by-laws of the company, the women were "young, handsome, and chaste—so had ordered the late Charles Stuart—"

"God bless him," spake out Miles.

"Who speaks?" roared out the captain; and, "Treason to the Commonwealth!" shouted out that mate whom Miles had punished. "Put him in irons!"

"Nay, nay," said Miles, "I'm only thinkin' if King Charles's Council had so much wisdom, 'twas

pity they had not used it on the field." The jest saved him; for he they called Colonel Byrd slapped his thigh, and swore so merry a fellow should ne'er be sent back among the solemn Puritans; and even the great Sir William nodded approval. But the mate glared sourly; and I saw him speak to an ill-favoured fellow that stood behind us. And the captain read on:

"'Handsome and chaste; for in 1632 there was an order of the Council, regularly made, to send back to England two women whose chastity had been successfully assailed during the passage.'"

"In charge of the worshipful first mate," said Miles, in a hoarse whisper. "Put him in irons, Sir!" This aloud to Colonel Byrd. But the mate spoke to the captain, and the captain spoke to Colonel Byrd. So he said:

"Silence, fellow! What's your name?"

But Miles flatly refused to tell his name; and we heard the magnate ask the captain "who he may be?"

"As good a gentleman as your honour," cried Miles.

"But not for the saying so," answered Byrd, quietly; and Miles was silenced.

"Is he bound? A redemptioner? What was he sold for—some offence? He speaks up too often." This from Berkeley.

But Miles flushed up at this.

"Just for a bit of Irish loyalty, your honour. I spoke up for King Charles—just once too often.

The Byrds of Westover kept silent, then, I'm thinkin'."

Now it was the planter-colonel's turn to flush, while Berkeley slapped his thigh. He was about to speak; but a lady that was with him gripped his arm. I saw that it was our kind lady of the quarter-deck. Perhaps it was to caution him; for I saw the crop-eared mate he had just put down look at him eagerly. The captain of the ship showed some disquiet, and hurried on:

"'Those that will may pay in money — three shillings to the pound or twenty guineas. And it is ordained by Virginia law that the price of a wife shall have precedence of all other debts in recovery and payment, because of all kinds of merchandise this is the most desirable.'"

"The law is an ass," quoth Miles to Colonel Byrd.

"'They shall be well used, and not married to servants, but to such freemen and tenants as can handsomely support them, and to the adventurers upon this cargo a ratable proportion of land, according to the numbers of maids sent, has been laid off together and formed into a town, by the name of Maidstown: any maids not sold will be sent hither and kept for the account of the adventurers.'" And the captain closed by telling how a premium might be paid, above the 140 pounds, by any that had a special liking for a particular girl. And the bidding began.

But the men were sold first; little preamble was made of this, as the business was better understood. The convicts brought the higher price, as they were bound for life. I fell to a sallow planter whose name I heard not, who wore high boots and a broad hat woven of grass, and carried an ox-whip; and Courtenay was assigned to a similar one. But Miles had bought his passage with promise of three years' labour only, while I was bound for ten. Ah me, in ten years, what might come to Miss St. Aubyn? Yet, I vowed to find a way to freedom and to fortune long ere that. But now, they came to the women.

Most of these were sold for the 140 pounds. "If you're buying a pig in a poke, you'll not pay more than you must," said Miles to Sir William, and I saw that they tolerated him already, and he had made his way. But when they came to Jennifer, we saw an evil-looking fellow with a horsewhip, that had been colloguing with the mate, step forward. "'Tis a young wench for a wife, and I'll not give but a hundred pound!"

"Now, saints have mercy on us, but he's in a saving mind," whispered Miles, with delight; and I saw him run over to Colonel William. And by the broad smile that overspread the planter's face, I judged the application had been successful.

"Shame on ye for a humoursome and tuftaffety spark," cried he. "A hundred and forty; aye, and two guineas more for the bright blue English eyes!"

This was more than the fellow bargained for, and he and the mate laid their ugly heads together; then the mate nodded, and the other bid. "The tobacco

and five pounds." Byrd's face fell. He turned again to Miles:

"Deuce take it, man, I can't buy the girl! It's not so much the money, either, but the Madam, d'ye see, young fellow? I've no good right to bid at all — 'tis no sale of Guinea slaves, but of honest English wives. Why don't you marry her your ownself?"

Courtenay looked sheepish. And poor Jennifer, that had looked pale through all her suffering, grew now so rosy red!

"I can't marry her. She's my sister," murmured Miles at last. But at this, the others roared aloud, and Courtenay hung his head.

"A likely tale, this new one," sneered the captain, "and thou, with thy curly black bullet-head! But thou'rt a servant too, and canst not marry, as his honour well knows. Come, come, who'll bid?"

"A shilling more — while I talk to this gentleman," said Colonel William, and fell apart with Miles. But the planter quickly covered this sum, and the captain grew impatient. Miles ran and spoke to the lady of the quarter-deck.

"Going — going — the Cornish maid, to be an honest Virginian wife —"

"'*Five years served I*
Under Master Guy,
In the land of Virginny O!'"

sang out Miles, returning. "Who buys the maid, buys me — Sir William hath said it." And sure enough, Courtenay, as usual, had his way; for Berkeley confirmed it with a nod and spoke a word to the

skipper. And Miles went to an old woman with high boots that stood there, and I saw him put some money in her hand.

"I'll buy both," cried the same planter, "but the old trade's off — an hundred and forty pounds for each!"

"That ye'll not," shouted Miles; but the captain, at a nod from the mate, had promptly knocked them down.

"Why not, my pretty fellow? Ain't I your master?"

"That ye're not," cried Miles; and, as the other had come over to examine his purchase, Miles knocked him down.

The man lay there like a log, and there was a murmur from the crowd. The blood came out upon his face, where Miles had hit him.

"His jaw is broken — but 'fore Gad, 'twas a fair blow," said Sir William Berkeley, feeling of him. And then the mate came up and carried him off; the captain calling on him to pay his money ere he went, the mate and the other man that helped him stopped, and set him on his feet.

"Nay, I want the fellow not, nor his woman either," grumbled the planter. But he made no move for vengeance, and I marvelled at it, until I saw the people his neighbours looking after him, and then at Jennifer. The maid stood there, blushing rosy red; but now, our lady passenger had turned pale.

But after this taste of his quality, no one seemed keen for Miles; so at last he went back to his first purchaser for his three years' term, and one guinea

abated by reason of his violence. The ladies that were watching the sale went home, now that the excitement was over, the pretty one of the voyage casting a look at Miles as much as to say, Now you are paid — I wish you joy of her! and courtly Sir William smirking over his cocked hat by their side. But Jennifer was bought by this stout woman in boots, who rode a horse man-fashion; and there was no question of her marriage to anybody.

XI

In which I Grow Tobacco and Forget my Love

WE all asked whither we were being led; and got but rough replies; it seemed they did not wish us to know the country, lest we should conspire together. But we made out to learn that Courtenay was to go to an outpost far in the wilderness, separated from us by twenty leagues of forest and a wide river; Jennifer and I were not so far apart. I asked her to let me know if she were badly treated. Child-like, after her quick escape, the landing, and the smell of earth and trees again, had made her forget already the horrors of the voyage; everything was new to her, from the big, broad country stretching up the blue river in leagues of bright green forest, to the group of gaily painted savages, half-dressed in furs and feathers, who stood grimly in the market-place, and watched us white men being sold. They soon had stopped selling Indians. Negro slaves in plenty were in Virginia, but, so far as I have heard, never one of these.

Maddeson, my master, had his ox-team at the market, so we were among the first to go. I kissed Jennifer, and took a grip of Courtenay's hand. "Tell thy squire, 'tis the fallow land that makes the farmer fat," cried he. "And Jennifer!

"'*'Tis dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaid fair!*'"

And so he went off, singing, as our oxen strained to break the clay in which the wheels had sunk, Maddeson cracking his whip about their flanks.

"What hast done in the old country?" he asked me, not unkindly. I told him I was Devon bred, and not unused to farming. "Thou'lt find another tale of farming here," said he. "Tobacco's all we grow — though the law requires every farmer to grow two acres of corn for himself and each man he feeds, and then he may grow as much tobacco as he will." So talking, we passed Bermuda Hundred, and then Shirley Hundred, which lay three miles further down the river, and where our Captain Maddeson had thirty-five men employed only in planting and curing this tobacco, with the profits whereof they were to clothe themselves and all those who laboured about the "general" business. For at first, in the Virginia settlement, all goods were held to be general; but now less and less so, for there were already rich individuals whose peculiar goods would make no mean showing against many an esquire's at home. Such an one was the lord of Varina, whose plantation we passed, so called because the tobacco is like to that of Varina in Spain. And, except the public works at Jamestown, almost none remained in the colony but that at Dale's Gift, some thirty miles below Kequoghtan, where Lieutenant Cradock governed some score of men, maintained at the general charge for the making of sea-salt and the catching and curing fish.

"Aye," said Maddeson, catching me back, for my wits had gone a-wandering, "tobacco's another

tale from rye or barley. Ten stone of it is worth a wife, as thou hast seen."

Long since we'd left the wide clay opening that made the street of Jamestown, and now were in a low oak-forest, barren of growth, save for long yellow grass, and sandy. The heat came in upon us through the scant leaves; and no coolness did we find, save now and then, as we forded muddy beds of streams, "runs," Maddeson called them, though dark and stagnant; and I sighed to think of the bright Lyn water, and the mossy birch, and the ferns and the sweet, cool heather. Then I made bold to ask what I might have to do.

"Thou'rt my servant, and I'm but a farmer: thou'lt have to labour hard, as I have done before thee. For know, lad, I'm no gentleman: just plain James Maddeson; a good yeoman and Commonwealth's man, as I signed the engagement of Northampton, whereby I bound myself to be true and faithful to the Commonwealth of England as it is now established, without King or House of Lords. Of gentlemen we had enough in that first settlement, where they had fifty of such to only a dozen that could labour with their hands,—and one blacksmith, but one bricklayer, a mason, a tailor, a barber, and a drummer! And most of the fifty, reprobates of good family, and related to some of the company who were men of quality and fortune, like that young George Percy of Northumberland. Like their own godless sort, these first built a tavern that cost five hundred pounds, and then a church that cost no more than fifty!"

So Maddeson went rambling on; and he told

me, also, that of the Virginia people were now three classes, besides the slaves: officers, farmers, and labourers; these last of two kinds, being those upon the general works who were maintained out of the common store, and those who worked at special trades.

At nightfall, we got to Maddeson's plantation, and wound across many hundred acres of untended land, rudely cleared, the charred stumps of white stripped tree trunks still standing in the rows of a coarse green plant, he told me was the far-famed tobacco. The mullein of the country was a rarer looking thing. Beyond, the hills sloped to a wide, muddy river, which bore some outlandish name; his house was a low cottage, half daubed over with baked earth; a broad brick chimney on the outer end, with a kind of open lean-to along its face, they call a verandah; and behind, huddled amid the tobacco fields, the wattled cabins of the Guinea slaves.

Then came weeks of such hard labour as I had never known in England, nor such a sun, nor yet such black, fat earth and such strange loneliness. For we were on the edge of a great continent that we knew not of, only that it did not go to China. The negro people were well-disposed enough, but idle; and Maddeson cursed me that I used his ox-whip on them so sparingly. And God knows, I worked hard through all the days; but at nights a great yearning came over me. You know not how long the evenings seem when you use no lamps; nor, with darkness indoors, how large and serious the stars. People talk of how the heavens can dwarf and shame to silence our selfish earthly ills; I only

know that the lesson the stars taught me was how, in all these myriads of mighty worlds, the love of her heart was all that was dear to me. The rest of things and creatures might please others; to me 'twas all indifferent. Then, after hours of thought like this, I would find my tears again upon the stubble; and would dash a blow at mine eyes, and leave some heap of cornhusks for my bed indoors, and tell myself how I was a planter's slave in Virginia, and she a lady in England, God bless her! And, though she had once upon a time been kind to me, she had taken it all back, even to the breaking of a promise made; that was, to let me see her once more, after she knew that I did love her. And against all this I had to set only that look of her eyes the day I left her in the court-room. And then, I would try to see her face in the dark; but something, or the look of her eyes in it, would blind me: 'twas a strange thing, but in all those years I never could remember my love's face, as I could well enough the face of any other person. And no portrait had I, nor letter, nor ribbon — but just the echo of four words.

What time I got free, I hunted. For in the woods were wildcat, and panther, with flesh white and delicious, and buffaloes, and I was told, lions; but these I saw not. Then there were wild dogs, or Indian dogs; but they barked not, and could not smell foxes, which were very plentiful. And ducks, wild geese, and swans. Altogether, our table was fit to suit the daintiest; for in the woods grew also sugar-trees, whence was made spirit of sugar; and spice-trees, with berries like pepper. And the maize, or Virginia corn, yields five hundred for

one increase ('twas set as we do garden pease, not in hills as here) and makes good bread, and frumenty, as you know. And it will keep seven years; and there it makes good malt for beer. For in the colony already were six public brewhouses; but most brewed their own beer, strong and good. So you see, 'twas a fair and fertile colony; and I might well have stayed there, to grow rich; for of tobacco alone one man may plant two thousand weight a year; but that I was a slave, aye! in more ways than one; bound for ten years there, and bound to my love to set away to England. For I never gave up this hope.

And of Miles I heard once by letter, and knew that he was restless too. 'Tis the only one I have from him: so let me write it here.

"Dear Moore," it began (he always called me Moore), "Dear Moore,

"This is hoping thou art as contented as the Lord can make thee in thy present station, and with hoping to get out of it. Here is a surly devil of a planter, with a comely shrew of a wife, well affection'd enow toward Strangers, bee they Proper men like me; something over ardent, to speak the Truth: but Faith! the reciprocity of affection is all on one side. And the ugly devil of a husband keeps me in the fields the longer for it. Sure I hardly blame him for it. 'Tis the laziest baking of Christians I have seen outside old Ireland. The men—just like the Indian Savages, impose all the work upon the poor women. They make their wives rise out of their beds early in the morning, at the same time that they

lye and Snore till the Sun hath run one good third of his course, & disperst all the unwholesome Damps. Then, after Stretching & Yawning for half an hour, they light their Pipes, and under the protection of a cloud of Smoak, ventur out into the open Air; though, if it happen to be never so little cold, they quickly return Shivering into the chimney corner. When the weather is mild, they stand leaning with both their arms upon the cornfield fence, and gravely consider whether they had best go and take a small Heat at the hoe: but generally find reasons to put it off till another time.

"Thus they loiter away their lives like Solomon's Sluggard, with their arms across, and at the Winding up of the day scarce have bread enough to Eat. Some, who pique themselves more on their Industry than their neighbours, will now and then in compliment to their cattle cut down a tree whose limbs are loaden with the Moss they burn for fuel. The Trouble would be too great to climb the tree in order to gather this Provender, but the shortest way (which in this country is always counted the best) is to fell it, just like the lazy Indians who do the same by such trees as bear fruit, & so make one harvest for all. By this bad husbandry, Milk is so scarce in the Winter season, that were a Big-Belly'd woman to long for it, she would lose her longing. And in Truth, I believe this is often the Case, and at the same time a very good reason why so many people in this Province are markt with a Custard Complexion. Moreover these English natives are over fond of eating swinesflesh, and so do get the Yaws. And at night they drink a drink called Kill-Devil, said to

be New England Rum, made out of long Sugar, or molosses, rich and ropy. They have too a thing named Bombo; 'tis, Rum, Water & this long Sugar served in bowls; and one remembereth it ye next Day. For as the water and the sugar go, they do replenish this Bombo with shear Rum. But I, and those of us that still do fast o' Fridays, take no other drink than Adam had in Paradise, by the help of which we perceive our Appetites do mend, our Slumbers sweeten, the Stream of Life to run cool and peaceably in our veins, and if ever we dream of women, they are kind.

"The Indians, too, are near by; about them our Chaplain (for we even have a Church at the Cross-roads) hath much concern: their damsels are straight and well-favour'd. They do dress becomingly in Rouge (like to any Court-lady, God bless 'em!) and feathers on their heads; and I may safely venture to say, the Indian women would have made altogether as honest Wives for the first Planters as the Damsels they are us'd to purchase from aboard the ships. It is strange, therefore, that any good Christian Shou'd have refused a wholesome, Straight Bed-fellow, when too he might have had so fair a Portion with her as the Merit of saving her Soul. For our Chaplain tells us, unless they are Marry'd unto white men, they be damn'd. And he hath observed with some concern that the Ruffles of some of our Fellow Travellers were a little discolour'd with pochoon, wherewith the good Man hath been told these ladies use to improve their invisible Charms. Perhaps 'tis still their fault: they know not their own Value, like those same ladies of the Court: the Price they set

upon their charms is not at all extortionate. A Princess for a pair of Red Stockings can't surely be thought buying repentance much too dear.

"But despite these diversions, I have had enough of Virginia. I hear Sir Arthur Hesselrigge did send two hundred of Scotch prisoners to New England; who knows? Did I tell ye, I'd a Friend I am in search of? I've e'en had enough of the squire and his Dame; as the song saith,

"'*I have played my part,*
Both at plow and at cart,
In the land of Virginny O,
Which makes me pale and wan,
Do all that e'er I can,
When that I was weary, O so weary, weary O!'

"I'm hearing there be tall men up above the Falls; and Spaniards with iron visors a-horseback; and mountains with a mine of gold by a mighty river that runneth to the South Sea. Perhaps we'll take a turn thither first, by way of casting a false scent: some night I'll call for thee, so be prepared. But first of all, send me word how the maid Jennifer is: for I'll not have her ill treated though we abduct her for it. Heigho! 'Tis the women make the trouble of this life—and make life worth the trouble.

"The bearer of this, a half-tamed Savage, holdeth your humble servant in high regard. He'll not bear thrashing, so only knock him senseless once and give him a blue bead or two (the ignorant devils think blue the royal colour and will go through fire and water for a bead of it—as we will, for a ribbon or a

lady's eye) that he may bring answer safely back to

Your humble servant,

Miles Courtenay.

Bampfylde Moore Carew, Esqr.
sometime of Devon,
now servant to one clay-booted fellow with a
reddish Nose."

Miles's letter was the one pleasure of that hard season and I kept it by me and would read it, laughing to myself, yet with a tear of tenderness not far off. For such was the nature of Miles; and I have observed we English are slow to understand such. With all his merry-making and his seeming unsteadiness, and his light way of speaking, especially of women, I learned to know his careless change of mind would often mask a quick resolve or a purpose well thought out; and as for lightly valuing the other sex — it was the only way his scorn of the unworthy made terms with his own good nature. For, of all that ever loved in true and knightly fashion; of all who e'er had heart for only one and kindliness for all, Miles Courtenay . . . but he well knows he hath the love of our hearts: why should I here scribble of it?

His letter had been brought me, as it said, by a savage. And this Indian had appeared like a vision out of the ground, as I was taking my noonday rest in the cornfield. How he knew which was I, the one for whom he had the letter, I cannot tell. For no other saw him come, and none other saw him go; this much I know. Yet he stayed about the house the next day, and two nights: the first one I spent

on a moonlight journey to Jennifer's farm; and I was glad to find the girl was well enough, and she cried for joy at the good news from Miles. And she gave me some blue beads, and a worked trinket like an earl's rosette and ribbon; and when my Indian saw it, he grunted like a porker and put it bravely about his red-painted chest. And then he strutted like a turkey in the twilight until I saw old Smothergal, the overseer, coming through the dusk and bethought me of Miles's admonition and so knocked him down behind a cornrick, where he had the grace to lie in silence. Then I saw that he was very drunk; and returning into the house I found old Smothergal grumbling of a bowl of bombo they had missed.

So I wrote my answer quickly and went out again, misdoubting the Indian was too drunk to carry it. I stood him up, and he fell all unjointed, like a child's doll. But he said, "Me know — me carry — give writing!" And a ludicrous sight he was, as he lay wallowing in the corn sheaves, the broad blue ribbon around his naked breast.

"You are to carry this to Courtenay — you understand?"

"Me know — me know — Courtenay — great Werrowance!"

"Aye, a chief is Courtenay, great chief indeed," said I, with what sternness I could muster. "Faugh! you're too drunk!"

"Me not drunk — great Werrowance — me sober mornin'."

I rolled the cornrick over him and left him there, and in the morning he was gone.

XII

In which I Have a Talk with Miles

SOME weeks went by after this; the tobacco and corn and fodder was all in; little remained to do; the hands stayed about the house and drank all they could lay hands on; old Smothergal grew more morose; and Maddeson went up to town to sit in the House of Burgesses. And as we on the plantation saw more of each other, I grew the more impatient of my lot. Still did Miles not come, and I wondered. For it needed not his letter to tell me we had resolved to escape; only I had been content to leave the initiative to Miles. But the strange bright winter came on, and the days grew longer, and still I had no further word from him. On Sundays, and any other day that I could get away, I stole into the woods and took to verting: that is, I lay harboured in the fern and thought to myself. For we had no books; nor would a bell or book have kept my mind from Miss St. Aubyn. And when I dared take the time, as on days when Smothergal too would go to town, I would put a corncake in my pocket, and tramp the twenty miles, to and fro, that separated me from Jennifer's. And she was a brave girl, and growing well; for the old woman that ruled the place was not half bad to her,

treating her indeed much better than the husband, who was a surly, sullen fellow, going about a-glowering, and as we talked he would hunch himself up in his chair and glare upon us. But Jennifer's eyes at seeing me would brighten, until I told her that I brought no news of Miles; though after that she would perk herself up and make a shift of being glad to see me.

Yet on more of this I need not dwell; for, one smoky day in spring, I saw a canoe crossing the river, and a white man in it. Now Indians were no rare sight, but a whiter face than Smothergal's I had not seen that season. So I left my negroes to fall asleep behind the nearest stump, and made down to the landing; and the man, as I had hoped, was Miles Courtenay.

"Now the saints reward the Christian heathen that sent me here," said he, "for I'm a bould soger boy once more, and you're the very man I've come to see; d'ye think ye can keep me dark a few days —you and the squire?"

Of course I was joyed to see him, and told him I'd do what I could, though Smothergal was cross-grained enough when the whiskey was not in him.

"I think the two of us can rayson with him," says Courtenay. "It's me and the lord of the manor has had a little misunderstanding as to which of us was to do the work, so I had to crack his skull a bit one day by way o' hintin' he was no better gentleman than meself; and I'm thinkin' the army was the safest place for a man o' my temper, to say nothing o' my health being better out of the

civil jurisdiction. Ye'll come along, o' course? Ingram's the man to give us a flag apiece."

Now I had heard there was a war to break out shortly against the savages, who had been killing and scalping our people on the rivers, and the Governour had had to send to this Ingram and place the colony in his hands; and I'd heard no good of him. I said as much to Courtenay, but he only laughed.

"Would ye fight the red devils with a parson?" said he. "Ingram's the man to lead the life. Sure, 'tis a life we want: he never lived one, who feared to end it." Yet I was not decided; and that night he stayed on the plantation, and we smoked our pipes together out in the clearing where the midges they call mosquitoes did not come so thick. The moon rose full that night and was the only thing of all that strange land that was not strange to Devon. And we hardly gave each other two words in all that evening, but smoked our pipes of the rich new tobacco; and at the end of it, Miles said, as we turned to go back to the house:

"D'ye think ye'll win her, whipping lazy niggers here, ye bogtrotter?"

I stared at him and marvelled; then I started to speak; then my sober English sense came on and bade me sleep on it. And the while Courtenay was looking on me with merry eyes.

"Courtenay," said I, in the sober morning, after thinking on it all night, "have I been talking in my sleep?"

"Nay, Carew, ye've been too silent when awake. Is she home in England?"

I nodded.

"Then all ye've to do is to conquer an Indian province and go back as governour — she loves ye o' course?"

I shook my head.

"Nay, nay," said he, "they always love a man who loves them well enow," — words that I have thought of since many a time, as he spoke them. "Your case is the better curing; for mine, I know not where she is, save that she is in this vast and lonely country, and I have come to find her here, please the Virgin, by the light of her dear eyes."

So Miles then told it to me, in his frank Irish way. And thus passed each other's confidence. And many years went by ere we spoke so plain of it again. But after this, a softness stood between us, for the other's loving heart.

XIII

In which we Reason with Squire Smothergal

"AND now to persuade that squire of yours to let us go and give us horses."

"Horses?" said I, "for me to escape by?"

"Aye, to be sure," says Miles; "how else shall we appear as befits our rank before the Generalissimo? Do ye put yourself under my orders and do what I say. And now, come into breakfast."

If Smothergal was cross the night before, he was all on edge this morning. And the light way Courtenay ordered him round did not tend to set his stomach, as I well saw. So he began by ordering me to the fields.

Now I had not had my breakfast, and all good Devon men had liefer fight than eat before their breakfast, though they fight best just after it. So I scarce needed Courtenay's wink to bid the old planter hold his peace, and pass me his cakes of maize and yellow "patata-root." For potatoes were new to us all in those days.

At this old Smothergal got up and took his ox-whip. "Now, John," growled he, "we'll see."

"O knock him down," said Courtenay, putting down a pewter of ale half-emptied. So I knocked him down, and he fell into the ashes of the kitchen

fire, and I had to pull him out myself, while Courtenay drank the other half of his flagon of beer. "Dust yourself a bit," Miles suggested, and Smothergal, confused, began to shake the cinders from his clothes. Then Courtenay began:

"*Imprimis*, Squire Smothergal, this gentleman you call John, is none other than Bampfylde Moore Carew, Esquire, of his blessed Majesty's, King Charles the Second's loyal shire of Devon, well able to call you to account when the King comes to his own again or even earlier. *Secundo*, Goodman Smothergal, we are about to join his Majesty's loyal soldiery in his colony of Virginia, to fight the heathen under the leadership of one Ingram, a gentleman, as I am informed, of large morals and approved valour. *Tertio*, fellow Smothergal, we would beg the loan of your two horses, as ye would not wish us to derogate from our station while we are at the wars and guarding your estates." And Courtenay made as if to fling the empty flagon at him, while the fellow ducked for very fear; and Courtenay's method of negotiation did the business, for a fiercer face than he could put on never frighted child.

"As for his lazy self," stammered Smothergal, "he may go and good riddance; but my two horses cost me eight gold jacobuses at Jamestown."

"There they are," cried Courtenay, putting down a roll of broad goldpieces to my great wonder, and I guess as well to that of Smothergal. He looked at us ruefully, but rubbed his elbows and pocketed them, muttering vague words of justice and the burgesses, to which we paid little heed.

"And now," said Courtenay, "vamos! for we

are for the nonce abit the shady side of the law, and I've got a fear thy late master and mine may meet and lay their heads together — "

"But Courtenay, the jacobuses," said I; for I was not easy in my mind.

"Plenty more where they came from — a little store I brought from home and saved against need."

I looked in his laughing eyes and trusted them; and so we rode away and two days after presented ourselves, in the best garb we could muster, before the camp where Ingram kept his motley forces. We had managed to buy a couple of swords on the way, but had no mail nor helmet. Indeed, King James had sent out to the Virginia and Somers islands company only sixty coat of mail some forty years before (in return for some new tax upon tobacco), and these were still in use to fight the Indians.

Ingram was keeping his tent with a large company; two sentries paced before the door, as if he were indeed a general, and demanded what might be our business.

"Tell his Excellency," said Miles, "that Captain Cary and Ensign Champernoun await his pleasure. — Whisht," said he, apart to me, "they are good Devon names — sure, we can't put our own at a beggarly captain's rank, and a past ropedancer our commanding colonel."

The sentry looked at us; but after a moment put his head within the tent. He withdrew it promptly; for an empty bottle came spinning through the flap where it had been; and shortly after, a red-faced man in a gay uniform appeared, none too pleased

at being called out from his dinner; and the faces of two or three gay ladies peered out after him. And Miles bowed very low to these while he was speaking.

"And who the devil may be Captain Cary and Ensign Clapperclaw?" said the Generalissimo, as Miles was finishing his courtesy.

"Champernoun, Sir, Champernoun," said Courtenay, turning to him blandly. "We come with letters to your Excellency and would serve under your Excellency; but our servants with our papers are some few hours behind, your Excellency."

"That's a d——d flam," quoth a tipsy officer, who, with some others, had come out from the tent.

"Damn your letters!" said Ingram; "can you fight? Are you gentlemen?"

"Of that I must ask these ladies to be judge," answers Courtenay, with another prodigious bow to the painted bona-robas who stood by Ingram. "And as for fighting, Godswounds! I'll e'en ask your Grace for leave to try it on that masquerading 'prentice who just spoke!"

A peal of laughter from the women rewarded this sally; and the officer referred to made a lunge at Courtenay with his sword. Miles sat still on his horse and never moved a muscle. The fellow was so drunk that his point pierced the air some eight inches in front of Courtenay's nose, and wabbling feebly for one moment, he tripped over his own toes and fell rattling in a heap on the ground beyond.

At this there was a general roar; but Courtenay, still restraining his gravity, dismounted, and picking

up the fellow by the slack of his breeches, set him on his feet, and even handed him his sword.

"En garde, Monsieur?" said Courtenay. "You're sure you're quite ready?" The fellow lunged again; and Courtenay stepped aside; then, striking the other's sword near the hilt with the flat of his own blade, sent it flying far over the head of the sentry who was pacing below.

"Give me a cup of sack, your Excellency — I am thirsty."

Such was our introduction to the army of Virginia.

XIV

In which We Join the Army of Virginia

WE were actually given grades according to the rank my friend had claimed; and that gentleman lamented that he had not bespoken me a higher. However, he got me a position as aide to his Excellency; which was light work enough, and would have been pleasanter, but that it brought me into dancing attendance upon the tent he called his pavilion, and taking my meals with the over-gay company therein. Now, among the latter was a fine-feathered person who held herself out to be the Generalissimo's wife; at which vaunt Miles would but laugh a little; and she was one of our fellow-passengers upon the *Glorious Elizabeth*, and indeed the very creature who had laughed at poor Jennifer on that night we had to protect her (a thing I have never known a woman do, either before or since, however evil). And she looked at me, and I at her, but we saw that our joint account lay in silence; and I myladied her and she becaptained me; and all went sweet as syllabub until she began to make love to Courtenay (as indeed she had done on shipboard, but that her station was greater now), and at first, led on by some of his fine speeches, fancied herself in some headway to proceed. For Courtenay had an Irish

way of making every woman he met believe he was in love with her, and they were even prepared to swear it weeks and months after he had gone away without them; yet whether an untrue man, even to woman, you shall see in the sequel.

But in this case "my lady" Ingram, being a woman of a generous nature and a forthputting spirit, soon reached the point with Courtenay whereat she perceived she was getting more compliments than kisses; whereupon she transferred her heart to me, hoping, as I think, to incite us to fight, for it was only Courtenay she fancied; and failing here (for as I was about her in the tent most of the time, being the General's aide, I had to repulse her advances more rudely — and also, perhaps, as being less used to the business than was Miles) she thought I might be hired by promise of an hundred gold jacobuses to kill him, — by assassination or duello as I preferred. All of which I told him, and it made him thoughtful and thoughtfuller yet later, as I shall shortly show.

For pretty soon the camp put itself in motion, and the column began to march, keeping the river bank on one flank and the cavalry on the other, up stream until we came in sight of an endless range of low blue mountains. And here, notwithstanding our guard, the savages would lie like snakes or "mosquitoes" in hollow logs along the shore, or in canoes under the bushes; and while they made a feint of attack in force on the other flank, these would rush out and startle our soldiers by a score of arrows in their backs. And then my Lady Ingram (not being any lady) would scream, and her nymphs yell bloody

murder, and a pair of them perhaps rush out of their tent in their shifts and throw their arms about the nearest officer they saw, lest they should be ravished by the savages. And these delicate creatures were moreover always ready to complain of the rations, and the forest, and the flies, and the roughness of it all, and cry out at the little worms and insects — as their kind are wont to do, thinking to be thought more lady-like, and whereby we know they are not.

But so it happened that a half dozen troopers and an officer or two would be picked off by these savages almost every day; nor the dead man ever be the wiser whence the shot came from, nor whom he was to thank for it. So, promotions were frequent; and the ladies of his Excellency's suite were almost as often widowed as remarried. And they took it very merrily, and likened these doings to a game of hazard; and wagers lay among them as to which scalp should be next to go. For it was the habit of his Excellency to leave behind those who were shot in their tracks, as a discouragement to stragglers. So all the officers made outcry at the unchristian mode of warfare, wherein the enemy smote and yet showed neither the one nor the other cheek in turn — save Courtenay, who never had fear of bullets, and I who had little thought for what was passing round about, and felt perhaps, God pardon me, that I might as well die there and be done with it; for I should never see my lady more.

Now Courtenay had approved himself in many other modes of strategy than striking the flat of his sword from a drunken man, since that first day; and so one day Ingram, being as I think, at his wits' end,

had him in to banquet with us in the grand tent; and there, after the feast and before most of them were drunk, he asked him his advice as to carrying on this war. "Saving your Excellency's presence," said Courtenay, "I think, since the heathen rascals are afraid to attack us together, we might e'en make bold to face them separately."

"But how to get at them?" said Ingram, who had no fault of audacity, even of the better sort.

"Faith, I would scatter our men through the forest like mosquitoes; and then when each man has enough for his stomach, let him retreat backwards to some central point agreed upon; and, converging there, we shall have drawn the enemy to a head and can re-form and charge upon them."

But this plan found no favour with the council. "Have you another?"

"That I have, your Excellency; but I doubt ye like it the better of the twain. We halt the army at the base of yonder mountain; and there we build a small stockade or fort, as it were for winter quarters. And there we'll leave an hundred men or so; and the rest of the army starts back for the plantations — only starts, I say; for in the night it makes a turn around the forest, and comes back upon the enemy from the further side, just as the red devils who attack the fort are thinkin' they've the best of it."

"And how do you make sure they'll attack it?"

"Sure," says Courtenay, with a bow, "we'll lave the ladies in it."

At this there was a screaming for which scalping in dead earnest were no more than proper cause.

"With the aid of the saints," added Courtenay, "they'll be safe enough inside. What would ye have, dear ladies? Would ye march in the attacking column in the dark, and the woods that full of snakes as a Cheddar cheese of maggots?" Whereat they screamed the more, and some of them, that were Papists, crossed themselves.

"Your plans are both impracticable," answers Ingram, sternly.

"Then, your Excellency," retorts Courtenay, "the next time your Excellency goes to fight the heathen, it must pack up its virtue and leave its beauty behind. Sure, 'tis an old tale, that Mars and Venus do not go together." With which Courtenay pledges my Lady Ingram, and mollifies her so that she says:

"La, Captain Courtenay — if you were to command that fortress, I do not know that we might not venture, — so far as the enemy are concerned." And Miles sets his hand to his heart; and "his Excellency" swears with a round oath the plan is worth the trying. And tried it was, to cut a tale short; and fell out quite as Miles had predicted. The fort was built that same day and night; and on the next day we retreated, with trailing colours, as if for reënforcements.

As Courtenay foresaw, the savages preferred the smaller bait but the easier prey; and he, with his company, held them well at bay throughout the next night; and I had it from his lips that their yells from the attack were less mighty than the outcry of the women in the fort. And towards dawn we came back and fell upon them from three sides

at once. And then ensued a scene the good Lord, I hope, may still, as he hath so far done, save me from witnessing again.

For our Godless soldiers went mad with the carnage of that long-awaited victory. No quarter was shown, nor even asked. Only a few chiefs, and all their women, were saved of the Indians, to lead in triumph back to the plantations. And for days thereafter our army lay mostly drunken, an easy prey to the smallest force of the enemy, had there been any remaining; and their women, after the soldiers were tired of them, were passed on to the white ladies to serve as their slaves; and these were none the kinder to them that they had briefly usurped the place of mistress. It was pitiful to see the poor creatures, who were often gentler and modester withal than their captors; and indeed in those days I have always thought those of the Indian women that had never known the whites to be like ladies, only of a different race. Some few, that Miles and I assisted to escape, got loose by night and took to the woods. And although both of us were promised promotion and high office, we rode homeward disconsolate; for we liked neither the heathen, nor the Christians, nor yet their mode of killing one another.

XV

In which We Adopt Jennifer

WE came back to camp near the town of Henrico, and went into winter quarters. At first, we had our triumph; and no one could do too much for Ingram's braves. But we got no pay; and pretty soon there were rumours of dissensions between him and Governour Berkeley. And then it was said that Ingram had demanded too much, and some pretended that he had even demanded to be made governour in turn. And finally one day, we were taken by forced marches towards the capital; all the country we passed through was empty of inhabitants as had there been an Indian raid; and whispers passed down the ranks that our leader and the Governour had come to open enmity at last. So we came to Greenspring, which was Sir William's seat; and there we found only some old slaves and servants, but all the masters fled. Here we set ourselves down for many weeks, and made merry with the Governour's good cheer; and Ingram (who had been a ropedancer by profession ere he took to soldiering) kept high revelry in the mansion of Greenspring; balls were held there every night, and other divertisements, of most of which I must perforce be witness. And it was said Sir William

lay shaking in his shoes in the House of Burgesses at Jamestown, and dared not venture from its palisades.

Besides old Berkeley's Malmsey and fat bacon, our regiment had brought full store of bear and elk and venison on their triumphant return from the mountains, and the feasting was most continuous without a break for Sunday. "Faith," said Miles to me, "they're a ribald crew! 'tis little they mind the fine of five pounds of good tobacco the law requires for not going to church the Sunday! And by this bear diet will all the marry'd men be joyful fathers within forty weeks after they get home, and most of the single men have children sworn to them within the time as well! — I except the chaplain," added Courtenay; "with much ado he maketh shift to cast out that importunate kind of devil, by dint of fasting and much prayer!" In short, Miles liked his company not, nor did I; and we were ready enough to leave it before the matter arose that forced us to. And cause enough we had, before the last.

For one, we had captured in the battle the Indians' great king Opechancanough, son to Powhatan and brother to the far-famed Pocahontas. Now Courtenay had found a little book giving the history of this Indian princess, of which he was very fond, and used to read to me from it aloud. And this Opechancanough had been wounded deeply, but was now fast recovering; and on one day we saw a great crowd before our general's tent, and there, tied to a pole, like some chained wild thing, among a press of drunken riff-raffs, and curious ladies, and

painted bona-robas, lay Opechancanough himself, his deepset eyes gleaming, and not with fever alone. Miles clapped his hand to his sword, to cut his bonds, and after a word with the dying chief, was about to do so. But just then the General Ingram came out from his tent, haughty and flushed with wine, and bade Miles desist. This he was over loth to do; but the aged Indian said something to him in his own tongue, of which Miles had learned a bit, closing with a grave bow to Courtenay and a look of defiance at Ingram.

"What says the fellow?" demanded Ingram then of Miles.

"He says," said Miles, looking Ingram in the eye, "had I, Opechancanough, taken General Ingram prisoner, I would not have exposed him dying as a show before my people!"

The fellow only winced a moment; then ordered Courtenay on guard; and there was a little murmur among the people. And yet other things there were that wearied us beside this. For near by there was a Puritan living with his family, that had come thither from New England. We were friendly with the man; for he had helped us to eggs and milk; and he had a wife and little children. And one day there was a general assembly called in camp; and there the Generalissimo read to us an Act of the Assembly of Virginia, whereby it appeared that what they called the General Court at the town of Boston, in New England, had discharged a negro servant, or slave, belonging to one William Drummond, an inhabitant of Virginia; and therefore the Assembly had ordered reprisal to be made on the estate of

some person in Virginia belonging in Boston. And so Ingram told us that although he and the Governour might be at issue, he should always carry out the lawful orders of the Assembly! particularly in such wholesome and excellent laws as concerned the property and charter rights of citizens of Virginia; wherefore he had ordered satisfaction to be taken of the goods of this poor Puritan. Now this was mere high-handed outrage, in that Ingram had some grudge against the man; but we had hardly time to warn him ere the troops descended upon the poor fellow, burned his house, and pillaged what property he had left; only with his cattle and his family he fled across the wilderness for the Patowmac in Maryland where (he said) were other Puritans his friends. We might then have gone with him, but that we feared to draw pursuit upon himself; and the next morning there was great alarum of an attack from Berkeley, and we were called closely under arms.

Now, although we had been lying there for some months, and known to be in more danger of kicks than halfpence from the Governour, yet the lazy fellows had not so much as turned the sod of a single entrenchment; so we were unfortified, undisciplined, and ill-prepared for fighting by the life we had led. But now there was much business of digging and entrenching; Ingram had sobered long enough to draw some sort of plan of a fort; and all the men were set to work at the spade, even to the officers. Courtenay had never much liking for that business; and he asked me now, as we stood side by side in a ditch of red clay and water, if I knew what we were fighting for, and why we were doing it. Against the

Indians, 'twas well enough, he said; though he had found them far superior to these Christians; but as between the monkey Ingram and this old Governour — why, Sir William was the better fellow of the two! For Miles had heard the Governour make a speech complaining of these same New Englanders and of the English shipping laws which forbade free trading in ships with other countries than home; and deploring that we (Virginians) were most obedient to all laws, while the New England men break through and trade to any place that their interest may lead them! A doctrine which commended itself to Miles; as did that other famous one of Berkeley wherein he said: "Our ministers are well paid, and by my consent should be better, if they would pray oftener and preach less. But as of all other commodities, so of this, the worst are sent us and we have had few that we could boast of since the persecution in Cromwell's tyranny drove divers men hither. But I thank God there are no free schools nor printing! and I hope we shall not have these hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them and libels against the best government — God keep us from them both!" For Miles was a consistent conservative and Catholick, and believed that honest people should have their ears open and their reading eyes shut, that they might be instructed aright for this world by gentlemen, and for the other by priests. And I think he would not have been too sorry to have been with Berkeley on that day next year, when Ingram was at last captured; and the Governour, upon hearing of

his arrival immediately went to the shore and saluted him with a courtly bow, and said, "Mr. Ingram, you are very unwelcome; I am more glad to see you than any man in Virginia. Mr. Ingram, you shall be hanged in half an hour!"

But on this day Courtenay only wanted to escape the fellow; and I made answer that I was ready enough to go. But even as we spoke, what should appear but a goodly cavalcade of ladies from the city, led by Ingram himself! The meaning of which we were fain to fathom; for they were securely tied, and by each one's side there walked a common soldier. But see now what manner of leader this fellow Ingram was: he had been on a foray into Jamestown that morn, and knowing our fortifications were yet unmade, this was his chosen booty. And coming into camp, closely pursued by Berkeley and his troopers and these ladies' husbands, what does Ingram do but set up all these ladies, fair in view upon the ramparts, both as hostages and as protection to our soldiers plying shovel and spade! There was the lady of Colonel Bacon, Madam Bray, Madam Page and Madam Ballard — all (as I was told) wives to rich planters who were high in the Colony Council. And there indeed he kept them, until our work, which was circumvallation of trees, earth and brushwood, was finished.

I made merry with Courtenay, that his fate was ever to be saved by ladies; but he was up among them, as soon as the head of our precious General was turned the other way, consoling them and promising they would come to no harm. And pretty soon, one of them was sent back, under

Miles's escort, to parley with the Governour; and that night, when our fort was done, they were all released. But this whole proceeding so disgusted Miles with our General that I think he would, but for changing colours under fire (which no soldier, even an Irishman, will do), have then and there gone over to the enemy. And we surely should have deserted, but for this next trouble that happened soon upon us.

For, one night, Courtenay called me to our tent, as I was out walking by the riverside, watching the stars. The Spring was beginning; the woods were sweet with nightingales and the calls of more strange birds; and my heart was calling so loud to one I loved, that I could not but feel that heaven heard, if she did not. I went up to the tent, and there I found a fair boy, crying on Miles's shoulder. He was roughly dressed, but slight in figure; and as Courtenay bade the child look up at me, I saw that it was Jennifer.

Alack for the tale she told, as soon as she could cease from crying. Her master had heard of our escape, from Courtenay's or from mine, and how we had joined the army where they could not reach us. And meantime Jenney's mistress, who had alone been kind to her, had fallen ill. And then the master had sworn that he would have no such spy on his place, unless she would promise to become his wife on the death of the old woman; and Jennifer had refused, and he had whipped her for it. And the miserable fellow's wife, who had been a bit masterful in her ways to him, but was now bedridden, had herself urged Jenney to escape and seek to

find us in the camp; and a kind negro had taken her down the river by night, in a canoe, to where we were. And pretty soon Miles, by way of relieving his mind, called for that negro, and he came in, his white teeth shining and his eyes glistening; and we gave him a piece of gold, and a great roll of tobacco; so that his eyes but glistened the more. And for another goldpiece he agreed to leave us the canoe, and find his own way back on foot; for I thought we might yet come to need the little craft, and we hid it carefully in the rushes by the river. And then we gave Jennifer some clean linen and a pair of white sailors' trousers that I had; and while she was putting them on, we went outside to talk of this new state of things.

XVI

In which We Secede from the Commonwealth

SHOULD we go over to the enemy? That was dangerous for us, and worse for Jennifer, as they were sure to take her for one of the women of the camp. Could we give her in charge to them? I shook my head, and Miles swore he never would — not so much that the miserable creatures might not be kind to her — as for the things she perforce would see and hear among them. For, despite that law of the charter of Virginia which made adultery punishable by death without benefit of clergy (contrary to the law of England and to a greater, the law of the gospel, in the noted determination of our blessed Saviour concerning the woman taken in offence), a more evil-lived community than was our camp could not be fancied, even in a savage country. For the English (with the notable exception of Pocahontas) would not wed the Indian maids, though they were gentle and true and sightly to look upon; and I thought with Miles this had been the fairest way to convert those savages to Christianity, rather than by treachery and murder and despoiling of their lands when they took vengeance as their teaching bade them do. For, after all that can be said, a sprightly Lover is the most prevailing Missionary

that can be sent among these or any other Infidels. However, this being not so, and there being so few white women in the colony, the Governour and Assembly had even found it needful to issue a proclamation, forbidding women to contract themselves to two several men at one time. For this offence had become so common that great disquiet arose between parties and no small trouble to the State. It had therefore been ordered that every minister should give Notice in his Church that what man or woman soever should use any word or speech tending to a contract of marriage, to two several persons at one time, although not precise and legal, yet so as might entangle or breed scruple in their consciences, should, for such their offence, either undergo corporal correction, or be punished by Fine or otherwise according to the Quality of the person so offending.*

If such was the condition of the Colony, it may be imagined how much more free the manners were within our camp; where was neither church nor preaching, and the only colony laws enforced were those which bade a man despoil his neighbour's goods, for no offence but kindness to a poor slave. And although, since that last exploit of the petticoat ramparts, Berkeley had let us alone, there was talk that we were definitely proclaimed traitors, and of an army preparing to put us down. And at last, toward the end of that winter, these rumours became more definite; and the condition of the soldiers was most desperate. For we had neither money nor clothes; and our wretched women even began to

* A fact. It is to be regretted that this wise statute has not prevailed to modern times. — Ed.

sell their finery, for blankets and for bed-linen; and Ingram was fain to take Lady Berkeley's fine dresses from the house, and give them to them.

Now long before this had Miles and I desired to escape; and once had demanded our discharge; at which Ingram had fallen into a great rage, and ordered a guard to be set over us night and day. But with time this guard had been relaxed; and so it was when the question came of what we should do with Jennifer.

"Miles," said I, "we must keep her here with us."

"Faith," he answered, "I suppose we must. 'Tis pity ye are wed already — in mind, I mean. But the poor girl will have to bear what they dare say of her — "

"We will keep her in men's clothes, and pass her for your body-servant."

"Carew, me boy, 'tis equal honour that your head and heart both do ye." So we went back and told her; and the poor child blushed — not that she was old enough and vile enough to know what might be said if it were known — but at the idea of wearing men's clothes still. But she sighed, and went to work; and we two slept outdoors; and ere morning she had made for herself what might pass for a serving-boy's suit, in Virginia.

Now that once fine lady at the General's tent had not forgotten Courtenay, nor his cool treatment of her. And women's eyes are sharper in such things than man's; and one day when we sat at what we called our dinner, she began to question us too curiously about the servant we had found. Courtenay

said he was but a boy that he had known on shipboard, and had escaped from a cruel master. "A pretty boy," said she, "but I have been on shipboard too." Then we knew she had discovered Jennifer; but we still hoped she might keep silence, as she said no more then to Courtenay, but turned and pledged him in a toast. Miles gladly responded; but that same night, as he told me, she sought him out, or rather sought out Jennifer; for he found her sitting in the tent, and the heart of the poor child had gone out to a woman, and she was crying on her wicked bosom as he found the two together. He led her back to headquarters, politely enough; but on the way she hinted at the price of her secrecy — to wit, that I should marry Jennifer, and he should marry her. This suited neither of us, and he roundly told her so; so the next day, at table, there was more laughter, and even open reference to the maid in our tent — by the gentlemen too — and Miles thrashed one of them and would have run him through, had the man dared fight. "But, Carew, my boy," said he, "we can't thrash every man in camp; and if we could, 'twould hardly much improve the poor child's case, I'm thinkin'."

And now see what devilish snares an evil woman may invent. For this "Lady" Ingram thought nothing of setting the man she called her husband to thinking on this poor child, if by so she could have Courtenay to herself; for she was jealous of him, it appeared, so evil was no evil to her. And the Generalissimo saw the little maid, and bade her join the women's tent; and Courtenay had to knock him down, and set his foot upon his neck; nor

would he release him until he had sworn to do us and her no harm. And then, after this whilom ropedancer had staggered away, Courtenay looked at me and I at him.

"What do you think the Generalissimo's oath is worth?"

"Rather less than naught, I'm thinkin' — he swears by contraries. Sure I took it but to damn his soul a bit the more!"

"The canoe is there," said I.

"And I'm thinking we've got about twenty minutes to get away in." Then he called Jennifer, and I saw him telling her what she should do. And the poor child looked up at him; and when he told her that she was to come with us, so bright a smile lit up her face as I had not seen since I left my lady; so perhaps I took my turn for a sob or two, while Courtenay was petting her. Then we both sprang up, and began carrying our goods to the riverside, — Jennifer's clothes, what stuff we owned, our swords and Spanish pistols, and luckily a good store of tobacco.

It was evening; and a new moon lay low behind us, as we pushed the little craft out from the shore — none too soon; for we heard some commotion, and saw men and torches — and women, too — come crowding round our little tent. But they never once looked at the river; so we floated silently down toward the Sea.

XVII

In which We Flee and Feast Right Merrily

AND now there came twelve weeks that were near to happiness. For all that night we paddled down, between low and lonely shores, beneath the stars. The constellations are friends faithful in exile; they are beautiful, and change not.

Poor Jennifer kept very silent between us; but her silence already was rather peace than sorrow, and Courtenay now and then would seek to break it with a word of cheer. He paddled at the stern, the girl lying amidship on our soldiers' blankets, and I at the bow, watching the wider waters as they opened out ahead. But at last the black river ceased to hold the stars, as its waters turned pale grey and they faded in it; and behold, it was dawn, and in front of us stretched a smooth sea-line, and the sun rose, peeping over its rim. The land to our left dwindled to a long, bushy point, and we landed on a sandy beach, and felt that we were safe at last.

We drew up the canoe and hid it in the bushes. The sun shone bright and glorious; and Jennifer was singing with the birds as we made our little camp. Then we fixed a shelter for her with a piece of sailcloth, and sallied out to get our breakfast; for we had hardly anything with us but Indian meal and the tobacco. The banks of a slow stream near by

were alive with little shore-turtles, but we saw none big enough for a soup and did not know (until the Indians afterwards taught us) that these were good to eat. We dared not fire our guns lest we should attract pursuit; though we hoped that Ingram would not make any serious attempt to recapture us, being himself in a state of siege; and indeed we afterwards heard that this was the case, and that only three days later he with his whole command had fallen into the hands of the Governour's troops; when Ingram was promptly hanged, as I have said; most of the men were bound, or rebound (as we should have been) to slavery; and the women (who had made prodigious lamenting pending the surrender) took up with their captors, those who had cried the loudest being the soonest soothed.

But on that bright morning we were well out of this forever; and it was only hard to know what we might find for food. We talked of fishing, but we had no hooks; and both of us agreed that it would not be safe to build a fire. Our best hope lay in finding fruit or berries, and we separated to search the woods, though we should have known there was no chance, it being the Spring of the year; and after an hour or two I returned to camp empty-handed, where I found Courtenay with only a bundle of sassafras twigs, then esteemed a great medicine. However, Jennifer was up, with a bright face again, and we stirred a little of the meal in some fresh water and salt scraped from the warm rocks, and nibbled at the sassafras for relishing.

"My son, ye have now a great opportunity to purify the blood and macerate the flesh in fasting.

'Tis a Friday in Lent, I expect, and the Saints, Heaven be praised! are looking to it that we keep it. Jennifer, 'tis a pity; it's a kindly influence to fill the stomach with a vernal wind and forget the absence of carnal food." But Courtenay's playfulness I esteemed misplaced before breakfast, or the chance of one, so I went away to bathe, being heated by the fruitless walk; and there, as I waded out in the shallow water, I cut my great toe upon some shellfish so that, mayhap, I gave vent to an oath or two; and Miles came down to the shore to chide me, in the name of some Popish saint, to whom he was wont to turn when things went wrong and he could do no fighting. And when I told him what my just cause was,

"Thou great oaf!" said he, "to curse the pain that brings thee better than locusts and wild honey in the wilderness — let us see an they be not good to eat." So we tore up some dozen with our knives, and found them very excellent meat indeed, of the kind they call oysters; and some were nearly an ell in length upon the shell. So we ate a many of them raw, they being well salted with the tide, before I bethought myself to tell Courtenay that so good a Papist might not eat meat on a Friday. "Nay," said he,

"'Fruit hath stones,
Meat hath bones,
Whate'er hath shell
Leads not to hell;
Thou mayst not eat
What walks with feet,
Or flies with wings;
But fish hath fins.'"

"But no fins have these," said I, ready for a bit of merriment now that I was fed.

"Shells or fins, 'tis all the same," said he. "And faith 'tis well the Lord did not see fit to tempt us with a haunch of venison." And he lay upon his back, smoking his pipe dreamily; 'twas a trick he had well learned in Virginia, this of smoking; and I too smoked, when I could think of Miss St. Aubyn not too sadly. The broad blue bay lay soft before us, its distant coastline shimmering into mist; and all the Spring air quivered with the flight of golden butterflies, and the earth lay fragrant to the sun with yellow flowers.

"The King is far, and the Commonwealth is far," said Courtenay, "and I'm wondering if we'll like the Puritans any better than this Virginia gentry?"

I said a word of camp and Jenny's treatment.

"The Lord has made an earth of many pleasant places," answered Miles. "Beauty is in this world, as well as truth; the Puritans forget half God's message, and dispute about the tother. But you Saxons were always a pragmatical square-headed race — 'tis we Irish are the beauty-makers. D'ye know, we are the only people whose kings were poets — who crowned our poets, kings!"

"You have not done much by your kings after you made them," then said I.

"Ah, man, — but we have dreamed! The word is greater than the deed, I'd have ye know. A stupid Saxon may do the deed it takes an Irish harper to think of! But in truth, 'tis a man's duty to be happy on earth — if only by way of preparing for heaven." (Ah, Miles, dear Miles, how full wert thou

prepared!) "Beauty is given man, the good kind of beauty to enjoy, the bad kind to tempt him and teach him strength. In this way even pleasure hath its place — and a Puritan is but a suicide that thrusts him, like a blubbering child, away from the fires that are to try him! Let monks renounce — a man is here to live, and touch and try the lives of others; to feel his life and use it to the full, and then to give it away — to the first cause, maybe! Men to be brave and true, maids to be brave and gentle — and both their highest duty to be kind."

"True," said I, "and here come some fellow creatures ye may practice on!"

And pointing up the river, I showed him where were coming from behind the last point, low canoes, and others, and then others. Then we were glad that we had laid no fire; and we betook ourselves to the bushes, first carefully removing all traces of our presence from the shore. "From some trials it is best to flee," muttered Miles, "but I'd have ye know this only proves the rule."

"Think you they be Ingram's men?" said I, as we all lay watching through the boughs.

"I know not which kind of dam salvages they be," answered he. "I like the copper-coloured best." And such they proved to be, and in an hour had passed us and scattered over the sea, or rather bay (for we lay upon the shore of that they call the Chesepiacke), and lay as if for fishing.

"We must rig a mast and sail," then said Miles; and we passed the day in doing this, cutting a light sapling-pole in the woods and binding it to the canoe thwart with green withes. Then we set flat

stones about the butt, which might also serve to ballast us; and long before sunset were ready for our way once more. We dared not move upon the open bay before the full darkness came; but in the twilight, as we were walking along the beach, I asked Courtenay which way he meant to go.

"Northward," said he, "both as getting us away from this Virginia nest of convicts — and in New England, I have heard they are both peaceable and prospering — the Swedes have come and crept into a river called Delaware, and again the Dutch have stolen into a river called Hudson's — thus are you English nosed in all places, because your wits can't reach beyond the sound of Bow! — only these lean, lank Puritans — but we must fain try them — and then —"

"That is not all?" I said.

"Moore," said he, "dost think thou'rt the only brave gentleman in the world hath given his heart to a woman? She hath gone to New England. I did her some small service when she was escaping, and she thanked me for it; and so I made bold to ask her whither she might be going; and she told me."

Then I sighed, for my case was yet the harder. "Why did you not go with her?"

"Man, do you ask a woman's question? Did I not tell you I did her some small service? Well, just for that trifle they said I was to be shot — until a lady that had some favour with old Noll got me to the colonies instead."

"Do you know where she hath gone?"

"I know she came under the name of Clerke,

which is some kin to Cromwell; that is all — but by the blessed Virgin's aid I'll find her —" His eyes glistened; and just then Jennifer came out to join us, and I saw her look into them.

XVIII

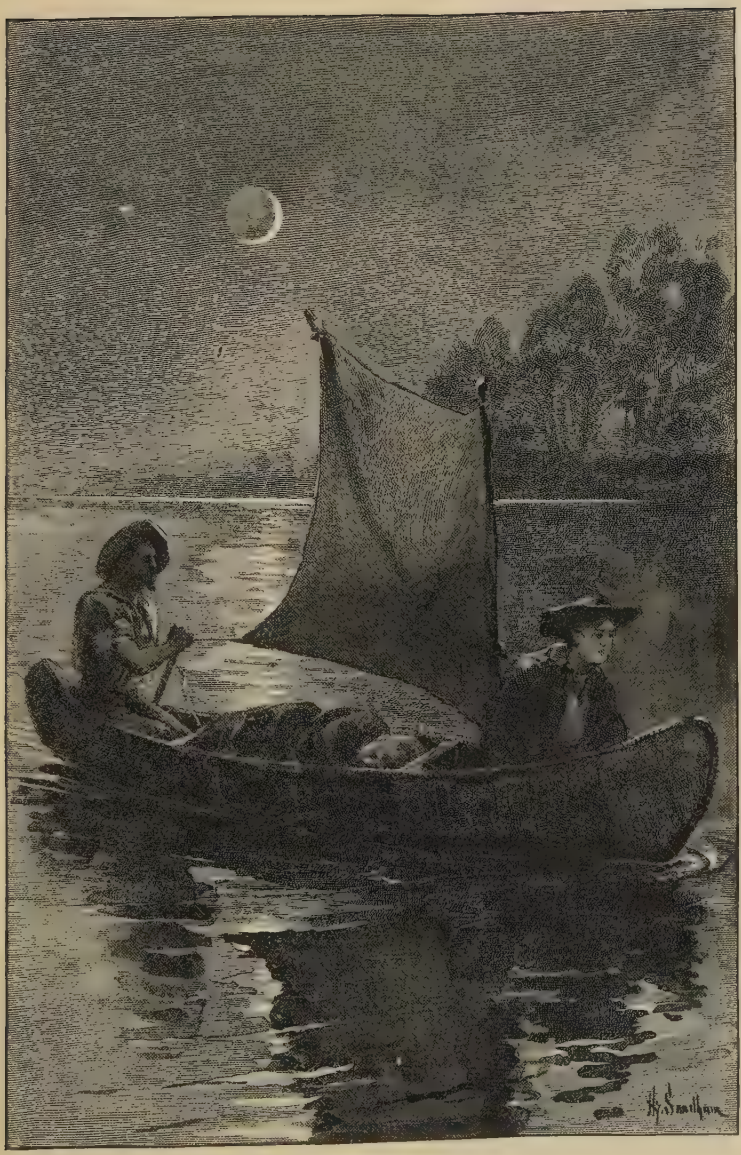
In which, for Courtenay, I am a Brute

WHEN it was dark again, we launched our canoe, put out into the bay, and turned to the northward. The night was quite warm and marvellous calm, so we struck out boldly to the middle of the Chesapeake, which may be here some twenty miles across. We had a new moon — it was the Easter moon — and we paddled northward all that night. Toward morning a light breeze sprang up from the south, and the dawn came suddenly and surprised us, many miles from the land. We turned toward the right shore, knowing it to be narrower and free from Indians, and landed. But there we erred, in this, that we could find no water. All that day we tramped among the meadows, searching for a stream, in vain. The marshes were full of wild fowl, and we shot some duck, fearing no Indians on that peninsula; but we dared not show sail in the open bay, and our mouths, too parched to eat of the meat, could only swallow the salt oysters. To the south of us lay the settlement of Accomacke, as we well knew; but we dared not seek water there, for were we not escaping servants — slaves — with a price on our heads? I fancied the Indians better of the two.

So we lay on our backs, waiting for dark, and

Courtenay read from his book of Pocahontas to pass the time away, and of the great Captain Smith, whose life she saved, and who first discovered and ruled these shores. How Pocahontas, in a very dark and dismal night, came alone through the woods and told Smith that great cheer would be sent them soon, but that her father, King Powhatan, with all the power he could make, would come after to kill them all, if those who brought the victuals could not effect it with their own arms while they were at supper. How Smith then offered her presents; but she refused them, the tears running down her cheeks, and begging him to be gone. And then, of her saving his life at the block, and how, years after that, and after Smith had gone to England, she was, by one Argal, treacherously captured on the Potowmacke, where she had lain concealed, to withdraw herself from being a witness to the frequent butcheries of the English, whose folly and rashness, after Smith's departure, put it out of her power to save them. And how this Argal had hired one Japazams, for a copper kettle, to betray the princess on board his ship, whither she went only out of her good nature and obliging temper, because Japazams' wife pretended to be fain to go, and would not venture alone. So this Argal brought her in captivity to Jamestown.

"And then — the haythens!" ended Courtenay, "they told her that Captain Smith was dead, and so she married Rolfe." In fact, Miles was getting to be quite an Indian-lover. And indeed, I generally noticed, that the more he saw of either race, the better he liked the other.



We hardly waited for the sunset to be off again, and this time we lay as close to the West as we could, for water we must get. It was nigh day-break when we landed by a grove of the beautiful green oak they have; and there, in the very sand of the shore, was as sweet a little rill as one would wish to see. We had drunk nothing since the night before, and I lay face downward to it, then turned on one side, and let the stream run smoothly down my throat without swallowing. He little knows the true delights of drinking that hath not water in this manner drunk.

And then we made bold to cook our birds; oysters, too, we found; and there were terrapin, had we but known how to cook them; but 'twas a breakfast fit for a king! aye, and better than poor Charles sometimes got, while he was wandering about his failing kingdom. Of his son I say naught; and 'twas well, perhaps, I never saw King James, or I had changed sides again.

But that it was not England, that day had been quite happy; only in England my lady was. Miles sang cheerily; for on that day his quest began. And there we lay, verting, as the foresters used to say, through that long day's sunlight; and talked of poetry, aye! and philosophy. And Miles sang us a song, of how "Sir Tristram came to Ireland" — so light of heart were we. And Jennifer was telling us tales of Cornwall. And she, too, had a song — of the little red fox —

> "Red fox, red fox,
> For the love of two bright eyes dying,"

very sweet it was, and sweetly sung — when several

canoes, filled with savages, put out from a little creek that was near by, at the sunset, and gave us chase.

And now we saw the wisdom of the sail that we had made. For we two would have been quickly tired with the effort to escape; but we put up our triangular bit of tent-cloth, and rode easily ahead of them before the freshening southerly breeze. All that eve we rode before it, and by moonrise had left them far behind, and were in waters rapidly narrowing to low, green, grassy points of land. Then Jenny went to sleep, and Courtenay steered; and at dawn I took the helm again, which was one of the paddles. Still all that day we sailed, and dared not stop again to land. And in the afternoon, as I well remember, Courtenay was lying forward, talking to Jennifer, and managing the sail. They were talking low, and I watched them sadly; but, by the way the little maid would smile and open her blue eyes, I fancied he was telling her pleasant things. The air had a Southern touch and languid; and we were all very sleepy when late in the second afternoon we passed a great river to the left, which Courtenay thought must be the Potowmacke; and beating up a few miles westward, we landed in a wood, near by a fresh stream of water, running down from pleasant hills. We were out of Virginia now, said Courtenay, and might at last breathe freely; for the country bore the tender name of Mary. I replied that the name was well enow; but men's heads sate more comfortably under Elizabeth who named Virginia. Then Jennifer went up into the wood to bind up her pretty brown hair, which had been whipping about her soft cheeks all

day; and we sought more oysters for the supper. After this, our little maid went off asleep; and Courtenay puffed at his pipe. Then he took to telling me of Pocahontas again.

"She was a lady, I tell thee, Moore, my boy. And in truth all these savages may not be Christians — but the best of them at least are gentlemen. They have a sense of dignity, a self-respect — remember that old chieftain good Mr. Ingram so insulted in the camp? Well, now, see Pocahontas — a born princess — and read the tale that e'en this dry old parson tells. Mind you, they had told her Smith was dead, and married her to this man Rolfe; and Smith had not gone near her while in England, but contented himself with drawing up for the Queen a 'Representation of her Case and Desert' — in which" (added Miles scornfully) "he expresses 'a deep Sense of Gratitude to her, and sets forth her great Affection to . . . the whole English nation.' And now see what happened:

"'Before Captain Smith's departure, Pocahontas came up to London. Being offended by the smoke of the Town, she was immediately removed to Brentford; whither Smith with several of his friends, went to visit her.' (He might have left his friends behind!) 'After a cold and modest Salutation, she turned from him in a passionate manner, hid her face, and could not be brought to speak a Word for two or three hours. But at last, she began to talk; and she reminded him of the many Services she had done him, and of the strict promise of Friendship, between him and her father. *You*, says she, *promised him, that what was yours, should be his;*

and that you and he would be all one. Being a Stranger in our country, you called Powhatan Father; and I, for the same reason, will now call you so. But Captain Smith, knowing the jealous humour of the Court, durst not allow of that Title, as she was a King's daughter; and therefore' (the brute) 'he endeavoured to excuse himself from it. But she, with a stern and steady Countenance, said: *You were not afraid to come into my Father's Country, and strike a Fear into everybody, but myself: and are you here afraid, to let me call you Father? I tell you then, I will call you, Father, and you shall call me Child; and so I will ever be of your kindred and Country. They always told us, that you were dead; and I knew not otherwise, till I came to Plimouth. But Powhatan commanded Tomocomo to seek you out, and know the Truth; because your Countrymen are much given to lying.* Then she willingly prepared' (poor girl) 'to return to Virginia with her husband. But it pleased God, at Gravesend, to take Pocahontas to his Mercy, in about the two-and-twentieth year of her Age; for there, in a few days, she died.'

"Dost thou not see, she loved him? And he, the brute of a Saxon — Smith! And how sweetly she turns it off, and will but call him Father! Pretty darling! But Moore, my boy," and Courtenay's voice suddenly grew grave, "hast noticed the maid there, Jennifer?"

Used as I was to his quick changes, I gasped a bit. "Jennifer?"

"Aye, who else? — Carew," said he, "I hope I may be a vain man and a fool; but I begin to think the little maid is caring for me."

"And like enough," I said.

"Ah, but it must not be; now I behave like Smith to Pocahontas. I have made love to more than one woman in my time — though never in earnest, until I met the lady for whose sake, God bless her, I came over here. And her I, being in earnest, found not courage in my heart to tell. How did you bring it about yourself?"

Miles could become personal with greater suddenness than any man I ever knew. "I — I — we found it out together," said I.

"And the best way, too. But, praise be to the Virgin, this time I found it out first. Now, you must tell her."

"What?" said I.

"Tell Jennifer that I am betrothed (God forgive me for that sweet lie) to a lady in the Massachusetts province, and we are going there to find her."

Now, I did not like my orders; but I could not say there was not right in them. And going to our camp, I found the little maid just waking up; and her eyes were tender with sleep, and her voice as sweet as any linnet's. So I began, like a man, "Jennifer, do you like Mr. Courtenay?"

She caught her breath a bit, and looked up quickly; and then looked away to him, where he was walking lonely by the sea, and thinking of another woman.

"I would die for him," she answered simply, and there lay truth in her words.

"You must not grow too fond of him," said I. "We are going to New England; and there, I know, some nice English lad awaits you. Remem-

ber, Mr. Courtenay is a soldier, nigh old enough to be your father — I doubt he will ever marry —"

And now, indeed, the poor maid blushed. But then, she looked me full in the face, as I know my lady would have done or I to her, so love gives gentle courage to us all. "I had rather be his slave, than any governour's lady."

I wished that Courtenay had done his own job; but perhaps, on the whole, it was better he had not; for the dog had a heart (as I already knew) that was cowardly tender.

"But," said I, "he may not marry —"

"If he may not," said Jennifer, "he hath saved my soul and body — please tell him both are his, if he will ask for them." Then I saw she thought I meant that he was married unhappily. So I took my courage by two hands.

"He hath come over here to find the lady whom he loves," I said.

To my surprise — but after a slight pause — she answered merrily, "Then shall we help him find her, shall we not?"

"That indeed," I cried, glad to get off so cheaply. "And so you do not love him, after all?" — As I remember that speech now, I see how near a brute is man.

"Nay, nay —" the child looked up and smiled — "hast thou not said he was old enough to be my father?" Now, was it not curious this was the very speech that Pocahontas made? And I know not why I did it, but I kissed her, then and there. And from that moment we became great friends; greater far than even she and Courtenay.

"She is a lady, is she not?" said Jennifer, after I had kissed her.

I nodded. "I suppose so."

"And he hath lost her?"

"Yes," I said.

"Then shall he find her, and through me!" And the maid laughed so sweetly, that Courtenay came down to see what thing was forward; and frowned at me for not doing his commission. But I smiled to him that it was all right. And when Jennifer went then to make our supper ready, I told him how I had told his secret, and the little maid had laughed again. But I did not tell him just the words she said. 'Twas too much like the words the poor Indian princess had used to Smith, when she found him alive that she had wept as dead.

XIX

In which Miles Prays the Blessed Virgin

NOW the marshes lay too close about us where we slept that night; and next day we awoke to find Jennifer in one of the dread fevers that haunt those parts, and the poison in the place had turned her brain. Eight days she lay there ill; and we tended her. At first her face was always flushed, and she called for water, water! and coolness, and that the ship was so hot, and that the people were cruel. Then she had a sinking fit, and Courtenay and I went out and shot a duck, and kindled a hotter fire, careless now of Indians, and made a broth for her. And then the fever came back, and that night she was crying that they were whipping her, and that Courtenay would not come. He hung his head, and cried like a child; for we knew what was now in her mind must have happened to her in those months the poor child was in slavery.

And the next day she was no better, and we gave up hope. We had cut off her soft, bright hair in the fever; and she lay there now so pale, and looked more than ever like a child. And her little hands grew so cold, so cold! And Miles began one of his Popish prayers to the Virgin. And that night, beyond the fire — for we kept it always burning

now, to drive the deadly airs away from Jennifer — in the edge of the forest, where the firelight hardly reached, we saw a painted savage standing.

His attire was of the skins of bears and wolves, so cut that the man's head went through the neck, and the ears of the bear were fastened on his shoulders, while the nose and teeth hung dangling down upon his breast; and behind was another bear's face, split, with a paw hanging at the nose; and even his sleeves, coming down to his elbows, were necks of bears, with his arms going through the mouth, and paws hanging to the noses.

I sprang up and grasped my firelock; but Courtenay was praying still, and did not see. But the Indian waved his hand gently, and spoke to me in good English; and his language was suitable to his stature and appearance; for he was a very large, well-proportioned man, and his speech sounded deep and solemn, like a voice in a vault.

"Child sick?" he said gravely. "Your daughter? — You no cry?" (This to Courtenay, who was not, indeed, crying just then, but praying still; and had made a sign of the cross, which the Indian copied gravely. My hand was still on the firelock, but I dropped it now.)

"Aye," said I, "and like to die. We mean you no evil: let us rest."

"I get squaw — bring medicine," the Indian said; and vanished into the dark wood. Then first I saw that others had been with him; for they went away openly; and all about us were savages, painted in deep red, with gleaming bears'-teeth collars; and they had surrounded us, without our knowing it.

But they went away silently, and showed no signs of hostility. And pretty soon, the English-speaking Indian, who appeared to be the chief, came back; and with him, a woman. Poor Jennifer was dying.

"You are too late," said Courtenay. The little maid's face was set, already, with the last stillness.

"Me no too late," said the Indian; and took a flask of spirits (we had none) and moistened the poor child's lips with the aqua vitæ. She shuddered just a little; and then the Indian woman, that had warmed a broth of some herbs upon our fire, made her drink of it. And we helped her, trusting this Indian woman, though we knew not what it was. And then Miles took his crucifix again; and the chieftain crossed himself; and we waited. And after an hour, we heard Jennifer breathe again, and slowly. And at the sunrise, she opened her lips and said something, we could not hear what. So our little girl got well again.

XX

In which We Fight with the Susquehannocks against the Puritans

NOW these savages were the greatest I had ever seen; they were called Susquehannocks, and lived in a palisaded town; and their chief, Tockwogh, a mighty man indeed. For the calf of his leg measured three-quarters of a yard about, and the rest of his limbs in proportion; his arrows were five quarters long, headed with splinters of white crystal, in the form of a heart; even his tobacco-pipe was a yard long and carved with a bird, a deer, and a bull, at the great end; and with it I saw him beat out a man's brains.

For we stayed with these Indians many weeks, and found them in peace, very gentle; indeed, they called themselves Catholicks, and were living in great amity with Lord Baltimore's settlement, that was some two days' paddling away. But we did not go thither, fearing pursuit and demand from the Virginians, who even then were almost at war with the Maryland people that were loyal to King Charles. At least, the Catholicks were so; but there were many Puritans they had kindly suffered to come among them, that were Commonwealth men. For, of all our English colonies, this one of Maryland alone did never persecute its members for religion's sake.

All those days the Indian women tended Jennifer, and the men brought us fish and maize and even early berries, that were good for the fever. For Courtenay and I took our turn at this, though we were not so ill as Jennifer had been. And before we were well, the little maid was nursing us, looking like a boy in her short hair.

Midsummer day came and went, and we were thinking of going northward again. But on one night (it was July 30th, the eve of St. Ignatius, the patron saint of Maryland) this thing happened. Certain of Oliver's soldiers, that lived in a fort hard by the Puritan settlement on the Isle of Kent, had plotted with the Puritans to overthrow the Catholicks. And one Bennet and Cailborne (who had always had an hunger for that land), coming back from England with the Protector's authority, had placed all that colony under government of ten commissioners, mostly Puritans; these allowed religious freedom to all except the Papists, and summoned Stone, that was my Lord Baltimore's governour, to a conference; although even Cromwell had commanded these commissioners "not to busy themselves about religion, but to settle the civil Government." Stone had replied, refusing the conference (which indeed was but an ambush) and saying, "We, in plain terms, say we suppose you to be but wolves in sheep's clothing," which was much about the truth. For, with the connivance of the commissioners, these soldiers, that were but soldiers of fortune, and the Puritan settlers, had agreed upon the salute that was fired of cannon on St. Ignatius' dawn, as a signal. And thereupon they rose, and

rushed upon the habitations of the Papists, and plundered whatever there was of arms and powder; and then, placing themselves in some rough order, they marched through the settlements, swearing they would suffer no Catholicks; though the Catholicks, who alone had right in that colony, for many years had suffered them. And Governour Stone then hastily called upon our chief, who was his faithful ally, for help. And we, Miles and Jennifer and I, marched with them, both because we thought it safer, and that they had been our friends and right seemed on their side.

But we came too late, on the evening of the battle, and the poor unarmed priests already fleeing, and Stone the Governour himself shot in many places. And these Puritan soldiers did after boast that all the place of the battle was scattered thick with Papist beads. There were double the number of prisoners to the victors, too, they said; but that was because the Papists could not believe in this intended outrage on the part of those that had called them friends, and had come to the conference unarmed. Our tribe of Susquehannocks came in just at the end, in time to make some stand and help the Papist fathers to escape; and it was then and there, as a drunken buff-jerkin sought to tomahawk a white-haired priest in his gown, with but a rosary by way of armour, that I saw our chief crush in his forehead with that great stone bowl of his tobacco-pipe.

These Jesuit fathers, under guidance of our friendly savages, escaped back into Virginia, where (as I was after told) they had to live concealed in a mean, low

hut, a sort of cellar, for many years, until the Puritans had to take their turn at hiding. Four of the principal prisoners, a councillor among them, were executed by the Puritans upon the field of battle. Three others, only Catholicks, that got themselves upon a vessel that was bound for England, were afterward shot to death, and the master of the ship amerced for carrying them. And after the escaping priests had been safely ferried across the river, that same night, we took refuge in the forest with the Susquehannocks. And then, on the very next day, as we dared not return to Virginia, and Jennifer was now quite strong again, that kind yet mighty warrior lent us two braves and a canoe to guide us on our way northward once more.

They led us first around the white settlement to a great river that discharged in that part of the bay nearest the Quaker country on the Delaware. No money, only a little tobacco would they take; so we left them but our muskets and our blessing, after they had taken us two days' journey up the Susquehannock, where we were but a brief day's march, they told us, from the Quaker farms. For on the Delaware we were out of danger, and hoped to find a ship to take us straight to Boston.

But first Courtenay tarried in the town to buy a woman's dress for Jennifer; which she put on, and came out blushing. And I was surprised to find how comely the little maid appeared. And she was more like a woman than before her fever; but they say a fever makes people grow.

XXI

In which We Come not Well to Boston

WE came on from Philadelphia in the Massachusetts packet they called the *Blessing of the Bay*. If so, it was to land-lubbers, not mariners, and Courtenay (who joined with me in working our passage for economy's sake) renam'd her as *The Cursing of the Crew*. But Jennifer came as a passenger of quality; and she was even given a little place to herself, fenced off with sailcloth; and we felt for the first time that we could treat her like a lady, as she had grown to be, in her rough school. And I have often thought since, 'tis warfare, knowledge, danger, make the true nursery of noble blood and gentle manners.

After some eight days at sea, we saw before us the Massachusetts bay, near to what they call Point Allerton, full of wooded islands, where the cows were pastured. And it was on a Sunday morning, as the bells were ringing for church, that we were set ashore with Jennifer's one small box of worldly goods. And then we set forth on a search for lodgings.

The streets were full of townspeople hurrying to church or meeting, as they call it; a meeting without greeting it appeared to be, for they looked sourly at each other, and sourer still at us. I was carrying

Jennifer's box; so Courtenay at last suggested I should hire a boy to carry it.

"For I think," said he, "we make our progress with somewhat less of retinue than our station warrants. Didst see how that grim burgess in sable and white lace looked e'en askance at us?"

"Nay," said I, "they are bent on the spiritualities. Certes, our small share of the temporalities should not ill prejudice them."

"They may prejudice us, however," hinted Miles. "My word on't, the best way to convince a Puritan that you are another Pilgrim in progress is to let him know that you had worldly goods to leave behind."

Courtenay was a Papist, and his talk savoured of the feminine guile of the Scarlet Woman; natheless, I thought well to beckon a small boy to me, and offer him sixpence to carry my and Jennifer's bundle. He had a bell-crowned hat and a black doublet like his elders, and he looked down on me from his four-feet-two with a precocious gravity.

"A shilling is the price on the Sabbath," he drawled, nor found e'en a Sir in his mouth for us. "Where would ye go?"

"To some house of entertainment, ye young rogue," cried Courtenay. "Dost not see that we are strangers?"

"Thou mayst find thee a rogue and vagabond thyself, within the colony statute," said the young lawyer. "And what may be in that box?"

"Swounds, thou urchin, what is that to thee?"

"That I may not lay an information before his

worship against ye both, I must have warrant ye are not like to be a charge upon the town."

"Will this be a caution to ye?" says Courtenay; and with his one hand pulls out a pair of gold caroluses and with the other gives the lad a sound box upon the ear.

"One caution were enough, Sir," says the lad. "Ye may follow me."

"The dog is not without a sense of humour," grumbled Miles. "Where shall we follow thee, — to the stocks?"

"One thing at a time — they be not open for ye on the Sabbath, Sir, — now I'll take ye to the Bell and Crown." And in a few minutes we came before a long low wooden house, with a high, thin pair of gables, and the emblem referred to hanging from the lintel. Here we knocked loudly, but for long got no response; at last a prim young serving-maid opened the door and looked at us doubtfully. "Mistress Badcock be at the meeting," said she.

"Good," said Miles; "we will enter and repose ourselves until her return."

"That ye may not," said she; "ye may sit upon the doorstep, which is the public highway — " and she slammed the door in our faces. And that evil urchin laughed as loud as he dared upon the Sabbath.

Courtenay was for beating in the door, and began to hammer on the same, until the neighbours collected and I and Jennifer begged him to desist. And pretty soon Mistress Badcock herself appeared, with a bunch of keys at her girdle and lugging a large can of whale-oil she had taken to church with her for fear of fires at home.

"My good woman," then says Courtenay (too angry yet not to be a trifle condescending), "can you give us lodging?"

"Who may ye be?" answers the woman, sharply.

"This is Captain Moore Carew, and I am Major Miles Courtenay, both gentlemen of Devon."

"And who may be the young woman?"

"Not conceding the right to ask the question, she is my sister." Now this had been agreed upon between us; but Jennifer had brown hair and blue eyes, and Miles's eyes were blue, but his hair was very black. And I saw Mistress Badcock pinch her thin lips as she answered:

"A likely story — and whence, then, came ye last?"

"From Maryland," cried Miles, "a province lately loyal to the King!"

"Then ye be Papists — and king there is none but my Lord Protector. The law is on ye — I cannot harbour Papists and vagrants."

"Nor I pay lodging to a shrew," retorted Miles, unwisely. But she went into the house with manner sanctimonious, leaving Courtenay swearing.

Then the grave little boy pulled at my doublet. "Profane swearing in the streets is half a crown or a fathom of wampum. And I can take ye to a kindlier dame of kin to me — she is in truth my grandam."

"Then lead us there, in God's name!" cried Miles; and the crowd murmured, and the urchin led us forth incontinently. And at Mother Shipton's we bargained for and got two rooms, paying a

gold carolus in advance. But as we were disposing our effects with what comfort we could, I saw the boy still lurking in the hallway, and demanded what he wanted.

"A shilling, Sir —"

"You unconscionable young dog, have we not paid you?"

"I must have a shilling more, Sir, for I led you to two houses, and the second is but of ill repute."

Courtenay asked him if he would belie his grandam, and kicked him forth; and he went away to inform the magistrates of our coming.

Then Courtenay and I, scarce liking our reception, lay our heads together what we should do.

XXII

In which I am Bound 'Prentice to a Cordwainer

IN the morning we bade Jennifer be of good cheer, and sallied forth separately to find the way that led to fortune. "Remember *her*," laughed Courtenay to me as we parted. "Try to find a good place for Jennifer," I answered, but blushing. Miles nodded; and I wondered how much work he would do that day.

Boston town of a Monday morning was a different place than Sunday made it; and I took my way down to the wharves, where the ships were already discharging their cargoes. And I went bravely into the first merchant's counting-room I came to, and demanded work. A prim old gentleman sitting behind his desk looked up at me sharply, as if I had asked for alms.

"What may be your name?" said he, at last.

"Bampfylde Moore Carew."

"And whence come ye?"

"From Devonshire, hard by South Molton."

"What do you know?"

This posed me; for I had been bred on a farm, yet was I not asking for farmer's work. "I would like a chance to learn the business, Sir."

"Have you money?"

"Not much."

"How much?"

"A few guineas."

"Humph! Are you a member of the church? Can you keep a set of accompts?"

"No, Sir. I could learn, if you would give me a trial. I am a good Church-of-England man, I hope."

The *humph* was more prolonged this time. "I have no use for ye, young man."

I got the same sort of answer often that day, and I tried all the counting-rooms in town. For dinner I only had a bit of bread and a mug of beer; and I went back at night discouraged, only hoping Courtenay had had better luck. Him I found sitting with Jennifer; and I asked him; but he seemed, for him, a bit downcast, and Jennie answered for him. For it seems the little maid had divined in what fruitless quest he had spent his day, and had been consoling him.

"Of course, he has found no trace of her, yet," said Jennie, smiling. "What is one day in a new country?"

"But have you found a way to fortune, Miles?" said I.

"I have found no way to her, Moore," said he to me, apart. "And faith, what need have I of fortune without?"

Now this shows the difference that lay between us, an Irishman and me; for I thought first of fortune as the way to win her, and my way back to England. But then, Miles did not think his lady was in England. That night, Mother Shipton required of us another guinea, under threat of turning

us upon the street and delivering us to the magistrates; but this time I bargained that the coin should last a week.

"To-morrow we must find a home for Jennifer," said Miles to me, repentant, after the maid had gone to bed; "and you must even try the tradespeople. Man, ye cannot hope to be a merchant-adventurer all at once?"

But the women were worse than the men. They would ask us whence we came, and where we lodged; and when we spoke of Mother Shipton's, they'd have no more to do with us. "They're not half so nice at the court of King Charlie, God bless him," complained Miles. And as we came out of the last house, poor Jennifer was like to cry; and a plump burgess that was standing by, came out and spoke to us.

"What would you have?" said he to me; and I told him that I sought a place for Jennifer, who was sister to my friend; and wanted work at anything for him and me.

"Can ye make a pair of shoes?" said he; and I told him I could learn. For I was ready to try everything by this time, and had little hope of anything. "Come along, my lad," said he, "and if ye be a gentleman's son, ye'll be all the better man that have the making in ye of a pair of shoes."

So we came to a decent house on the hill near the water, over against Charlestown; there was a little shop in the street front, and over the door was the sign, "Savil Simpson, Cordwainer." Behind the house was a larger warehouse, full of skins and Cordovan leather; and in the house was Mistress Simpson, who looked kindly on the little

maid, and asked her to be seated. And then, for the first time since we had left Virginia, the poor little maid began to cry.

"I've taken this young gentleman 'prentice," said Simpson to his wife, "for a week on trial." And he laughed in a merry way that did me good; for it was the first laughter I had heard in that sober town.

"The poor girl seemeth tired," said Mrs. Simpson; "where do ye lodge?"

I had cause to fear this question, and I began earnestly to explain how we were strangers, and had not known where to go; but the old merchant cut me short. "Aye, aye, ye need not fear I'll think the worse of ye for that — 'tis an ill town for poor adventurers, till ye be made free of it. But I'm thinking you and your sister had better stay for supper, ye'll no be getting much at Mother Shipton's." And then I guessed Master Simpson was a kindly Scot.

We were thankful enough to accept; and when Jennifer had made herself decent and braided her hair a bit, I saw the pair look at her yet more kindly. "But first we go to prayers," said Mrs. Simpson; and he read us a prayer or two, and a chapter from the Bible. Then we had a good supper; but Mrs. Simpson had first to ask us of our religion, seeing that we were strange to the prayers. And it was with fear that I told them.

"I'm thinking she may do for the Colonel's lady. 'Twas but yesterday she told me she was courting a new maid, one of old Hull's daughters; but she would not come, now her father has the mint; and indeed I think that smug young Sewall is making

up to her. And Colonel Jones and his lady are of the old church." I paused a bit; and then I made bold to tell the honest cordwainer all about Jennifer, and how she was not Miles's sister, and how we had escaped together. And the worthy old pair hung upon my lips with many a word of sympathy, nor seemed to think we had done wrong in anything, save perhaps the fighting with the Indians against their countrymen; "though I doubt not we too have much to answer for; although we rid ourselves of king and bishop, the old man is in us still; and there be priests in this same colony would shame the Jesuits." And their daughter Cecily, a comely young girl whom I had not noticed before, went over to Jennifer and put her arms about her. And after supper, we went up to Colonel John Jones's, who lived in a fine house up on the hill; and Goodwife Simpson's kindly words prevailed, and the little maid was taken in, and promised a good home at the least.

The very next morning I was set to work cutting leather to fit a pair of shoes. And perhaps I sighed just thrice or so, as I thought of Miss St. Aubyn, and what she might now think of me, if she knew it; then I hardened my heart and took courage. For had she even kept her promise to let me see her once more, when I might have told her how I lived but for her? Why, then, should I care to have her hear that I had lived to be a shoemaker? She cared not. But when I had these ill thoughts by day, I used to cry at night, and beg her pardon in my dreams. And in three months from that time, I had learned to make a pair of shoes.

XXIII

In which I Make a Pair of Lady's Shoes

IN those days Boston was already quite a town, consisting indeed of some twelve thousand souls; and (as Miles said) they were not crowded; though the whole place was but a small island, and half of it waste land by reason of the high mountain with three peaks, under the northward of which lay Savil Simpson's house. This hill was furnished with a beacon and great guns. The town then had three churches or meeting-houses, the First, the South, and the North; and to the last, of a Sunday morning, my good Master Simpson would lead us all, himself perhaps the most unwillingly, and dressed in his most anxious suit of fine black silk. For, in the first place, would one old minister deliver himself of a prayer in the pulpit full two hours in lasting, whereupon another ancient saint would follow with a sermon of befitting length; and in the afternoon those ministers that were younger and of more sound wind would consume from three to four hours in naught but prayers, and appointed a sort of watch of three divines, relieving each other in the pulpit, one down, another come on!

So after, on the Monday morning, would Goodman Simpson come down to his breakfast with a

haggard look and full of worriment for the future of his soul, which latter gave him little trouble the other five days in the week. As for me, I felt that I could answer for my soul had but my heart been sound; and these sermons vexed me grievously. While as for Miles, he commonly took to the wilderness of a Saturday morning, whence he would return with what game the Lord had sent and a fresher colour early in the ensuing week. For in the town, it was not until the Monday evening that we got to walking again, as if nothing had happened, with our ladies or our pipes, upon the Common, and enjoying the soft sunset and the tranquil inland waters; and our hearts were eased, and Mr. Simpson would look jovial again. This Common was a sloping bit of pasture that set inward from the sea to the flowing marshes that lay beneath the western hills; and here, every evening, the Gallants would be walking with their Marmalet Madams, till the nine o'clock bell rings them home, after which the constables did walk their rounds to take up any loose people. Beyond this Common again lay the gardens and orchards.

The houses of the town were made of thin, small cedar shingles, nailed against frames, and these filled in with brick and other stuff; and for this reason it was most liable to fires; thrice hath the city been burnt in my memory. By the sea the houses were built upon piles, close together on each side the streets, which were paved with pebbles.

But meantime Courtenay found no work — only odd jobs to do, here and there. And I think one thing made against him, for he must needs go see

Jennifer and bid the manservant at the Colonel Jones's announce him like a person of quality — "Captain Miles Courtenay." "And faith," said he to me, "I might in truth have made it Major, for held I not that rank in General Ingram's army in Virginia? Sure, I was modest, nor did I wish to tread too closely on the Colonel's toes."

I doubt if Colonel Jones thought any the worse of him for this: but the townspeople looked at him askance, as little like to be a penny-saving, God-fearing citizen. However, Courtenay spent most of his time in enquiring for one Mistress Clerke who had landed but the year before; and would pass weeks in making trips on foot to settlements in the woods where he learned people of that name had gone.

Have I not mentioned that Savil Simpson had a daughter? A comely maid enough; and I was friendly with her; for I grew the tenderer to all young maids from thinking overmuch of one of them. And I never saw a gentle face, nor a sweet look, nor a noble glance, that it did not make me warm within with sudden memory of her I loved, as a lamplight will set a linnet singing for the sun; yet neither she nor any maid, however fair, had ever the gentle manners, and the voice like falling water, and above all, the marvels of those eyes, deep grey, so soft, you looked in them and saw the peace of heaven — such angel's eyes, I say, my lady only had. And much I wondered what she was growing to be. Ah me! You see, I thought of her still as but a child, and her face was growing dim to me. It was she that I had loved, and not her face. I

remember that I used to try to think, those days, she would not grow to be handsome; that no one might think her beautiful but me.

Well, on the day that I finished this famous pair of shoes, Cecily — Cecily was my master's daughter's name — Cecily came early into the shop. When they were kindest, her eyes had a little touch of Miss St. Aubyn's, just enough to make one kind to her; and she looked at the shoes, and then she looked at me; and she had a cherry-coloured ribbon round her neck.

"Dost think wilt make a good shoemaker, Master Carew?" said she.

"I hope so," said I, holding up the shoes; and I think I felt a little pride in them. For they were very bravely buckled, and turned up at the toe, fit to go with silk stockings and a sword and periwig. And just then came in Master Simpson — it was early in the morning, before breakfast — and I held them up.

"Well done, lad," said he; "I could not ha' done better myself — when I made shoes. Thou'rt a shoemaker, indeed." And he clapped me on the back. "And now, thou needst never make another pair of shoes. This day I get thee admitted a freeman; and to-night we have a bout, and I have bidden the Colonel and his lady, and that rake-helly friend of thine — aye, and Master Jack, Mistress Cecily," said he, pinching his daughter's cheek, which grew very red, and not where it was pinched alone. Then she pouted, and turned aside, and Simpson bade me finish up and come to breakfast.

So I was putting my tools away joyfully, and yet

with that certain regret one must still feel who does anything for the last time; and Cecily came back to me.

"And so, Master Carew, you'll never make another pair of shoes. Yet I knew it and came out to tell thee, but that my father forestalled me. For I have held converse with him about yourself, and I know he hath resolved to take you unto the business."

I thanked her, and went on putting up my tools and setting apart my rolls of leather. And as I did so, there was a roll of soft white kid fell off the shelf; it was made for ladies' satin slippers.

"You are very proud, now that you are no longer a shoemaker, Master Carew? And boast you'll never make another pair of shoes for no man — is't not so?"

"True, Mistress Cecily," I said, and laughed, and looked to the house as if to hint that it was time for breakfast.

"Nay, then," said she, "thou shalt make another pair of shoes; and I will that thou shalt make another pair for me — and even out of that white cloth, and with high heels, such as my Lady Bellomont wears at the balls at home." And she pointed to the roll — it was kid, not cloth, but I forebore to correct her out of my new knowledge.

"They must be done this evening, against Mistress Jones's treat," she went on, tapping her little foot against my workman's bench; it was prettily enough slippered already, to my eye.

"Then," said I, "must I take your measure now, and work at them all day?"

"That you may do, Sir — art not still my father's 'prentice and servant?"

"Nay," said I, "for apprentice, I was never bound; and for servant, it seemeth I am not his, but thine — lend me thy foot."

So she put her little foot in my hand; and half an inch of white lace stocking; and I took her measure. And ere I had finished, her father came out to see what we were at, and called us in to breakfast. And Cecily told him how she wanted me to make my last pair of shoes for her.

"His last, quotha? He hath made but one. Nor hath he learned here how to make a lady's satin slippers: it takes an older hand for that. (Master Carew," and old Simpson turned to me, "I'll beg ye try no more; your hand is too unsteady yet, and ye'll but spoil the pattern.) And thou, Cecily, I'd have thee go seldomer abroad, as I saw thee with this gallant on the Common this last evening. Those Dinahs that still are gadding, though on pretence to see the daughters of the land, may at last meet with a son of Hamor. For all which, see thy Book of Genesis."

"'Tis Master Jones I'd sooner call a son of Hamor," spoke up Mistress Cecily; while I — I hammered shoes.

"Come ye in — come in to prayers," said the old cordwainer; and he opened the Bible, and read two chapters of genealogy as if he enjoyed them every word. I too liked these chapters best, because they let my mind loose to think on other things, to wit, my lady home in England. But when I told Miles, as he called to see me that morning, what had happened, he bade me straight go out and make the shoes.

XXIV

In which My Shoes do Fit too Well

NOW Miles was very vexing to me in his manner about this occurrence. For he, being of a disposition not to be serious though it were his own funeral, but ever had a smile in one eye though a tear were in the other, saw fit to make much of this and magnify the slightest notice of Cecily's, in a manner most disgusting, nay impudent, to one who knew himself as well as I did. Cecily was now no longer young (being indeed the age which they then called a Thornback, that is to say, about six-and-twenty), but though an old or superannuated maid in Boston is thought such a curse as nothing can exceed it, and looked on as a dismal Spectacle, yet by her good nature, gravity, and strict virtue she convinced all (so much as the fleering beaus) that it was not her necessity but her choice that kept her a virgin. But Miles pretended that she was a young proficient, and her love a blank, wherein to write the next man that tendered her affection. And tho' I well knew he did this but to try me, it was impertinent to the matter at hand; and I was forced to remind him shortly that the lady was above his comment, and I beside it; for modesty appeared in her in the highest elevation, and came unto shame-

facedness. "Aye," said Miles, "her looks, her speech, her whole behaviour are so very chaste, that but once going to kiss her, I thought she'd ha' blushed to death."

You may well admire, as I did, such levity upon his part.

"But beware her most," he persisted, "when she dejects her eyes in seeming civility: for as those bullets which graze on the ground do most hurt to an army, so she does most mischief with those glances that are shot from a downcast eye. As when thou art measuring her for shoes," he closed —for even at that moment was I sewing on the last thread. So I bade him come to Master Simpson's treat, that was to be given nominally in my honour, and see what he would see there, and particularly to cast his too ready eye upon young Master Jones. For I knew that old Master Simpson had bidden Colonel and Madam Jones thereto, and Jennifer, and at Cecily's request (who liked indeed to have the men go round) even this Captain Courtenay— as they had the grace to name him still, though little enough profit he got by that honour; nor did I forget to tell him of him who was, I hinted, a chiefer guest than his years did warrant, namely, Master John Jones the younger, sole heir to all his father's silver plate and slaves, to say nothing of a good town house and large grants of land in the wilderness. And Courtenay made answer he would see to this; the fellow was a lout; whereat I chuckled in my sleeve. For John was placed by Cecily, and next her even Courtenay, in what should have been my place; yet this promotion brought

me to a place by Madam Jones, with Jennifer upon my other side.

A fine dinner we had indeed; of shellfish, and a goodly ham and pudding, and plenty of rum and beer. But Master Jones did look at Cecily as if he thought her the finest dish of all, and I liked it in him as it betokened a spirituality I had not expected in this youth. Yet such is the perversity of woman that look at him she would not, but kept all her eyes for Courtenay — save, now and then, her glance wandered a bit beyond him, perhaps, though not often; for he was skilful in intercepting such things and clever like all Irishmen in fence. And he talked and laughed well and loudly, and I saw the Colonel was much taken with him; and he ended by asking him his trade.

"No trade have I," said Courtenay, "but at your service for any befits a gentleman of my station."

"A farmer, perhaps?" said the Colonel. "Many of us gentlemen are taking up land hereabouts."

"Nay," says Miles, "my trade is killing men; I eat the pigs the farmers kill; and, faith, this was a fat one. I'll trouble ye, Simpson, for a bit more of that ham. All the same, my sword's nigh rusty for want of use."

"Do you know the country?"

Courtenay looked sharp at the Colonel. "Pretty well, seeing that I've been to every settlement in the colony." And indeed he had; and every time came back the more sadly.

"Are you seeking land?" then says the Colonel.

"Nay, I'm seeking friends; but now I'm ready for a bit of fighting."

"We may yet have use for you, Sir, — but fighting savages is not like fighting Christians."

"That know I well, — 'tis a poor trade, and the pay uncertain. But damme, Sir, it keeps a man from thinking. Aye, I have fought — we both have fought — with Berkeley in Virginia; though now he'll make himself a shoemaker."

Now I was somewhat nettled at this, much as I liked the man. But Cecily was nettled the more; for she turned quite red, and, springing from her chair, she put one little foot upon it, and raising the skirt ever so little (and she had on cramoisi-silk stockings) she showed him the satin slipper I had made for her that day; for I had worked hard to get the pair ready against the evening, and they fitted nicely, as was proper they should indeed, for I had had more than one trial. "An ye could make a pair of shoes like that, ye might be proud to be a shoemaker," says she.

"Mistress Cecily, I remark, too late, that 'tis an adorable profession, — pray let me see it closer." And before Cecily could object, he had taken the satin slipper from her foot and filled it from a flagon of white old rum that stood beside him. "Lady, to make amends, I can but drink your health in it — and his who made it for thee," and as he spoke, he drained the slipperful at a gasp. It was a thing, he after told me, he had seen done at banquets in the East, when he had followed in the steps of that mighty and worshipful Captain John Smith, in warring against the Turk; and "Faith, my boy, what lesser could I do, when the pretty maid so prettily reproved me for my swag-

gering and making little, not of her father alone, but of thee, to boot — or to slipper, rather? 'Twas but ordinary strategy, my boy, to divert the enemy with a new attack!"

But, as he did it, 'twas a sight to see our eight mouths, all wider open than his own. Poor Cecily stood there blushing, one slender stockinged foot upon the chair, too mazed even to drop her petticoat; and as for young Jones, who had been glaring at me, he stared now at the slipper like one entranced, and the rest of us gaped with the horror of wondering how Courtenay e'er could carry the liquor off with him; and perhaps the good Simpson thought a little of the waste of rum.

But Miles drained it to the end, and handed it back with a kiss upon it, and then he placed it back upon her foot with a grand flourish, and bowed. "'Tis the first time I e'er had wished thy foot were not so small," said he.

"And by heaven, 'tis bravely done," said the Colonel. "I'll take a glass with you — nay, nay, Sir, you have done enough — forbear."

"But what think you of the slipper, Mistress Jones?" said Cecily bravely, with a courtesy, "is't well made or no?"

"Fairly, fairly, my girl," replied that lady. Whereby I remembered that the old cordwainer had a mighty fortune of his own. But the hobbledehoy Jones had now transferred his glare to Miles, and he sulked and would not be comforted (save by Cecily, who would not try), and the party broke up after hardly more than a dance or two, in the Devon manner, by Miles and I and the two girls;

and perhaps 'twas well enough for him it was so soon, for the rum of this country is like an old blunderbuss that fires slow but carries wide.

The next morning old Simpson came into the shop, heavy in spirit. "Sam Marion's wife hath hanged herself in the Chamber, fastening a cord to the rafter-joice," said he. "I and another am to swear she was distracted, that she may be buried in the burying-place."

I knew not the woman, and could say nothing.

"The house of the man of God, Mr. Mather, and God's own house, were partly burnt with fire, this last night; even as Mr. Mather was preaching from Jeremiah 2, 21, against health-drinking, drunkenness, profane swearing and feasting upon the Sabbath."

Then I saw the old man was troubled about his soul, and that something sure was in the wind; for he only troubled so about it when this world's concernments had also gone amiss. And he groaned

> "'O great Menasseh, were it not for thee,
> In hopes of Pardon I could hardly be.'

See Genesis xli."

I said something timidly about the Lord's mercy, and how, after all, 'twas Mr. Mather's house that burnt, and Mr. Marion's wife that hanged herself.

"Greatly rejoice, though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations! By which words of Peter I do seriously consider that no Godly man hath any more afflictions than what he hath need of."

Now I was awaiting some kind signification as to

my future duties, and the position I was now to occupy; but the old man strode into the house, vouchsafing nothing of the sort. I wandered about the warehouse, in the yard, and even in the shop, but got no orders; and pretty Cecily came out and looked at me meaningly, but what her meaning was I could not for the life of me make out. Nor saw I in the shop any preparations as for any new apprentice. I began to think that my dreams of promotion were vain, and at last, I saw Simpson put on his black coat and fine three-cornered hat, which meant that he was going for a walk upon the 'Change. So I went up and asked him if he wanted me to make another pair of shoes.

"Nay, Sir," said he, "your shoes fit over well. I'll find some less handy use for thee in the business, though I trust, more profitable for thy time." With that he claps his hat on his head and goes off down the street, and Cecily came out to me crying, and told me his resolve to send me out as supercargo to Barbadoes.

In an hour he came back, but little better-tempered.

"The town is full of your goings-on last night — and your harum-scarum friends," said he. "They have it that I suffered ungodly dancing in my own house, and that this rake-helly Captain of yours drank a bootleg full of rum, and my 'prentice kissed my daughter, and other lewd doings, and I doubt not the magistrate is after me."

(Now considering that good Master Simpson had drunk at least as much sack as Courtenay, if not more rum, and the full double twice of my allowance,

I thought this hard.) "Colonel Jones is a worthy man," I said, "and a magistrate, and can bear witness."

"Colonel Jones had best look to his own case," grumbled the old fellow. "He hath held a commission of the King, and is more than believed to be attached to the Church of bishops; and he will have the pagan cross retained, to pollute our flag with the whoredoms of Rome — there are plenty would be glad to catch him tripping. I met him but just now upon the street, and he bore a head more vexed than even I. He told me he hath already sent thy companion off upon some scalping expedition or other — and I think the best way out is to send thee off too; so, as I am fitting a ship for the Barbadoes, I am resolved to send thee thither, as supercargo, which is mostly fish and shoes; these latter thou mayst fit to the ladies in Barbadoes, who all are black, and have heels two inches long."

Now to this there was nothing to be said; and I went into the house to gather up my things; and I heard Master Simpson come in behind me, and then high converse betwixt him and Cecily. And then, as I came down with my parcel, —

"'Tis not to-day, thou foolish lad," said he, "nor yet to-morrow; and 'twill not be for long neither," the old man added in a hurry. "Thou mayst have a venture of thine own, if thou wilt." But I was ready enough to go to Barbadoes, — or elsewhere in the world, — where I might meet new people out of England, and, failing news of her, get money.

XXV

In which I Go to the Barbadoes

BUT now, in the next few days, as I was getting ready for my departure, there came a great yearning for her, for some word, some sign . . . or, in default of this (which I feared was hopeless), at least some news of her, though but from others. For I felt that I was going to still another new continent; and I was weary of wandering over the world with no knowledge of her. And a thousand times I had resolved that she took no thought of me, and that she had broken the one promise she ever had made to me, and that I would think no more of her. And this vow made, I would go about my business; and then, in another hour, or half, or whenever I next thought of her, my heart would turn to water again within me.

So, at last, I wrote for her a long letter! In which I told her a little of this, and more of my hopes of some success in fortune, and most of all about her, and at last a hidden word of my own love for her. And I had begun the letter with vowing I would keep this out; for I could not feel sure it would not be grievous to her; then I thought I would hide it in a few words at the end. But I ended by telling her she might forget me or

despise me, or be true to me or false to me, and I should still be her servant through this life and the next, only that I might be happier or unhappier as she did the one or the other.

I never dreamed this letter would reach her eye; and it never did. But it was writ, as it were, to the universe; and it took the burden off my mind. And Master Simpson had an interest in a ship that was about to sail for Bristol; so I gave it to him to give to the Captain with special adjuration of its importance. And it was addressed on the outside to Miss St. Aubyn at Leigh Abbey in North Devon; for I supposed that old Penruddock had been hanged and quartered; but they might at least know the whereabouts of my lady, whatever people were in charge of the old Abbey; if the Protector had not taken its wide acres across to himself; which was the less likely, as the acres were but wild moorland, now that the house was burned. So my letter went. And this wise thing accomplished, I too went off to sea.

Now it is no part of my history what went on in the West Indies; as for my love, I neither found there *her*, nor lost *it*. But at the Barbadoes I did get some news; it was from old Sir Henry Gibbs, the Governour; a Warwickshire man was he, and loyal to the King, with all the island (for you may read in history how Charles was always King in Barbadoes); and he told me that old Penruddock had neither been hanged nor beheaded, but had either escaped or had some unexpected favour made for him. And at this I tried to ask him what had become of Miss St. Aubyn, and would

have done so but for the choking at my throat when I tried to speak her name. Twice I sought in vain to say it, and then the dinner was over, and I got no chance more; and was much cast down, and had myself rowed on board the ship by starlight, so low in mind at my cowardice that I even thought of rum, which I had seen other men take at such times; but that I never gave insult to my affection by vanquishing it with such low expedients.

And as Heaven willed, the Governour did ask me to visit him again (which was a rare compliment to pay to one who was only a supercargo), and this time did I clear my throat with his own Santa Cruz and ask him, clear as may be, again of old Penruddock, and if by chance he had heard what fate met a granddaughter of his, one Mistress St. Aubyn. And at this did the old courtier look at me sharply, and at first made no answer; then said he:

"Young man, wert thou concerned in that poor foolish rising?"

"No, Sir Henry," answered I. "But I was convicted of it, in that I said I was."

"And Master Savil Simpson of the Massachusetts Bay (whom I know to be a canny trader) finds thee yet wise enough to be entrusted with his ship?"

Now at this, I could do nothing but tell him how it happened. And he heard me to the end; and then he asked, with half a smile, "And for which side mayst thou now be, good Mr. Moore Carew? I've a mind to send thee back to Virginia, as a slave escaped from thy chains, but that thou

art not indeed escaped from them, I guess. But art thou now for King or Commonwealth?"

Now the fact was I cared not much for either, being ever of the honest English opinion that so be I were a freeman, it mattered little whether he that sate to make laws for me, which I did not want, wore a crown upon his head or half a hundred seats in the Commons to his breeches; save that the former was likely to give less trouble as being but one man, and withal less capricious than a changing count of noses; and I thought the best government of all, the one you heard of least; which highest merit could not be lately said of Cromwell's. So, while I thus hesitate to answer, says Sir Henry:

"I'll be bound thou art still of the party of Mistress St. Aubyn?"

This was true enough, in that I was for her first and the common weal or my own soul afterward; so I kept silent.

"Well, lad, young blood is true blood — I have ways of finding what goes on in the old home, and I will e'en write for thee — but thou hast doubtless written already?"

I told him, yes; and he bade me wait for my answer; and if I heard not, to let him know, and ask Master Simpson to send me down another year.

I promised. But I felt sure I should hear myself, if the light of my dear lady's eyes were still on earth — aye, and even she were wed, she would answer me to tell me so. On this trip I saw the Barbadoes (which is fertile, and flat, and all in tilled fields, with square stone church towers, like a piece

of Sussex), and the Martinico, and Monserrat, and Nevis, and many other islands. I could tell you much of them; of the wonderful flowers that grow in the forest, on ropes of vines, and of beautiful trees loftier than poplars, that are but ferns, such as we grow in our gardens; and of the fiery mountains that in some islands make the barrier between sea and sea. But the thing I noticed most was the misery of the slaves. For, as we know slavery in New England, it is hardly noticeable that the negroes are less than kindly treated servants; for they are few in number, and the sense of property in them makes even the selfishly disposed fairly tender of them. And then, they are but a few house-servants, after all. But in the Indies, and particularly in the sugar islands, where is more cultivation, like English Barbadoes, or Martinico (which is French), the thousands of black slaves are as the beasts of the field. And whether it was that I bore so much love that had no outlet; or whether the true gentleness of my lady's nature had influence even from afar, I could never, since I had known her, be hard to suffering in others, even animals or dumb beasts. And in those days, a dog or a horse, or even a bird or duller animal, that made any show of suffering affection, would marvellously move me. This is all that I much now remember about that voyage; save that in Martinico the island was very full of poisonous snakes. The people there, I thought, though, seemed more content than in the other islands; at which I could not but marvel, as they were governed by the French and had not British liberty. In Barbadoes, however, the Lord Protector was still

sending ships full of very decent folk that had been taken prisoner in the war, or came from Ireland; and I blessed myself again that Miles and I had got our gaol delivery.

Five months had gone when we dropped anchor again in Boston bay, and I hastened ashore to my good Master Simpson's. And there I found great changes. For Courtenay had gone off to the wars against the Indians, and had proved himself a valiant leader; and now he was said to be returning from the Western wilderness with plenty of French and Indian prisoners and rumours of victory and peace and even money and booty. And pretty Mistress Cecily was wedded to young John Jones, and living in a fair house of their own. But there was no letter for me, nor message, nor any news from England; save that the captain of the ship, who had got home a week before me, told me of a rumour that Miss St. Aubyn had escaped with some of the banished people, her grandfather perhaps among them, mostly merely courtiers of Charles; so the captain at last had given my letter to a gentleman who was going to France, whom he had obliged in some way, so that the gentleman had promised to deliver it safely if any lady were to be found there who bore or who had borne that name. But the days grew weeks, and the weeks grew months, and the months grew toward another year, and yet no answer came, nor any sign by which I might know my love was living, happy or unhappy.

Then steeled I down my heart once more, and (for that her image would not go from it) I locked it fast within it. And I tried to bring my mind to

earthly gain; but I cared not for the joys of earth, nor had I the heart for my labour; and altogether I was in a bad way. I looked sour as any Puritan, weary of the world; but I was only weary of a world I could not find her in.

So Miles came to me one bright morning that my face was shaming, and spake to me grievously of our neighbours. For he had been leading the life of a gentleman of leisure in Massachusetts Bay, and was heartily sick of it. Wars there were none, and he had taken up no trade; and I had heard from Cecily that he was very popular among the women. But I waited for him to begin, for I half fancied his own trouble.

"Moore," said he at last, "'tis tired I am of the town, and little good we are doing in it. And what betwixt the old priests and the sectaries — "

"Priests?" said I.

"Aye, priests, and the harder to mind, that they have no canonicals but fusty wigs, and their prayin' is all their own and not the Lord's, and hath no end to't. Will ye come out into the forest with me, now? The Colonel, who would be a gentleman if he dared, hath a crown grant by one of the frontier towns, Magunco they call it, of a fine valley that lieth in the Nipmuck country, and he would have me go up and keep it from the Nipmucks."

"And how about that fortune we're to make in trade?" said I.

"Fortune? is it fortune you're after? In a trade with these? There is no trading for a stranger with them but with Grecian faith; that is, not to part

with your ware without ready money. 'Tis not their religion keeps the merchants friends, but the fear of exposing one another's knavery; and as for the rabble, theirs lies in cheating all they deal with. Moore, my boy, when you deal with them, look upon 'em as at cross purposes, and read 'em, like Hebrew, backward; for seldom they both speak and mean the same thing, but look one way and row another, like watermen."

"If you speak of the inhabitants of Boston, I must entreat your candour in distinguishing," said I.

"O, the Colonel, and thy master, and Mr. Maverick, and a minister or two. The first that came over were well enough; but these, though their fathers fled hither to enjoy liberty of conscience, are very unwilling any should enjoy it but themselves. Their religion consists but in not working or going to the taverns on the Sunday; so they plot money schemes at home, or, if they don't, the houses are worse than the taverns. There's a penalty for cursing or swearing or kissing a maid, — in public, — but sure there's more drinking and less good nature than in ould Ireland west of the law. As to truth and true godliness, you must not expect more of these than of others."

"Now, Miles," said I.

"For adultery, they put to death, and so for witchcraft; yet I've seen a maid wearing a red cloth Indian stitched upon her gown. And with one hand they get thy money, and with the other do kill poor Quakers, and say to me and thee, Stand off, for I am holier than thou. Yet one thing they do: Scolds they gag, and set them at their doors: a

good remedy to cure the noise that is in their women's heads."

"Hath Cecily forgot thee, Miles?" quoth I, "or is it Mistress Toy?"

"Cecily? She was a young proficient, but willing to learn, and would have enquired of thee the school of Venus. Faith, she had little to show she was a rational creature, besides speech and laughter: her head is like a squirrel's cage, and her mind the squirrel that whirls it round."

"Well, well, Miles," said I (with some malice), "she never whirled it round thy way. But how now of Mistress Toy?"

"She is a widow: and yet so far from sourness either in her countenance or conversation, that nothing was ever more agreeable — she doth not think herself obliged to such a starch'aness of carriage as is usual amongst the Bostonians. Some have been pleased to say, that were I in a state to wed, they do believe that she would not be displeased with my addresses! As this is without any ground but groundless conjectures, so I hope I shall never be in a capacity to make a tryal of it." And Miles did wink portentously.

"Well, what of Mistress Green?" I pressed him on.

"She hath the bashfulness of the damsell, the fidelity of the wife, and the gentleness of the widow. As the poet sings:

"'Is she a Maid? — What Man can answer that,
Or widow? — No. — What then? — I know not what.
Saint-like she looks; a Syren if she sing:
Her Eyes are stars; Her Mind is everything.'

Truth, 'tis her mind is the habitation of the Graces, the residence of the Muses, and the general rendezvous of all the Vertues. And as to the question, What is she? She is *party per pale*, as the lawyers speak; that is, half a wife and half a widow."

"Miles," said I, "I only wonder that you leave the town."

"Moore," said Miles, with a twinkle, "ye'll not wonder when ye hear the law. D'ye know this Colony's the first o' Christian countries (unless ye call the Scots one) to provide for the relief of marital misery by divorce? And there is one Mistress Huitt — do ye remember her?"

I nodded.

"— That sacrilegious General Court o' theirs hath but just declared that 'having not heard from her late husband, Thomas Huitt, for eight years and better, she is at liberty to marry again, as God shall grant her opportunity.'"

"Miles," I answered gravely, "let us e'en go to Magunco." Then I asked him what he had heard or found of Mistress Clerke. Now would any one not believe, from this last talk, to know the man? But see. He said he had found no news; and I laughed.

Then he swore he had rather doubt the Virgin in heaven than the eyes of her he loved.

And suddenly he broke down; and his long cavalier's hair fell about his hands as his head went upon the table; and he cried like any little child.

XXVI

In which Miles Singeth his Song

I KNEW well enough that I would go with Miles, whatever the outcome; and that night I saw my lady looking at me lonely from her gentle eyes; and I took it as a sign, for it much delighted me; the more that I never could see her face, in my waking mind. And that morning Master Savil Simpson stayed home, in an ill temper, for to brew his wife's groaning beer; and it was heavy on his conscience that he had just swore Sam Marion's wife (being the one who had hanged herself) to have been long distracted, that she might be removed in a Christian burial place. So when I told the old man of my desire to go with Miles to settle in the Nipmuck country:

"A pest on such folly!" grumbled he. "Dost know thou'lt make the frontier village in thy fine estate, and canst not after abandon it by the colony law, even though thou wouldst and the savages come about thee thick as flies in harvest?"

But I wanted to be my own master, and perhaps to be alone with myself in the wilderness. And I had nigh a thousand pounds, given me by my kind master as my share of our Barbadoes venture; so this sum, albeit against his advice, I took out and placed with Colonel Jones for my half of his patent.

The other half, I fancy, Miles got on better credit; for he was a man men would trust with their money, and women with themselves. And Miles kept telling me 'twas the quickest way to gain station and a competence for a gentleman, to take up the land (as all we old-country men still thought); and then, too (thought I), I should be worthy of her when found. So, though I did not sever my relations with the old cordwainer, I told Miles I would go with him, to break his settlement and get him ready for the winter before the frost came on.

So we loaded two large canoes, made by the Indians of birchen bark, with our necessaries; and for passengers had one or two of Courtenay's soldiers, in whom he had learned to place confidence, and another was an old acquaintance I had met before, and half a dozen of the Indians Miles had captured or made friends of in his wars toward the Canadas. And on a fine morning in October, when the sunshine was mellow, and the air full of silvery skeins like gossamer, we launched off below the bluff where Mr. Blackstone's cottage still stood; and little Jennifer (who had grown to be as fair a woman as you would care to see, and still lived with old lady Jones) came down to see us depart and bid us be of good cheer.

"We go to find a husband for thee, Jenny," says Courtenay, gaily; and she smiled at us, and I saw the tears were in her eyes. And I fancy they stood in ours, too; for all that day we paddled silently beneath the nodding rushes of the bank, where the broad salt meadows were still bright with blue sedge and scarlet flowers. And while we were looking at

these and thinking of the meadows by the Tamar or the Exe, the clumsy Indians did run one of their canoes upon a shoal of oyster shells, and the bark was cut through, and our main store of powder wet; so that when we came to the wharf of Cambridge, we must needs go up to the town to buy more; and there we saw the Colledge. And, that you boys may know how small your beginnings were, I will tell you all we saw there; for it took not much time. There was but one colledge building; and on entering it we found no professors, but some eight or ten young fellows, and these were all the students; and they were sitting around, smoking tobacco, with the smoke of which the room was so full that you could hardly see; and the whole house smelt so strong of it that when I was going up stairs I said, This is certainly a tavern. They could hardly speak a word of Latin, as Miles told me, who tried to converse with them; but his Latin may have been of the Irish variety. They took us to the Library, where was nothing in particular. We looked over it a little, and then, after partaking of a bowl of rum and molasses, they accompanied us down to the river to hail us off. But when we came to the rapids by the Newtowne settlement, where there was a long road or portage, as they called it, to carry our canoes about the falls, we observed that some of our Indians were drunk, and suspected that this bombo, or what the students had left of it, had been smuggled into their canoe. So Miles did speak to them at length upon the evils of drinking; and it being very hot, the most of the party fell asleep in the woods.

It was twilight when we got into the river above: a black, still river, flowing deeply, with fresh water, through a mighty forest. I know the same thoughts were in both our minds; for Courtenay (who had been something of a poet in the old court times, with Sir John Suckling and others) as the sun sank low, began to sing. Our paddles dipped noiselessly in dark waters to the music of his deep voice, and this is the song he sang, and he told me he had heard the legend from a German student he had known at Padua.

Once a knight, war-worn and weary,
Through a lonely forest, dreary,
    Travelling (the legend saith),
Sees a shadow walk before him,
    Just before — beyond is Death.

So before me walks a Shadow,
On the mountain, in the meadow,
    Day and night, in all my ways;
In the Southland, in the Northland,
    Just before, my Shadow stays.

Dark her hair is, deep her eyes are,
Gentle as the southern skies are,
    And her breast is cold, like snow;
And she turneth, and she calleth,
    And where she goes, there I go.

As a slender wand obeying,
Follow I her figure swaying,
    And my heart goes out to her.
By my heart's blood in her footsteps
    Thou mayst follow where we were.

She's a shadow, they have told me —
Shadow, shadow, then enfold me,
Shadow mine, give me thy hand;
I a shadow, thou a shadow,
Come with me to shadow-land.

XXVII

In which We Make Acquaintance with the Yeomen of Contentment

"MOORE," said Miles to me, when he had finished his song, "I have almost given her up."

"You will no longer keep your heart for her?" said I. "That's wise."

"No, ploughboy — but, though I reach to forty years, I feel that I shall never find her in this world. That is how I came to think of that song — but I will wait for her through all the worlds — to tell her, at least, for I never told her yet."

(Alas! and I had told my lady, surely, yet she went away for a time of years and made no sign.) "Art thou not nearly forty?" then said I; but Miles stooped not to notice it.

"But you must go back home — lad. I'll stay here and make thy fortune for thee."

"And find thy lady," suggested I, out of malice.

"And find my lady," repeated Miles, half sadly. I set this talk down as I remember it; and forget it shall I never. But then, at the time, in that twilight, came to us a distant roaring of waters; and the black stream that flowed under us ran foam-flecked, like the night sky with stars. And Courtenay's canoe took the lead (before that, we had been

paddling side by side), and so he went up into the darkness. And the high walls of the river contracted, until they were but dark cliffs, like the Wye hard by to Raglan, and the force of the tide grew more strenuous, until in the end I felt our bark rise rolling on a rounded rock and swing there helplessly. The rock lay under my knees as I sate in the stern, and the canoe swung about in the furious current from side to side, as a flag in the wind, and lurching so withal that I feared for our rare cargo.

I shouted out to Courtenay that we were fast. In vain we pushed and pulled; we only swung there helplessly; and at last Miles cried back through the blackness that he would come down and drag me off at a rope's end. And pretty soon I saw the black mass of his boat shoot by me, and at the same moment a rope fell across my lap and I quickly took a turn of it about my waist. But Courtenay's boat dashed by me like a race-horse, pulling us off with a mighty jerk there was no moderating, so that we were dragged off and over and into the river all at once. And then, alas! for our stores. We men landed easily, some on one side, some on the other, of the dark, swift stream; and the Indians were quick to build a fire of the resinous cones; yet by the time its red light was flaring down that river reach, our separate parcels of goods had either floated far down or sunk; but two or three were still in sight, bobbing up and down in eddies, or arrested by the weeds. So we each took torches in his boat, and started down stream, and the rest of that night was spent in searching; but we ended by finding all our parcels save one alone that was a

heavy demijohn of rum; and this I always believed a fellow named Quatchett, one of the Indians, to have found and hidden privily for future consumption; but Miles would have it that the rum, being more solid than the Charles's water, and a more potent liquid, had but sunk to the bottom; but I kept an eye on Quatchett from that time forth.

And now, in the early morning, we passed that double ledge of falls which those who have seen the Connecticut or Deerfield water will tell you is no great thing, but which far surpasses anything upon the Wye, the noblest river I had seen at home. And then the river widened, and we came to broad, shining meadows, still of a fresh green in that last autumn sunlight; they ran from one to three miles in width, and were dotted with little rounded islands, rising with tall oaks and wych elms from the waving grasses, and banded at the trees' edge with tall, scarlet flowers; and these coppices were alive with wild birds, a sort of smaller grouse, and quail. So for nearly ten more miles we must have gone, until we came to a place where the left bank rose again, and we could see that upon the plain above us was a clearing and a town. And this was the settlement they had called Contentment (for the Bay people were fond of fine names, taken from the Bible or their books of psalms), but now more simply christened Dedham.

This town was the most considerable that we had seen; for it had been settled more than thirty years before by freemen of Watertown, who had come up the river in canoes as we had done, then first exploring it; and it comprised more than forty houses, all

collected about the meeting-house in the centre of the plain; and this was stockaded and furnished with loopholes for the common defence. On three sides the town was girt with the river and another stream that came down into it from around by the south, besides wide quagmires, that were sure to delay if not stop an attacking party; while only on the fourth side lay high land, and this but a narrow neck, leading to the westward where we were going; and here they had an armed gate and a stockade; for this road led up by a defile called Ye Rockes into the Nipmucks.

Here we made some tarry; for not only was this the highest settlement upon the river, save, of course, Meadfield and the village of the praying Indians, but there was a question whether the place where we were to lay our grant of land was not within the limits of this town; and if so, we were bound to consult with the headborows, not so much that we looked to it for support and protection, though to both we had a claim in theory, — for we were rather to be a kind of outpost ourselves, warning and protecting them, — as that we had by the colony law to give this town security that we would never become charge to it for our support. Else they had not let us settle in their limits.

So were we led in procession to the town-house by one Major Lusher, who seemed to be the principal in charge of arms; first he, with leathern belt and buckle and a marvellous long gun; then Miles and I; then Woolacote (that was a Devon man of ours) and the other that was no less than John Berry, the parson's son (him I had found in Bar-

badoes after he had seen a marvellous shipwreck I have not time to tell of now);* then Quatchett and the other Indians. And the boys of the town did look at us as had we been a show of beasts; till Miles, in winking at them, brought them some humanity. And at the town-house, which was also chapel, fort, and keep as well (and in its loft they stored their powder), we found about all the settlers assembled. For in its tower was also one new bronze bell, and of this bell they were very proud, having but lately received it as legacy from one pirate, Captain Thomas Cromwell, who had been hand-in-glove with the good people of the Plymouth colony, and had but lately died from falling from his horse upon his rapier hilt, too shortly after dinner. So this bell had rung most continuously to let them all know of our arrival and what they could make of it. About the walls of this church or town-house, instead of brasses, were nailed the skins of wolves, of panthers, and even bears, that came, as they told me, from a very dreadful swamp that lay to the south, scarce a mile from the village, and extended almost impassable for many miles toward the other river that came down from the Plymouth colony. And here we had to sign their town-book; and after that nothing would do but they must read us of their laws.

They told us that the waters were free to fish in; and that each freeman might cut down one tree, big as he could find, for to make a canoe of; but that else no man might cut a tree greater than six inches in the carfe, save only on his freehold. Then they

* This tale will be found in the "Worthies of Devon." — Ed.

read out how we were "alowed to take Pynes for board vpon ye Wigwame playne or vpon ye entry goeing vnto the same. And are alowed to take Oakes vpon yt grownd betweene Raffe Daye's Lott & the Swampe westward" (I spell as it was written in their book). Now this same Raffe Daye was present at this meeting, and after became a friend to us, as I shall tell; but there was also one Edward Alleyn, who was himself a large proprietor, and jealous, as we afterwards discovered, of our Colonel Jones. So first he told us how the town had granted 2000 acres to the Indians at Naticke to be layed out at "the Westerly bounds of our Towne on the north side of Charles River by the descretion of the men heere after named," of whom this Alleyn had been one. Then Miles told him how our land lay all to the south of the river and below the Naticke fall. Then he said, This must be about the Rosemary meadow; and all Rosemary meadow was allotted to one Richard Evered. But Miles told him we were higher up than that. Then this Alleyn got the town-book from the clerk, and went on reading, "1640, Graunted vnto Edward Alleyn gent & to his assigns forever Three hundred acres of vpland, & Fifty acres of Medowe grownd All to lye in or aboute that place called Bogastowe" — and at this Miles laughed, and said Mr. Alleyn must then march upon the Dingle Hole (of which more anon) and on the other side take in the fort of Metacom. And I and indeed these Dedham people looked open-mouthed at Miles to see he knew the country so well; but indeed he had scoured all its paths for his lost lady.

Then this Alleyn was going on to say something about another grant he had, "of that little Iland wth ye 2 drowned Ilets" — but the whole assembly broke out at him and cried, That was hard by the town, beyond the place where the canoes did usually pass, and scarce beyond a gunshot from the Powder House. And so he sat himself again, and Major Lusher went on to read:

"5. that Care be taken that the young hound doggs be in time taught to hunt." — "That will I see to," says Miles.

"6. that euery housholder in our Towne shall forthwith prouide and mayntaine one good stronge and sufficient Ladder that may be sufficient in all Respects fo the speedie and safe attayning of the toppe of the Chimney, wherby ye Saluages may be more easilye repel'd." — Miles nodded.

"7. that lands shall only be disposed of by general diuident by those generl rules before ppounded & agreed on, viz: the number of psons is one considerable rule in deuision yet not ye only rule and yt seruants should be referred to men's Estates 1 2: According to mens estates: 3: according to mens Ranke and Qualitie & desert and vsefullness either in Church or Comon weale." And hereon Mr. Alleyn did raise the point that he did not know our quality, still less our desert, and moved that Mary Morse her meadow be considered in respect of his (Mr. Alleyn's) title, and our matter be laid upon the table. Here up got Miles, but Raffe Daye pulled him down by the collar and bade the moderator (as they seemed to call the major, though a less moderate buff-jerkin I have never

met in any fight, save Miles and he was a cavalier) read from that town-book again (it seemed like a Bible to them) how, in 1650 "Vpon the request of John Littlfield it was consented Vnto that libertie should be alowed him to hyer or purchase some habitacion in our Town yt to dwel therin so lon as his behauior and carriag be honest industrious and peacable."

Thereupon ("They care a deal for their precious old town," says Miles to me) did this Alleyn rise and move that we be alotted one single husbandman's portion, viz. six acres of ploughland and two of swamp; forasmuch as he deemed I was but Miles' servant.

I said I was not, and he asked us whence we came, and I told him from Virginia. "Where they be but Papists, thieves, and convicts," says Mr. Alleyn, "and there is even another rule in the book —"

"Oh damn the book!" shouts Miles.

"Hush," whispered our friend Daye, "there be yet many here of the hundred and twenty-five that signed the original Covenant."

"The gentleman profanes the Covenant," went on old Alleyn. "Brother Lambert Generye, save me, thou art the oldest here of they who signed it: I call for reading of the first two articles." And Generye did get up and in a quavering voice he read:

THE COVENANT

"1 We whose names ar here vnto subscribed, doe, in the feare and Reuerence of our Allmightie

God, Mutually: and seuerally pmise amongst ourselues and each to other to pffesse and practice one trueth according to tha most perfect rule, the foundation where of is Euerlasting Loue." Whereat Miles looked at me and largely smiled.

"2 That we shall by all meanes Laboure to keepe off from Vs all such, as ar contrarye minded. And receaue onely such Vnto vs as be such as may be pbably of one harte, with vs as that we either knowe or may well and truely be informed to walke in a peaceable conuersation with all mekenes of spirit for the edification of eache other in the knowledg and faith of the Lord: And the mutual encouragmt vnto all Temporall comforts in all things: seekeing the good of each other out of all which may be deriued true peace." *

But Miles was irrepressible. He winked at Daye and me when the old man had closed his reading; and then turning to old Alleyn, and with an extra touch of brogue:

"In troth, they be domned fine principles," he said; "is it a long time, now, since ye adopted them?"

Surely there was nothing in the letter of this speech to offend; but it seemed to unduly irritate Alleyn, and even perhaps some of the others, and he cried again to Major Lusher, "I appeal that this man is surely not peaceable, nor yet of approved industry to come among us. Let not in among you the ungodly, for remember the case of Thomas Makepeace. Did we not e'en have to pass a vote

* This was indeed the covenant of Dedham, and may be found in the printed volumes of the town records to-day. — Ed.

whereby 'Mr. Thomas Makepeace, because of his mobile disposition, was informed wee were weary of him vnlesse he reform'? And there be to-day but lately arrived in town one Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Bacon, come heer from Ireland; and howsoever their housbands are not yet come, I move this land be graunted to them to purchase in our towne for an habitacion."

Nobody could hold down Miles at this. "I can tell the gentleman," cries he, "that though he be 'not weary of Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Bacon,' I be mighty weary of him; wherefor I move that we do now go to supper." Thereupon this Alleyn took up his hat and went out; but before the rest of us had left the council table, returned, crying, "See now how sober and industrious are this gentleman and his retainers!" And going out, all of us, we did indeed find Quatchett sitting in the town stocks, exceeding drunk.

XXVIII

In which We Give a Dinner with the Men of Dedham

EVEN Miles admitted now that this savage must have found the demijohn from out the river and concealed it; and all doubt was removed when our friend the tithing-man, Raffe Day, exhibited to us as he had found it and Quatchett behind a shruffie bit of wood. "I think, Major," said Miles then to Lusher, "this article is now deodand to the town. I should have known better than intrust it to the rank and file of the army, for I am a soldier myself. I have yet another, and I feel we should not take them further with us on this river voyage, which bids fair to be dangerous. If your laws permit it, we will add it to your hospitable treat."

It appeared not there was anything in the "Town-book" against this; and I am free to say they gave us a very brave banquet, deer and fish and flesh of moose and raccoon; Alleyn still sulked, but the rest proved themselves no mean trenchermen. They were mostly men from the East of England, as the town name was proof enough; yet were there some west-countrymen, Dwights, Penhallows of Cornwall, and ffrenches and Gays from Devon, of a family I knew of, hard by to Tavistock on Dartmoor. And

after eating, when we took to drinking only, did they tell us dreadful stories of the savages that lived to the westward, whither we were going; for here, on the edge of the town, began that great forest that is skirted by the Hartford trail, starting at a point by Ye Rockes west of the village, and widening in shape like a wedge with scarce one settlement twixt there and the Connecticut. Their young chieftain, Philip, spoke English, and professed to be civilized and a friend as yet; but he had just taken that man of God, John Eliot, by his coat, and told him, "That he car'd for his Gospel just as much as he Car'd for that button." And up amid the hills, somewhere to the south of where the river pierced their chain, they told us he had placed an older chief as his outpost. And this man had never then been seen by the Dedham settlers; but his name was Noanett, and very awsome things were already told of him; as that he was not an Indian at all, but a mighty wizard, who held even Philip in subjection.

Then Miles did deign to tell them, how he was the Major Courtenay who had made a trade of fighting and pathfinding those two years, and made motion that we now proceed to finish our business; viz., that of our grants. And Edward Alleyn, that had kept sober out of malice, called again for the book and read (not daring to oppose Courtenay any more, for that he was trained in military affairs, and might prove useful) how there was yet a rule that "Noe man who is in Covenant tyed vnto any other pson for service for any Tyme or Tearme shalbe admitted Vnto vs to receive any Lott vntill the

sayd Terme or Tyme shalbe fvlly expired;" and how the grant was in my name, and I upon my own showing was yet apprenticed to one Savil Simpson. And then I made bold to tell them how I was indeed bound to service, or rather slavery, and that was in Virginia, whence I had escaped unto New England, but by force. But at this they did gravely chuckle and made light of; and nothing more we heard from Alleyn from that time on.

Now much of this talk of savages we set down as tales for travellers, particularly as now they urged us to settle near the town and offered us two full grants of sixty acres each, though unmarried men commonly received but the half; and we could see that they wished to have a soldier so renowned as Courtenay near by. And then upspake one Jno Rogers and Jno Fairbanke and said how they had been appointed by vote of the town the last year but one to go upon the discovery of Charles River with such men as they might appoint, but the times had not served for going, and now they would even go with us. And then one Eben Fairbanke and Thomas Wight said how they were deputed to view Charles River to see whether the Indians' weirs be a hinderance to the waters' passage or not; and they would go too. And Miles whispered, "Let us go to bed soon, lest the whole town come too, and Alleyn be staking off our land!" but we had to agree that these four men come in their own canoe.

Divers impediments presented themselves to our departure on the following day, many of them besides our Indians and these Dedham men being indisposed; so that it was late in the afternoon

before we really got off, and they fired the town culverin by way of salute, and rang hard upon the pirate his bell. So all the people, men and boys and goodwives and maidens, accompanied us to the town landing, where we launched again our barks, this time for unknown waters. And as we got away they fired again that brave brass field-piece; and (having been well oiled by little boys) it made a great report, rattling up in echoes through those rocky western hills; and I shook my head, for I knew it would bring down to the river any Indians that might be lurking by the trail, to see what thing was forward. But Miles only laughed.

So we paddled off: first Miles and I and Quatchett and Nehoiden; then Woolacote and Berry and the other Indians; then, in our third canoe, these four brave Dedham yeomen. And they took our canoe, for their town canoes were but of heavy trunks of trees, nigh two feet "in the carfe," and hollowed in with fire and on the outer side with axes, and undue heavy. And their womankind did come down to see them off, and blubbered about the necks of the men from Dedham, which was a thing most disgusting to Miles and me. And even their goodmen seemed impatient of it, so that Miles remarked to me how strange a thing man was, that when he knew that he might kiss a woman, he did never so desire to.

So we paddled off, by a smiling meadow with a great grey rock; the good people stood behind, on a soft green slope, waving at us; above them rose the little wooden belfry and the clustered thatch roofs of the hamlet. As we took our way up river,

we heard the sound of a horn; it was the town herdsman, returning from the common pasture with the herd of all the people's kine, one hour before the sunset, as their law required. Pretty brown and red cows they were, but hornless; and they tinkled along so quietly upon the grassy upland above us, athwart which the low sun was casting its rays, as there had been no foemen nearer than in Devonshire. But the music of this horn was to warn the people to leave the outer woods and bring the cows together before nightfall for fear of Indians. But for this we might have thought us still in some pleasant English village, so finished looking lay the wide peaceful meadows and the cleared upland with the tall chestnuts and the elms, not forest-like, but standing but for shade and grace.

Then in a moment the river took a turn; and we found ourselves paddling over a deep, dark water, between black and silent woods once more.

XXIX

In which We Meet the Apostle Eliot

THE woods did not last long; for we came out, still before the sunset, in another meadow, green with rows of willows; and beyond us lay a rugged chain of hills, rough with rocks and already russet with the autumn browns. Behind these the sun was sinking; and there rose a great cloud of smoke, white above and brown below, through which the sun looked red. "It is the Indians," said Miles, "firing the woods already." For the custom of the Indians was, as I well knew, to fire all the forests in November, to clear their paths of underwood: that is why you may find no timber trees in our country, save along the watercourses. But in those days, as the greatest trees escaped, they grew hither and there in clumps, as in our parks at home; and even in the forest there was less tangle of wildwood or vine, so that you could see a deer through the great trees nigh a gunshot away. (And on our river, too, the shad and alewives ran freely up to Popolatic Pond, that lies above Stop River, that is above Meadfield.) Now here the river broadened itself to a little lake, as you know, with Mr. Alleyn's two little "drowned Ileets"; and not knowing the way, we circled vainly about it in search of the

upper inlet. The gloaming came on, and the fishes jumped, and the great frogs made a strange and most melancholy noise; so that it grew dark before we found the stream once more, half hidden in the rushes, yet flowing now more swiftly. Up this Courtenay guided our canoe, paddling hastily; but the river took many turns, so that it was a burden, the continual turning about; and all the time it grew narrower, and the current swifter, and yet the high hills lay to westward of us, and the sombre wall of the forest seemed no nearer than before, and the flamelight in the sky grew ruddier above it. West, east, and north we turned in that same meadow, and yet progressed none, so that I, rising in the boat, saw the river flowing just across a bit of grass, in a place where I knew we had passed through nigh an hour before. And our canoe, that was long and loaded with the heaviest gear, we had a difficulty in turning about the bends.

"Moore," said Miles then to me, "the river is like its master our good King Charles of sainted memory; it promises overmuch, but gets you nowhere."

"Perhaps," said I, lightly, "if yon wood is full of painted savages, as I much suspect, you may be glad it gets you there no sooner. Will you camp here?" For there was a dry high bank to our left; and the midges were not so very dreadful, it being in October.

"Nay," said Miles, "yon wood that looks a few hundred feet away, but may, I presume, be a league or more by the river, is but the beginning of the reach through the hills of which we were warned; and I had liefer take it by night than by day. Ten

miles through this, they say, and we come to open country."

"On be it, then," said I, "in the dark they may not see to shoot." And in half an hour more we came to the woods, and lo! on the very first point where they touched the river burned a small fire, close to the rushing stream; and about it were three red Indians, naked as the devil made them. The river ran but thirty yards across at this place; and we drew our canoe into the rushes by the shore, some furlongs below and on the opposite side, and waved to the others to wait back. "They are but fire-fishing," said Miles. And as he even spoke, one of the Indians lit a piece of dry birch-bark that broke out into a bright flame, and held it over the side of his canoe, which lay close to their shore. Now the sturgeon or the salmon, whatever it be, seeing this glaring light, mounts to the surface of the water, where he is slain and taken with a fisgig, which is a sort of lance made by the Indians with a jagged head of bone tied to it that stayeth in the fish when it is hit, and they draw back the iron staff with a string. But this time no fish rose, only we two ducked in the rushes opposite; and said I to Miles, "There be no sturgeon in this little stream, nor has the fellow a fisgig ready: if they be fishers, they be fishers of men; and we be they. Ask our Indians." But then it appeared that one of ours, and one of Woolacote's crew, had vanished, Pokanokit and Ephraim by name, that we had shipped in Boston for the voyage, and the latter said to be a praying Indian; only Quatchett remained and Nehoiden, and Quatchett still lay drunken in the

bottom of our boat. Noiselessly had they gone, like snakes in the grass, while we were talking. "There is virtue in whiskey," whispered Miles, "and fidelity. But, surely, now we'll go, ere these two can join them." And dropping adown stream, Miles gave orders, how the others should follow in our wake, and hold closely by the nearer shore to the Indians as soon as they stepped back to their campfire. And only those who have lived in woods at night and know how fire may blind one to the outer places close about, may realize how we crept silently by, beneath the sedges of the shore, close to them; while they, intent upon their lines (for they had night lines, after all) or looking only at the middle river, saw us not — or we thought so, then. And now we worked the harder, round and round, and to and about, and yet no furlong could we get from that red fire. "Charles, indeed," muttered Courtenay under his breath; "it hath the twists and turns of a woman — of all women save one," he added, devoutly as were he crossing himself. And the meadow was full of flying glow-worms, as I thought (for it was the first time I had seen our Cantharides, that are only green flies by day, but at night do fly about with fire in their tails), and the four Dedham men now came up close to us, so that we paddled three canoes abreast. At last we came to a straight piece, where the stream lay off a mile or so between high, sloping forests; the campfire disappeared, and only the grey sheen of the clouded moon lay behind us on the river; and we shoved our canoes into a dark nook beneath some pines, to rest.

"Moore, my boy," said then Miles to me, as we pulled at our pipes, "I believe we are the first that ever went through that piece of water and proved it all the same river — they do call it the Charles above, because they see it go into this piece of meadow; and below they see a stream come out of it; so they take it up and call it Charles again; but no man ever before ourselves was the fool to work his passage through and prove it so."

"Hush," said I. For in front of us was the top of one black rock, rising midstream, and something had just struck against it and shivered into fragments and fell back in the river; and among them, quietly floating, I could make out the feathers of an Indian arrow. "They've found us out; shall we stay?"

"Until the moon sinks — perhaps 'twas but a trial shot to find our whereabouts." So there we lay an hour, and heard no more shots; and when the moon waned we put forth again. And hard we worked and silently; but into dawn; and in an hour more we came to a place where the river, running swifter, broke into a bead of white foam-flecks, against which the dark canoes could be seen more easily; and first a single arrow came, then another, then a cloud, with much noise of whooping, and we could see the savages running up along the shore in the twilight. "Pray God they be not poisoned," said Courtenay, of the arrows, "but where go the Covenanters?" For we saw the canoe that contained the four men of Dedham drifting rapidly back and down the stream; and not so much as a bit of corselet or buff jerkin did they show above the gunnel.

"Gone home to breakfast?" But he ducked at a whizzing arrow, as he spoke; and we could see an Indian behind each tree, though they dared not wade openly in the shallow stream and meet us hand to hand. Yet this fierceness was a surprise to us; for we had been told they were peaceable enough and trustworthy in time of peace; and I hit Quatchett over the head with a paddle to wake him up and ask him what it meant. But he only grunted; and I turned to Nehoiden, who had been silent through it all.

"Great sachem, Noanett," said he. "He no like strangers. I go ashore — parley — " and he staggered to his feet and immediately fell over the side of the canoe. At the same moment John Berry fell headlong, pierced by an arrow, on the same side, and his canoe capsized. I called to Courtenay to go on, while Woolacote and I held up Berry with one hand, and sought to right the bark with another; while Quatchett, who seemed sobered by his plunge, disappeared in the bushes. But in a moment Miles's boat had swung back to us, and he was lifting in poor Berry and the more important parts of the cargo; and then, "It may lead the devils off," said he; and as he spoke he was rigging up a bale and a blanket or two to look as much like a man as possible. Then we three bent as hard as we knew to our paddles, John Berry lying low in the bottom, where the arrows could not so well reach him; for a flight of them there was, falling from the woods on either side; so that we soon saw 'twas but a running slaughter, for sooner or later we were all bound to be hit; and I was proposing a landing on

the nearer shore, when we came to a little rocky islet in the middle of the river. The same thought came to both of us, and we made quickly for it; it consisted of a huge rock, covered with trees, and cloven deep in the centre; here, in this cleft of the crag, we placed Berry, drawing the canoe up into it, and took station with our muskets at either end. From the shores they could not now hit us; once they tried to attack us, wading through the shallow stream; but for this we had gotten ready our one little cannon, loaded with divers odds and ends, fine loose stuff, that scattered freely at short range; and after this they let us alone.

We had nothing to do but wait for dawn; though whether in daylight lay harm or safety, it were hard to say. And Woolacote, that was a recalcitrant Puritan, bethought himself of all his sins, in a loud voice and most inopportunely, so that Miles must fain bid him hold his peace, for its effect upon the morals of us others; and poor Berry still lay with a wheeze in his chest, that we knew not whether he were like to die or not. The day came on slowly, with a bright red sun and scarlet touches on the wild-grape vines, and the birds singing so sweetly I can hear them now; for we notice such things more when we seem soon to leave them. And of course, I thought of her, and felt half glad, half sorry, that she would never know of it. And then we only waited.

But the hours went by, and the sun grew high in the leafage above us, and all kept still. And Miles, who was of an impatient disposition, began to wonder if the Indians were gone. "We can't stay here

forever," he was saying; and he put his cap upon his ramrod and held it slowly up above the top of the high rock. Then there was a whizzing sound, and he brought it down with two fair arrow-holes. "The proof of the pudding is the eating," says he; "and we must fain wait a bit." So it got on to nearly noon, and I was feeling sleepy; when suddenly there was a banging of guns; and jumping up, we saw the savages running out into the river again, keeping this time carefully behind the side of our high rock, for respect of our little culverin, which we could only shoot, as it were, fore and aft. But the firing of guns continued, and we saw one big Indian fall midstream, and the clear brown water ran suddenly red where he fell.

"Faith," cried Miles, "there be two sides to this;" and then the firing ceased, and we saw one of our canoes coming up the stream again; and in its bow was Nehoiden, whom we knew at a distance by his Christian hat, which was an old cocked one that Mr. Simpson had given him in jest, though he wore it with much gravity. And he was vigorously signing at us not to shoot off the culverin, twisting his painted face up like one that hath St. Vitus's dance; so that Courtenay was fain to laugh, for the Indians are painted for sobriety, not a grin, and his red paint broke off in scales; and at the bow as a flag of truce he held on high the lost demijohn, which it turned out Quatchett had it hidden in the bale of blankets; and it was not even yet quite empty, as it proved.

But, to give the man his due, it appeared he honestly feared we thought he had deserted us for cow-

ardice; and he had seen the hostile savages, and made such parley with them that a truce had been made, when he told them we were not bound for their strongholds, but only to pass by on the way to our demesne. Their great chief Noanett was not with them, but a younger Indian, whose name was Pomham, was with him in our canoe; and as they touched our island, the other braves came crowding over from the banks; and then what did we see but our four men of Dedham peering out on the water's edge, with still smoking muskets and faces full of wonder. And as Nehoiden told us of his truce, we called to them, and they came over too. And it turned out they had done the shooting, taking the Indians in flank; so that we had had them between two fires; and now all was amicable, and nothing remained but to settle for the Indian killed. We told Pomham it had been done before our truce was known, and he took a reasonable view of it, especially as John Berry, too, still lay there wounded. And there and then, on that island you still know as Truce Island, we made a covenant; whereby we agreed not to molest them, nor seek to invade their country to the south; and they in turn to withhold attacks from our new colony. And Savil Simpson, who was fond of a bit of scrivening, did afterwards draw a deed indented, to this effect and purport, which was all duly signed and sealed, with a mink as Pomham's totem, and a raven for King Noanett, following Colonel Jones's splendid arms (ermine, a chevron sable) and Master Simpson's scroll. If you are curious, you may see it yet, in the garret.

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Then we smoked a pipe, and Pomham sent for his medicine-man, who made a broth for Berry's wound, and promised him beside some witchery; but Berry preferred a bandage rigged by Miles, and his assurance that the wound would be well enow without. And then we embarked again; and the Indians even got us our lost canoe and some of our packages, for they were honest thieves enough, and all through Nehoiden's intermediation, and I felt the kinder to his drunkenness from that day forth. And as we set our heads up stream, our new friends walked along upon the banks, close by; and after many turns and rapid waters here and there, we came in the afternoon to a glorious broad valley that lay between Noanett's rocky hills to the east and south (but miles enough away for safety, and Courtenay winked at me, much as to say, this is our place), and a fair green down closed the view on the west, high and broad as Quantock hills. We asked our Indian guides about their chief, but they would tell us nothing, only "Noanett, Noanett, he mighty chief," as if in awe of him. And Fairbanke, that was sent out by the Dedham selectmen to look for weirs, and see if they were any obstruction to the river, now cried out; for there they stretched across the river, wattled, with sharp points, that a canoe at night might well get impaled upon; and on the river bank, to the right, we saw a concourse of people, savages, yet partly dressed as Christians, headed by a grave-appearing man of middle age. And as we turned to ask our new friends, we saw that they had vanished of a sudden; for between them and the pray-

ing Indians there lay no friendship; and here lay the two thousand acres granted to the Indians at Natick, "on the westerly bounds of the town of Dedham." These weirs were made for alewives, which is like a herring but has a bigger belly, therefore called an alewife; they come in the end of April into fresh rivers and ponds; there hath been taken by two men, without any weir at all save two stones to stop the passage of the river, in two hours' time, above ten thousand; but since the dams at Newtowne there have been none upon our river.

Then we saw him that was John Eliot waving his hand to us, and going ashore he made us his blessing, for news of our coming had reached him; and with him too were Ephraim and Pokanokit, who had run to give him warning of our trouble; for never was an Indian false to us or to his word. And he told us kindly that he was glad to have us for some Christian neighbours, and I whispered to Miles not to tell he was but a Papist. But at this did Miles sniff scornfully and cross himself on landing; nevertheless did these two afterward become great friends. And so we took our way through the open green forest to the village. For I have said, the woods did not then grow in underbrush, as now, but park-like, in little groups, as in England; and they were far greater in girth, and the forest so open one could see a deer an arrowshot away. Their wigwams were made of poles and covered with mats, and a fire-place in the middle, and doors always two, but one always closed to be against the wind. And then we were presented to the Indian king and queen; and Miles stepped up and did kiss her, which she

returned very civilly. The sachem was tall and well limbed, but had no beard and a sort of a horse face. The queen was well shaped, and her features might pass pretty well; she had eyes as black as jet and teeth white as ivory; her hair was very black and long, and she was considerably up in years. Her dress was peculiar. She had sleeves of moose-skin, very finely dressed and drawn with lines of various colours, on Asiatick work, and her buskins were of the same sort; her mantle was of fine blue cloth, but very short and tied about her shoulders, and at her middle with a zone, curiously wrought with white and blue beads into pretty figures; and she had a little tablet on her breast, very finely decked with jewels and precious stones; her hair was combed back and tied up in a border, which was neatly worked with gold and silver. The young Indesses were some of them very comely, having good features, their faces plump and round, and generally plump of their bodies, and as soft and smooth as a moleskin, of reasonable good complexions; but that they dyed themselves tawny, many pretty brownettoes and spider-fingered lasses might be seen amongst them. But the vetulas, or old women, are lean and ugly, only all of them of a modest demeanour, considering their savage breeding. All about the village lay already little squares of cornfields and garden stuff their good master had taught them to grow.

These were to be our nearest neighbours; and that night we lay among them. And on the following day good Master Eliot came back with us, some four miles away, where it had seemed best to found

our farm; and there he made a prayer, and we broke ground for a dwelling. Many of his Indians helped us on that day; and some of the maidens brought us bread and cakes; and by nightfall, when they took their leave, and the Dedham men had started back some hours before, we sat alone, the six of us, Berry, Woolacote, the two friendly Indians, Miles and I, in a clearing of a hundred feet square already made, and blankets swung across the ridge-pole of a little house.

So this was my home — the first that I had had of my own. We went to sleep at starlight, or went to bed; I could not sleep; and something came over me that I was like to weep; only that, in the dark, I felt Miles's hand grasp mine.

"When we've made our harvest, you shall go back for her," said he.

XXX

In which I Meet King Noanett

OUR main house, or cabin, was built of poles and saplings, wattled with twigs that were daubed with clay, and covered with bark and a thatch of long, sweet meadow grass that we found growing by the river. I left this work to the Indians, who did it well, and taking with me Berry and Woolacote, gave my attention to finding land for ploughing, while Courtenay preferred to do the clearing only, as cutting down lay more in his line. But, besides the tall forest of oaks and pines and chestnuts that lay at the mouth of the valley, there lay behind it and around it a most beautiful tract of clear swale, hundreds of acres in extent, and rimmed in only by the two ranges of hills where they met to the southward of us; on the east the rocky ranges of Noanett's country, and on the west the beautiful green down of which I spoke, that you now call Piegan's. And in the fore of this meadow country was the pleasant crystal spring (whence they call our parish Springfield), a clear, round pool in the meadow, some rods across, with a bottom of white sand, through which the bright bubbles boiled, and then the stream ran out, sliding noiseless on the shining grasses, through our forest to the river; and it was alive with trout.

The limits of our grant were not marked out; we were given a tract "a mile square, south of the Charles river, in that part of Dedham town over against the village of the praying Indians"; and I was resolved not to claim definitely until we knew better the soils and their value. But this spring, I felt determined, should be ours; and alongside lay as pretty a piece of black-loam meadow as was in all the valley; and here first I broke the green earth and piled the stones we threw up in the first stone wall. And now I sent Quatchett to Boston to tell Mr. Simpson we were ready for a yoke of oxen; this Indian was a monstrous good runner through the woods, and he did the distance, nigh on to forty miles there and back on the trail from the Indian village, between dawn and sundown. And we trusted him even with a fathom of blue wampum, to lay out stores, and a little something for his own wages. And coming back he brought us a letter from Simpson, some tobacco, powder, and a cocked hat for Miles! "He take um sachem on the war path," said he; and when we asked him what he had done with his own money, it turned out he had bought a demijohn of rum, but, not being able to carry it, had stored it with the grocer against his second trip! And Miles went off into the woods to laugh all by himself; for the cocked hat had been a present, and he would not hurt Quatchett's feelings. And Mr. Simpson wrote that there were no oxen to be had in the town at a fair price — none less than forty fathom of wampum the yoke — and advised us to try the country round about, and with coin money, as being there more scarce. So I

resolved on a trip to Dedham, and took Quatchett with me, and one canoe; for Courtenay preferred to stay at home in the woods, and seemed loth now to see any more of towns or townspeople. In the evening, when our work was done, he would take his gun and ramble lonely through the woods, even up into the hills that bordered Noanett's country; for these seemed to have a charm for him; he rarely went in the other direction, toward Eliot's village. But he would often return with a brace of partridge, or a hare, if not a deer; and on this food and the trout we lived; having cornmeal and salt in our stores, and some staves of beer. The spirits I kept concealed; and we never took the rum, save to give a single glass to Nehoiden, when, as with Pokanokit, he came to see us now and then; for Nehoiden had taken to the wild life again, only would visit us as a friend, and we felt beholden to them for our lives. We knew not whether he had fallen in with Pomham, or gone back to his own people in the Plymouth colony; he told us nothing, and we asked no questions; and so we preached him no sermons, but even, wickedly (though it brought about the second saving of our lives), we would treat him as a gentleman, and give him tobacco and to drink, and even powder for his hunting, though this was forbidden by the colony law.

By this time Miles had cleared a square of some two hundred yards, one side on the river where it ran deep and swift. In the centre stood our house, with one great outer chimney; and the Indians had plastered up the wattle with clay, and covered the bases of the sides with beds of dry leaves against

the winter. Beside and behind this house we had lately raised a byre for the oxen and cows, when we should have them; and Miles had made a stockade of the felled trees around both, which made in all a square, each side half way between the house and the side of the forest, with a wide gate on the river, our only road for friends, and a narrow postern back which opened on the narrow path that I had cut through the forest to the nearest open land, which lay about the great spring. And when I could get oxen, I purposed driving a plough once or twice through this path, as first beginning for our farm road.

Now, when Quatchett had returned from his run to Boston he had brought, besides his own receipt for the rum, to Courtenay a letter from little Jenny. And it was since then that Miles had seemed the more lonely; and even at night, when he was not out hunting, had taken more to reading and writing than talking or singing as he had been wont to do. For in the letter (which he showed, of course, to me) Jennifer had told how an old Puritan captain that she had met (and it was either Standish or Daniel Gookin, I disremember; both were great men in their day) had been dining with her master the night before; and she had asked him, as having been always in the colony, what people of the name of Clerke he had known, with a young lady. And he had answered, he had known not of any lady; but there had been one John Clerke, that had come over some years before, and had made friends with Wampanoag that was father to Philip, and gone off in the country behind Plymouth towards the

Pequots, and had never been heard of since. And then at the end of the letter there was a postscript wherein Jennifer had said: "Mr. Jones bids me ask you, Are you not coming to town to see us before the heavy snow sets in?" And I knew that it was this message, in which the dear maid had half joined, that so set Miles to thinking — this, or the knowledge that she he searched for might be away off in the Hartford colony. Just over the range behind us, through the great rocky woods, lay the only Hartford trail. But I fell to hoping after all that Courtenay might wed our Jennifer; only that I knew, if his lady were the peer of mine, that were ne'er to hope for, though even she were never found. And I fell, God forgive me! to thinking of myself, and what I would do, and how I had yet had no letter from Sir Henry Gibbs, nor yet from her that I loved, in answer to my own.

So I started with Quatchett, one sharp November morning with a purse of money (not wampum) and a light canoe; and three hours sufficed to shoot down the rapid stream to Dedham. The still margins of the river were already crinkled with ice; and it was noisy with the call of jays and kingfishers; but the big red robbins were congregating together in the pine woods for their autumn migration; though I have always doubted whether they do really go away, as I have often come across whole colonies of them in midwinter times in the very deeps of the forest. A great flight of wild geese flew over our heads to southward, making their noise, Coanks! Coanks! that gives our Indian name to winter; and in the daylight now we got

sight of the two rocky bluffs that guarded Noanett's valley. There came from it a curl of smoke, blue in the valley but brown against the eastern sun. Not two miles were we on the river from it; and I noticed now a considerable stream that joined our river and seemed to come down from that unknown valley, and chips and sawdust floating on it. This surprised me; and I made note of it even then as for a possible future approach, for the brook was hidden deep with pines and alder thicket, while the pass over the hills was guarded on either side, I had been told, by Indian scouts.

In the village the work of the crops was over; and I found it easy to trade with farmer Dwight for a couple of oxen and a yoke and plough, offering first the price in wampum and then a less one in good silver shillings. The plough I put in the canoe for Quatchett to bring back; and early in the afternoon I started alone with the oxen yoked, over the Hartford trail, thinking now I knew a way to lead them home by our open valley that lay west of Noanett's. And at all events, I could go to Meadfield, and so through our meadows home. There was something of a road for the first mile, which lay through the colledge woods, as far as the last farm; and then the forest path began, that ran an hundred miles to Hartford.

Only, after a mile or so more, I came out upon a glorious upland; and here I could but rub my eyes, for I saw, looking far to the east, a purple rim of sea. I had not thought we were so near; and the sight saddened me a moment, for I saw one white sail which put me in mind of that one

had brought me so far from home and her. But the ship was homeward bound, and I too might be homeward bound some day; so I chirruped to the oxen and went on again. Then we plunged into a trackless forest once more, leaving a pretty little lake to the left, and went up through rocky rises and down through dense swamps, already chilled with the night's shadow, the leaves remaining touched, red with frost in the low places, as the feet are first to grow cold in a dying man. But up on the barren hilltops the low oak-trees still held to all their leaves. For strong oaks hold their withered leaves after all other trees are bare, as strongest hearts still bare their sorrows to the winter wind, after the frost has killed all hope, yet never losing them until the spring. And I smiled a bit, as I thought this notion was like to those that Courtenay would put in poetry. And then the path wound down a deep valley, a bold mountain opposite already dark with the night shadow, though the last sunbeams were still falling on the rise where I stood; and far to the north and west I saw much greater mountains, gleaming white with snow. In the bottom lay a stream, flowing from left to right, and while I was fancying it might be the one that led through Noanett's valley, an arrow came whirling downward and pierced to its feather in my nigh ox's shoulder. The poor beast fell forward on its knees, colouring the black water crimson; and I clapped my gun to my shoulder, and fired where I saw a flutter in the leaves. Another cloud of arrows flew in reply; and the other poor brute fell, transfixed by three of them; and then I was beside myself, for the

slaughter of dumb beasts is worse to a farmer than that of men in battle. I plunged into the thicket to load my gun again; and then, being a rash youth still, I ran hard through the tangle of vines and thorns, tripping, stumbling in the dusk, but keeping the brook always on my left and bound to see who might be these new enemies.

I must so have run for half an hour, but found no trace of them. The stream below me widened to a pool; and opposite, across the narrow valley, rose a rocky cliff; and it seemed to me that I heard a strange sound, a clanking or a groaning, just before me. It was now quite dark; and I caught myself wondering what pixies they might breed in these new regions. For we Devon men deal in things of this world, and have no taste for the other one before our time. And as I stood there, there came a great groaning cry from the pit of the valley; and at the same moment the sky where the new moon lay flushed with a yellow glare and lit up the depths of the gorge and all the white birches opposite trembling. I turned, and I fear perhaps had run, but that another arrow whistled down, to wound me in the arm. That gave me courage again, and I plucked it out and ran to see whence it came; and as I did so, the earth gave way beneath me and I fell, and lost my knowledge of what things were done about me.

When I came to, I was lying in a clearing in the forest, and all around me were red Indians. A great fire blazed in the centre, and lit up their faces, painted in vermilion rings; and he that I knew as Pomham spoke to me and asked me what I wanted.

Then I told him I was but bringing working oxen home for the ploughing, and would have redress for their murder if any arms-bearing men remained in the colony. At this he turned and spoke to an older chieftain that sat beside him, and to whom, as I saw, the others all paid deference. I could not hear what was said in their dialect, but Pomham turned and translated. "The great sachem says that we own this land and what is in it, and that we need meat for the winter, and it is just that you palefaces should labour to bring it. But Noanett bids me further tell you that you may go unharmed; and for twelve months more his people will take nothing from you. And on your part, you promise you come not in his country."

"That will I not," cried I, springing to my feet, "and you may tell your Noanett that we will rather take as many lives as there are feathers to his back." For he had a long crest of feathers, starting from his brow and fastened over and down the nape of his neck, which only the greatest chieftains wore; and his body was all covered with panther skins.

Noanett only laughed at my vaunt, and I took up my gun, and as I did so, felt the bruises of my fall; and a sense of my folly came over me, talking there in that unknown fastness as if I were the lord, or had a file of soldiers at command. Then the old chief (for I noticed that his hair was long and white, a thing I had not seen before with Indians) turned and spoke to Pomham again; and the latter handed me a handful of what seemed white bullets. "The great sachem says you are brave, and he bids take these for the oxen, and wait for the wars e'er you

fight him, which will come soon enough ; if not, we kill you here ; if yes, we lead you to your wigwam safe."

I looked at the bullets, and saw that they were silver slugs ; and I looked upon the Indians, who glanced significantly upon the fire and at a huge oak-tree that stood, stripped of bark, close by ; and upon it I saw the marks of blood and human hair. "That Whalley," said Pomham simply ; and I shuddered, for he was one of the regicides who had disappeared in this country many years before ; some thought he was living concealed, and others that he had been killed by the Indians. Could it be this was the tribe that murdered him ? I looked at Noanett, and his old lips were set in a smile of exulting revenge, so intense it was, that I never forgot it, but would often speak to Miles about it, and he would swear he should be proud to make the fellow's acquaintance, as he did, at last. Then another Indian came back with the deer-thongs that had bound me ; and I told them that I would agree. Noanett looked at me half smiling, and said a word or two, which Pomham said meant "that I was a brave boy and he might need me again."

Then they took me and blindfolded me, and led me through the forest, up and down at least two hills and in the bed of a brook. And they took the bandage off my eyes ; it was early dawn, and I wondered how long I had been unconscious. And I was in our beautiful broad valley, close by the great spring. And so I walked home, and found Courtenay quiet at his breakfast.

XXXI

In which we Build our Home

"NOW, lad, where are thy oxen?" said Courtenay to me; and I but looked at him. "Couldst find none?" I shook my head. "Lifted?" I nodded.

"By my faith," roared Miles, "but that's a good one. Who did it? Did you lose your way?"

"Indians," said I, briefly; "Noanett." And I pointed to the bandage on my arm.

Instantly Miles became all tenderness, and he fed me, and bathed the wound, and made me eat his own breakfast, and filled a pipe for me and a glass of rum; and then he let me speak. And when I told him about it, he was for making what force we had, and attacking the spalpeens that night; and he went to the door and shouted two names unknown to me. And presently appeared two Indians, in strange garb; for their faces were painted, and they wore little but blue beads and feathers, save that one had a scarlet coat and the other a periwig.

"Moore," said Miles, most gravely, "I would introduce to you my special friends. Awonsamog, the ruler of a hundred, and Nohkow, chief of ten, Captain Bampfylde Moore Carew, of Devon. Awonsamog, these devil kin of yours up the hills

have been wounding my friend here, and taking our oxen —"

"Hush!" said I.

"Oh, they're Natick Indians, and my particular friends, and have been helping me in the hunting."

"Me no farm," interpolated the older; "me sachem, me hunt."

"And fight," cried Miles, in triumph. "What think you of it, Awonsamog? And Noanett, who had promised peace."

"Duck, he keep duck, for all ole hen he hatchum," said Awonsamog, sententiously. "But Noanett, he —" the old Indian stopped, and looked at me curiously. "He great sachem," said he, at last, simply.

"What say you?" cried Miles again. "With you two, and Nehoiden and Quatchett will join us, and we four Englishmen, in a night attack —"

"You forget, Miles," said I, "I had to promise a truce to get away."

"Sure, and I did. And right ye were. But how long did ye promise it for, my boy — not a whole year?"

"Twelve moons, they said."

"And that's not quite a year. 'Tis a pity, and in the winter, too, when there's so little to do. A bit of a war would come in elegantly. But did the old man agree to it?"

I nodded. "And it was the old man saved my life."

"Noanett great sachem. We no fight Noanett," said Awonsamog.

"And gave me this silver for our team," said I.

"Ah, well," sighed Miles, "'tis a good price for

butchers' meat — perhaps ye'll change your trade. Ye're quite sure the treaty, made under force and duress as it were, is binding?"

I said I thought it was.

"Well, well," said Miles, "I'm not a lawyer. However," he added, with a brightening face, "they'll be up to some deviltry yet, I'll warrant, and then we can go in. But, Awonsamog, man, I'd a better opinion of ye." But we could get nothing out of them, save that Noanett was great medicine.

"And what'll ye be doing for an ox-team, now?" said Miles. "Ah, 'twould be fine fighting on the snow."

"I suppose I shall have to go to Boston again," said I. But I put the words more sadly than I felt. For I still hoped my letter might find Miss St. Aubyn and bring an answer; and any excuse for the trip was welcome to me, for there was no way they could send it to me. And my heart warmed, as I thought how it might be lying for me there, at Master Simpson's, even now.

"Sure, there must be some better way than trying that market again," said Miles. "You, Nohkow, there, — faith, the name is happy to the point, — you understood, we have no cows indeed. Have you none to sell at your village?"

Awonsamog shook his head. "Indian no want milk," said he.

"Faith, and that's true!" cried Miles. "Were it but rum, now! Eh, Nohkow?"

"Great father, he give gospel, not rum," said the younger Indian, in all gravity. "White man have cows Watertown."

"True for ye again!" shouted Miles. "And 'tis little more than half the distance. You know the path? You'll guide the Captain there in the morning. And you'll have a stoup of rum. Oh, I mean at Watertown," Miles added, as he saw me ready to remonstrate. For in this thing alone could Miles and the good apostle never agree. Miles was ever for giving the poor lonely savages what he called more humanity, to make up for their missing of hunting and the chase. So it was agreed that I was to meet Nohkow at the Indian village in the morning; and Miles was for giving them "a little something against the cowld of the autumn evening"; but I compounded for a piece of our Virginia tobacco. And when they were gone, I told Miles that I would still run to Boston, to see our Jennifer once more before the winter. And then we fell to talking, as we did many a time after, about taking her there home to us, but always decided that the time had not yet come. For in the first place, it was not yet safe, nor even comfortable; and then (as Miles reminded me, for he was always quick at thinking of such delicate points) we would sometime have to tell the truth about the dear girl, that she was not his sister, to some good man who wished to marry her; and it was better she should not be living with us in the wilderness. And thereupon I dared to hint a wish that Miles himself might marry her; and he first flushed a bit angrily, and then he smiled, oh, so sadly!

"Moore, dear, look in your heart and say if I should marry her?" And my heart told me I could say nothing. Though I could see that Miles

would never see his love again, which my heart blinded to me in my own case. So I said nothing more of this, only urged Courtenay to come to the town with me; but he would never. "Nay," said he, softly, "my lady, God preserve her! has gone into the wilderness; and in the wilderness I too will stay, until I find her."

So the next morning I took my way afoot to Natick, and now first I had opportunity to observe the village of the praying Indians. And first I noticed along the river bank, that was but a tangle of the sweet wild grape, the trenches you may still see that the Indians made about their fields of corn; and then I saw one of the weirs that Goodman Fairbanke had come with us to extirpate; a stone wall built in the river, converging to a sort of cage of hoops and bark called an eelpot, where the fish were taken; and I wondered not they stopped them on their way. Then I came to a handsome large fort, of a round figure, against the hill of Piegan. It was evidently thrown out as an outpost against the Nipmuck country that lay beyond the river, and was palisaded with trees; and there was a pretty little footbridge across the river, just above the great rapid, built in the form of an arch, and the foundation seamed with stone. On the other side of this lay the town. It consisted of three long streets, two on the north of the river and one on the south, with house lots to every family. In front of the missionary's house was a row of young trees, — they called them "trees of friendship"; now you will measure them twenty-one feet in girth, well above the ground. And all, in those days, looked orderly

and industrious; for when the Indians applied to Doctor Eliot for a form of civil government, he referred them to Jethro's advice to Moses, "Moreover thou shalt provide out of all the people able men such as fear God; men of truth, hating covetousness; and place such over them to be rulers of thousands and rulers of hundreds and rulers of fifties and rulers of tens." Accordingly, the Indians did choose one ruler of an hundred, and two rulers of fifties, and ten of tens; and then these placed themselves in order, and every individual ranged himself under the one he chose. And that was how Awonsamog and Nohkow got their titles; and a fairer title to their rank than any belted earl, as I do hold. The Indian houses were built in the English manner, the lower room a large hall, with canopies of mats raised on poles; in the upper room the Indians hung their skins; and in the chief house Doctor Eliot had a bedroom partitioned off; and here he wrote upon his Indian Bible. This good man now came to meet me, with Nohkow the decurion; and I half thought he spoke sadly, as if his mission could not be done. They were easily enticed to military service, he told me; and this they always were, and after the French war of Queen Ann brought back a putrid fever, of which many died. One thing I shall ever remember that the good apostle said that day: "They seem to be like some plants that thrive best in the shade; if the overgrowth is cut off, they wither and decay." I asked him if he had much trouble in explaining to them doctrinal points; and he told me no; their minds had a singular natural quickness, though in-

capable of prolonged application, like women. He was over pleased with an Indian explanation of the Trinity: "like water, ice, and snow." I was much interested in the Indians' rooms of skins; for there they showed me many hides and horns, both beasts of chase of the stinking foot, such as roes, foxes, jackals, wolves, wildcats, raccoons, porcupines, skunks, musquashes, squirrels, sables, and mattrisses; and beasts of the chase of the sweet foot, buck, red deer, reindeer, elke, marouse, maccarib, bear, beaver, otter, hare, and marten.

There was no road to Watertown, so we had no need for horses; nor did I see how the country ever could be opened smooth enough for riding, it lay so rough with rocks and swamp and thickets; and I meant to drive our cattle by the way we came. "And get a cow while ye are about it," Miles had called out to me when I started. "The milk'll come in handy for the winter; and we'll be starting a dairy for little Jenny, against her getting married."

"And how would you feed her?" said I, with a touch of loftiness; for Courtenay never knew anything about a farm.

"Sure, on what ye feed the oxen," then said Miles; and laughed as if he had caught me napping. But the oxen we had to have for ploughing; and I had cut a stack of the grass, natural dried in the meadow; while clotted cream was a dainty lazy Irishmen could do without, and so I told him.

But at Watertown I bargained for two fine oxen and a heifer thrown in; and then I went to town to get my money.

Now from Watertown it was twelve miles to Boston, so I slept there first, and was waited upon by an elderly dame, civil but sorrowful; and in the morning started once more, having to go around by the South Bay, and thus I passed through Roxbury. And as I came up by the Neck, and passed by the house of Master Hull the mintmaster, I wondered if my slugs were really silver, and how many new pinetree shillings they would make, and half thought of stopping there to see.

But I went first to Savil Simpson's; and I found him, too, civil, but sorrowful. "Do you know, it is the Lord's day?" was all he would say; and, truth, I had forgotten it. Then said he:

"Yesterday I felt myself dull and heavy, and listless as to spiritual good; carnal, lifeless; and I sighed to God that he would quicken me. And sure enough, last night my house was broken into in two places, and about twenty pounds' worth of plate stolen away, and some linen; my spoon and knife and neckcloth were all taken. I said, is not this an answer to my prayer? And now I do feel helped to submit to Christ's stroke, and say, Welcome, chastener!"

I spoke of my business, but he would not hear a word of it. "The sins of the people lie heavy on the land. Hast heard, the cross is on the citadel flag again? And the distich that our good Judge Sewall made upon the burning of the Quebeck cross so soon forgotten? There be evil times ahead; and from the smiles that lie on Jones's face, I fear this new general, Monk, doth mean no good."

"What is the distich?" said I.

Simpson rolled his eyes up to heaven.

> "'The bawdy, bloody Cross, at length,
> Was forced to taste the flame:
> The cheating Saviour, to the fire
> Savoury food became.'"

"You had best not repeat your profane verse to Major Miles," said I. "Where is Jennifer?" For I hoped yet for my letter.

"I know not—she be busied with her domestic duties in the house. Why, lad, hast not been in church at sermon time?"

"I tell you I but come from Watertown," cried I, impatient.

"Master Cotton had hardly given out the text, when a female Quaker slipt in, covered with a yard of canvas, but no other covering, having her hair loose and dishevelled, and powdered with ashes resembling a flaxen or white accursed periwig, her face as black as ink, being led by two Quakers and followed by two more. It occasioned a great and amazing uproar."

"I can well believe it," said I. "Where is Jennifer?"

"I was put upon the Justice's bench last week," he went on, "but what, after all, is earthly preferment?"

I thought I detected some slight touch of human pride in this, so I felicitated him.

"And Friday," he would continue, "I had to sentence a woman that whipt a man, to be whipt. I said a woman that had lost her modesty was like salt that had lost its savour; good for nothing but to be cast into the dunghill."

"You spoke very wise," said I.

"With Mistress Hutchinson, I know not what is coming when women get the upper hand! Seven or eight men joined together with her, called the man out of his bed, guilefully praying him to show them the way; then by help of a negro youth, tore off his clothes, and whipt him with rods; to chastise him but with carrying it harshly with his wife."

I saw no end to this; so I took out the silver slugs; and put them in his hand without a word. And he was nowise slow in asking me whence I got them.

"In our country," said I, "what you and Colonel Jones sold to us." And then I told him how my oxen had been killed, and I had gone to Watertown for more. "And I have only these to show for them," said I — for I did not like to borrow more of him. "And just now I thought of seeing Master Hull, and asking if they be really silver and what they may be worth."

"You really got these from the Indians?" said he; and I nodded. "'Tis well you did not stop," said he then, hastily. "I'll e'en go with you myself. That Hull is but a busybody, asking other people questions; and his son-in-law Sewall that they call the judge is worse than the old man."

"Yet can write a good distich," laughed I, and I ran away, for I saw Jenny coming; and I made bold go up to the dear girl and give her a kiss; for she did not love me, but Miles.

Jenny was blooming; and I found her almost as glad to see me as if I had been another; and in a breath we both asked a question, she about Miles,

and I for a letter. And the dear girl waited not even for my answer, but at first she smiled, and then sighed a little; and said she had no further news for him, "or you, dear Moore," she added. And I kissed her hand, and left a tear upon it; for it came on me that she knew my secret. And then Simpson came up and buttonholed me again. And again I saw nothing left but to do my work in the world.

So we went to the mintmaster's, and he looked at the slugs and weighed them; and said they were pure silver, and he gave me golden guineas and some pinetree shillings new minted for the lot. "'Tis pure enough indeed," said he; "though never minted, nor yet melted down from spoons. — I suppose ye got it in your trade?" he asked of Simpson.

"Aye," said he; "give the lad his money and let him go, for he has a walk before him."

"In your trade with the West Indies?" persisted Hull.

"Where else should I trade for silver?" cried Simpson; and was for dragging me away to talk it over. But I would first go to Colonel Jones's, to see Jennifer again. For I was mad to see her, now that I could talk it over with her, and tell her all about my lady.

"Don't ye stay to supper, lad," cried Simpson. "Bring the maid home, if ye like; and the less ye say about silver, the better; for Jones is open-mouthed as well as open-handed, and I'd rather talk this thing with him myself."

But Colonel Jones would not hear of my going

away, but sent over for Simpson and his worthy wife; and over our rum and pipes in the evening the cordwainer, too, grew open-mouthed, and I must needs tell my story again to them both. And I was pleased that I had been paid for my slain oxen as much as the new yoke had cost, with the cow thrown in. "I had rather trade with these Indians than with half your Boston Christians," said I. But the Colonel asked me for how long I had made the truce? And I told him, a year.

"'Tis a pity — we'll have to see these grants of ours early in the spring — eh, brother Simpson?" Then I saw what they were after.

"Surely you do not think these Indians have a mine?"

"Maybe, maybe," said Simpson. "They have silver, anyhow, and good silver too, else Master Hull had never taken it. But indeed I never heard that they could work it."

Here it was the Colonel's turn to purse up his lips and look wise. "Perhaps some one knew enough to teach them — there is iron enough in the bogs about, and why not silver?"

"Well, lad," said Simpson to me, as we got up to go, "ye will be coming to me soon for the winter's trade again?" I told him that I hardly liked to leave Courtenay.

"He'll do well enough alone — remember, ye've land enough, but no money left to work it with — I'll give you a ship to take to the Indies in the spring." And then again I thought of her, and how the years were slipping by and I not looking for her; and I said that I would go. For I had

yet one hope, that I might hear something from Sir Henry.

So I slept at the good cordwainer's, and rose at dawn, when I found Jenny waiting at the door to say good-bye; and she had a letter, and a book of poetry of the new poet Milton to give to Miles. And I took ferry to Charlestown, and so on to Watertown, where I found Nohkow waiting; and we paid for the cattle and drove them home that day. And when Miles learned I had no news, he kissed poor Jenny's letter, and took to lonely hunting all the more; and I to working at the cattle with the plough, and dreaming. And sometimes, in the dusk those late December days, I would see her figure standing at the end of the furrow, looking as she had looked that day in Devon.

XXXII

In which We Become Versed in Indian Lore

I GOT some ten days' ploughing, and then the cold set in and the river froze like a board, and we took to skates, which was the easiest way of travelling to either town. Long, lonely trips I made to Dedham for candles and other winter stores; and would place them on a little sledge and push them up the river, on the hard ice, white and rosy with the sunset. Never shall I forget those long, lonely skating trips; the ice would have little slopes and facets that turned each a different hue of gold or pink or faintest green, as the light of the setting sun would strike it; and I skimmed alone through the wild winter land; and in those soft brown winter twilights was some look of my lady's eyes. So deep I thought, it even seemed that it must reach her somehow; and thus I came flying through the cold; and one night the snow came silently, like forgetfulness upon one's heart, filling the woods above the heaped brown leaves; but the oak leaves only still stayed upon the trees, strong but weighted with the snow; for all the winter's shroud could make no difference in them. And then in the evenings we would pile up high the fire with logs, and the Indians would come over from Natick, and tell us stories of witches, and of

hunting; and they would fright the pretty maid that John Berry had found time to court over in Meadfield with stories of the place they called the Dingle Hole that lay hard by that town. In the summer wonderful flowers grew on high bushes in that dark place, rosy and fragrant; but in fall and winter it was haunted by a witch. This name of the Dingle Hole came from a tinkling bell that was said to be heard there o' nights; and the witch was a real person, and her name was Mrs. Murkey Mullen. And Awonsamog, who was fond of such wild savage lore, told us how she had been well known to be a witch; and that there was also a magical raccoon that haunted the Dingle Hole, but could never be shot with lead. Until one day the minister there loaded his gun with a witch hazel wand and saw the coon and fired. It vanished; carrying away the wand fixed in its leg; and about that same time Mrs. Murkey Mullen was unaccountably wounded in the arm!

Then there was a strange superstition that all the Indians had about a white flame that appeared over the wigwam of any of the praying Indians before he was to die, always in the dead of night; the first time that Awonsamog saw it, he was called out about twelve of the clock, it being a very dark night, and perceived it plainly mounting into the air over the little church, on the North side; look on what side of a house it appears, from that coast respectively you shall hear of a corpse within two or three days. All these things we made light of at the time, though they became serious enough in our country soon after, Heaven knows; but little Polly Leland would

tremble all over, and John Berry would have to kiss her many times before she dared have him pull her back on a sledge to Meadfield through the snow.

Then Miles would get them to tell us about their religion, or at least what had been their religion before the good prophet came among them; how there was a mighty God called Squantum, but worship him they did not, for (they said) he would do them no harm; while Abbamacho or Cheepie, the evil God, would smite them with incurable diseases, so that they would pray to him and lived in continual awe of him. And they had some notion of the soul's immortality; for when Miles asked them whither they would go when they came to die, they would point with their finger to a heaven beyond the White mountains; and when he asked them what it was like, Awonsamog said gravely that heaven was a place where the women are as bright as stars, and never scold. At which Miles was muchly tickled, and promised them, if he were but an Indian, he would be ever good. But in hell, on the other hand, they told us, were the women all old and ugly, but intolerably fond, and expect a vast deal of cherishing. Whereat Miles would cross himself in jest. Of wives they all had two or three, as they thought most conducive to a quiet life; only, of course, after Eliot came, they were limited to one, and she the toughest, as the others died off. And they further told us, when they feared a child to be gotten by another nation, they would throw him into the water to see if he would swim; and if he swam, they acknowledged him for their own; which Miles

said was a most valuable information and would have saved much trouble at the court.

And Awonsamog would also tell us how he held his court, which did also please Miles most hugely: "When Indians get drunk and quarrel and fight and act like devil, what do I do? Hah! tie um all up, and whip um plaintiff, whip um 'fendant, and whip um all witnesses!"

And they would tell us of the properties of trees and plants; how the turpentine of the pine is excellent to heal wounds, the rosin is good as frankincense, and the powder of the dried leaves generates flesh, and the distilled water of the green cones takes away wrinkles on the face, being laid on with cloths; whereupon Miles would ask them why their squaws did not use it. And then of the berry which grows upon the scarlet oak, and contains little insects wonderful for a crimson die; and of the tree Bucks, which are little animals having only the sign of mouth and eyes, but a head and horns of a gummy substance found in the fall of the leaf upon the ground amongst the withered leaves; and if you can see one walking upon the branches of an oak you are sure to have good luck in hunting on that day. Now hunting was Miles's dayly joy. I do well remember a moose hunt with the Indians upon the snow; we went many miles up country, and when we lit upon a moose, we ran him down with dogs, which took half the day; and the snow being full four feet deep, the heavy creature sank at every step, bearing down arms of trees that hung in his way with his horns as big as a man's thigh; until at last he fell, and they transfixed him with their lances. But

when I told Miles of all the beasts I had seen skinned at the Indians' village, he but laughed a little.

But one piece of work we could do in the winter, and that was felling trees; for they were easy to haul with the oxen over the snow; and I but cleared it away to hew at the roots of them; and the labour was a delight in the yellow frosty mornings, when one's breath fell silver in the sun. And sometimes the friendly Indians from Natick would come over and sit on the high pile of sweet hemlock loppings beside me, and smoke their pipes and take pleasure in the sight of a man working. Whereupon haply I would drop the tree in their direction with an accuracy at which they marvelled muchly. And one day I saw some laughing between them and Miles, and soon Awonsamog the centurion that was also an Indian justice of the peace came to me with a much-thumbed book that was a copy of the covenant and bylaws of the town of Dedham, and pointed with his thumb to a mark I made bold to guess that Miles had made, at which place it said:

"Ordered by geanerall consent ytyf any man henceforth from this day shall fell any Tree of sixe Inches thicknes in the Carse or of any scantling aboue sixe Inches in any place wthin our said Towne, saue only wthin his own Lotte wthout license of such as are or shalbe deputed thervnto Contrary to an order formerly made on that behalfe. Shall for euery Tree so felled wthout license forfeit the sum of Twenty shillings of English money to be presently paid vnto our Collector for the tyme being to the vse and benefit of our wholl Towne accordingly."

Whereupon I did drop the tree I was at work on, and told them how I owned the lot; and Miles asked me that night if I would not rather be a lawyer; but I in turning over the book (which the Indians left for our further edification or because they forgot it after too much punch) came further on another law, and took it down to where Miles was working on a mighty oak trunk by the river, and bade Awonsamog make complaint of him as well. But Miles opened the book at another place, where it said how

"It is agreed that whosoeuer shall Really intend to make a Cannooe for his pper vse shall haue one Pyne assigned vnto him by twoe of ovre said Committies (not hauing of his owne svfficient thervntoe. Provided he doth finish ye same Canooe wthin thirth dayes after the same be felled vpon ye penalty of 20sl Fyne as formrly in case of Tymber disordered felled."

— and I asked them whether Miles had not been at work more than thirty days. For the shaping a canoe was long work; only then Miles with his Irish tongue turned to and got the Indians help him.

Then with withes and some straight saplings I made a sledge for the oxen, and took the team over to Meadfield for a load of winter fodder, as the grass grew soft and thick there in the richer river swales, and they had enough of it and to spare; only money they would not take for it, but gladly gave a load away to me, a neighbour. A pretty hamlet then was Meadfield, built of little houses with high, narrow gables, on the high upland, a mile nearer

than the upper river; and beyond it lay the country where the young King Philip ruled alone.

Now I had promised Master Simpson to go to Boston for that winter, as I have said; but when the time came, I was loth to go and leave Miles. For we had many long talks by the fireside; and it seemed we both were having visions, only his were more real to him than mine. He told me he had seen a face in the twilight of the woods, as I had mine by the furrow, and he began to talk to me how it might be possible, in a world where so many real things we knew were but as dreams, that dreams that were so much more real than these might have a being to our souls as real as they. And I was troubled by his harping so on this, and took to watching him as he departed mornings for those long, lonely hunts of his (he never seemed to wish to have me with him), and would wait anxiously for his coming home at night. And the long and short of it was, I could not find it in my heart to leave him.

But the Christmastide came and went, and the cattle were well housed, and all the fodder in for the winter, and then, as he would have it so, and had his gun and books and plenty of writing-paper, I took leave of him, but for a few weeks, only to see Simpson and get things ready for our coming venture for the Indies. And this time I skated down to Boston in two days, stopping with our good friends in Dedham over night; and so far Miles went with me; and I was glad that we had a merry evening at the little tavern kept by Captain Fisher, with Major Lusher and goodman Dwight; and we

found that Fairbanke had taken back so large a report of us that they were already for erecting our little outpost to a new parish; and they asked me to name it, and I called it SPRINGFIELD; for it had a fair spring, and we hoped to have fairer fields in time. So that is how our parish got its name.

They kept no Christmastide in Boston, so I missed nothing there; and I took up my abode again with Simpson, and we worked hard at the business, collecting goods for shipment in the spring. And for two long months I heard no more from Courtenay. But yet no letter came for me from England. So I tried hard to think she had never cared for me, and that I was glad of it. And I made acquaintances in town, and went to a fine party at the Governor's house; and stood up often in the dance with one young lady that had eyes a little like her.

XXXIII

In which Miles Becometh a Mighty Hunter before the Lord

BUT alas, I only seemed to have the more time for thinking in the town. The days grew warmer toward March, and I got restless, for I could hear the water running in the woods. And at last I told Simpson of my trouble, how I had left my friend, and could not sleep at ease for fear all might not be well with him. I had worked hard while I was there, buying all the goods for our Barbadoes venture; and he said I had done it well. This time I was resolved to take down chiefly fish and potatoes and lumber; so we had to wait for the first catch of the great Cape fishing banks. And my share of the winter's trading came to more than four hundred pounds; but this I told him I would make no claim to, only of the profits of the voyage; for what use was my seeking to lay up money even I might never find a need for, and then to find my only friend had come to trouble in my absence? But Simpson had some bowels in him, and when he saw what case I was in about Miles, he swore that I should go when I would, and keep my share in our partnership just the same; for he was kind enough to say 'twas my head that had made them. So with this four hun-

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all. Nay, if so, she would not have kept such silence; she would have written; she might know that I would never trouble her, only to know that she was well. For I was almost in another world, and, though I never saw her more, could then live out this life all reconciled, knowing that she herself had being in it too. So Miles adored his holy Virgin. But why had no word come, no single word, no message and no sign?

So I rode on thinking — Ah Miles, who doubted not, you were a better man than I! — when a furious gust took my pony as I was crossing the long, low beach that lies between bay and sea, and I saw that I must swim my pony through the high spring tide; and the cold salt waves brought me back to thinking only of the day before me; which, an a man can do it, is always best.

At Dedham I found a flood, the little village in the green plain was all surrounded by waters, at some parts miles across; and even over the road lay an unbridged strait, full a hundred yards wide, with the round stones at the bottom washed clear beneath the flood, and a strong current setting across. I was glad again I had the pony; for even he had to swim a bit, while I crooked my legs upon the pommel and sought only to keep Miles's tobacco dry. And here I did a solid noonday dinner with Major Lusher, and heard from him that the Indians were all quiet, and Courtenay was believed to be all right; at least he had not been heard from all those weeks nor had any hunters gone up there since the deep snows set in. They seemed to think a man must be all right, so long as he made no sign; but I

felt a bit disturbed, and hastened off in the middle of the drinking, of which there was a terrible deal in those days even at town-meetings, and getting astride my little pony with a full stomach (as I like best to be if there is like to be work ahead) I set his head into the pine-forest on the Hartford trail. This was more than a trail now, for some of the trees were cut; had they not been, I had hardly found it in the winter; for the snow lay still deeper as one got farther from the sea. But the chill East wind that had blown me out from Boston was already tempered by the hills that lay behind me; and, while I rode on it, changed to a mild air from the South-west, and the sun wore through and the afternoon grew kindly.

At Meadfield the people were awaking with the year; and I rode through the long ranges of little houses, gabling on either side the old Indian bridle path. Not much noise I made on the trodden snow; yet scarce a house was where some kindly neighbour did not come out to give me greeting, or some merry maiden run to the door, from her housework, her sleeves rolled up to her rosy elbows, to ask me of the news from town. For I have noticed that the farther a maiden lives from town and town ways, the livelier interest she takes in all its doings. And I dared not tell them I had been to the Governor's ball and not even noticed the cut of gowns; so I was fain to ride on quickly, promising them a better tale the Sunday (when I got the time to make it up) and looking but for Berry's young lady to give me news of Miles. But I saw her not; so I turned me North through our beau-

tiful broad valley, where I found little snow, only a still freshet standing in the new meadow grasses, so I had to ride on the rocky mountainside to the East, the meadows not bearing the weight of me and a horse. Here too (except in the woods) the ridges lay bare of snow; but far to the North I could see the mountains in the Hampshire grant gleaming white from crown to base; and I was so curious as to ride up over one rocky summit to look into Noanett's valley, and saw its depth all buried still in drifts, and the black ice lying on a little lake.

And now I rode down upon a little hillside pasture where was soft green turf and hope of snowdrops; and here to my amazement did I see a heifer calf tethered to an Indian apple-tree. What was it — did we have new neighbours, or might she be the Indians'? This last was unlikely; and then I bethought me of our cow, that must have calved ere this; and I feared they might have captured our little outpost and all it contained; and I caught my breath and thought of Miles. Then I rode the harder, cocking my pistols; and I kept a sharp lookout for Indians.

That last mile through our pine forests was an anxious one; I struck it to the eastward of our path, and rode noiselessly on the pine leaves and the snow, looking hard for footprints and keeping a mighty green oak that grew there for a landmark; but no footprints of Indian moccasin did I see, only of raccoons and partridge, not a wolf nor bear. And when I came upon our little clearing, I was glad to see the house was standing, and rode around the

stockade and knocked hard upon the front gate, which was closed and barred. Then there came wild barking from a pack of hounds (which much surprised me, for we had had none), and while I rode about, seeking to find some chink between the logs, some dozen fox or deerhounds came rushing at me so that I had to keep them off with my rifle-stock; and then a gun was fired from within. I shouted aloud; and, thank goodness! it was Miles that shouted back, and I called out that it was I. Then he unbarred the gate, and we fell upon each other's neck.

"Devil fly away with me," were Courtenay's first words, "but I thought ye were the haythen sure, this time!"

"Hast had attack from them?"

"Nay, they've been quiet enough — I fear they're sleeping through the winter like the snakes in Ireland — I've been at a loss for occupyin' me time — but that I am huntsman to the town." And then he led me about and showed all that he had done in those few weeks; some acres more of woodland cut and cleared to the stumps; and the house floors quite covered with skins of foxes, wolves, musquash, and even panthers, and a bear or two, and one great antlers of a moose that he had shot on a hill far to the South, in what they now call Sharon. Then besides were mink, otter, and beaver skins from the brook. "I'm thinkin' the furs we'll sell to the fine ladies at home," said he. "Do you think now, ye have done so well with all your trading as meself just quietly sittin' in me manor and huntin' like a gentleman?"

"I've four hundred pounds," quoth I, "against our needs in England — your furs may do well enough as gifts to some of our fine lady friends — if we had any — but hardly worth my four hundred pounds."

"They are not that same?" cries Miles. "Look here!" And he shoves under my nose that old book of the "Town Laws," and I saw that it looked now well worn. "Read this." And I read:

"8 mo. 19. Assemb: Joh: Kingsbery Joh Dwight. Tho Wight & Elea: Lusher.

"Whereas woolues are now of late becom greatly noysom to our Cattell, to the great prjudice and damag of the Town. it is therfor ordered. for the better encouragmt of any that shall hearafter bring the head of any wolf. & publikely present the same at the meeting house. shal for his paynes in killing that wolfe haue payed to him by the hands of the Constable tenn shillings in Countrey paye. beside that ten shillings due to him from the Countrey. and shall also haue such assistance from the Towne for the attayning of that tenn shillings from the Countrey. as the Case shall necessarilye require. allways pvided that it be made apeer that the sa woolf be killed wthin our towne."

I lay the book down, and Miles did wink.

"How many wolf skins do ye think I have? Faith, the finer furs will sell in England; but when I came upon this vote (besides that it was a bit out of sayson for the otter and the marten) I started out after wolves and by the same token I have now nine dozen lacking only two or three, and at ten shillings the head from the town and ten shillings more from

the county 'for me pains in killin' the same' — How much is that, forbye the value of the skins themselves, my blooming cordwainer?"

"'Countrey paye'!" said I. "I'll wait till I see the colour of the money."

"The colour of their money? Sure, did I not look to that meself? and got to their last town-meeting? Whereby they did elect me huntsman to the town! And what King's ranger hath so fine a forest? I have rights of vert and venery from Dorchester even to the Nipmuck country, twenty good miles; and from the Charles River here by Natick southward to the town line by the Providence Plantations!"

"Did you get your money?" said I. For now that I had been called a tradesman, I meant to make him out a greenhorn.

"Nay," quoth Miles, "but I got this other vote." And he turned me to the latest page of his town Bible, where he had written it down:

"it is also further ordered that the Rate formerly made for the raysing of tenn L. for the paying the hunts man in killing woolues shall be forth wth be put in to the Constable's hand who is heerby required speediely to gather the one half thereof. that so he may haue in his hand to paye for the killing of woolues according to the former order.

"And Captain Miles Courtenay, Hunts man, with Antho: Fisher Ju., Eben Fayerbanke & Rich. Ellice ar by the Towne deputed to attend upon the worke of takeing wolues & ar apointed to receaue tenn shillings for each wolfe they shall kill. aboue

wt the Court order doe apoint & pvide. pvided that the sayde wolues may be made apeare to be killed wthin 3 miles of the meetinghouse of Dorchester, Roxbery, Dedham or Braintree."

"'Countrey paye'!" said I, again.

"Well, country pay — what is that? Good corn, or money's worth."

"I fear it be but wampum; that is, you know, shells. You can give it, as necklaces, to your fine ladies, though, of course."

"Wampum," quoth Miles. "I must see to that — they have their spring town-meeting this next week — "

"But how do you prove you kill 'em within three miles of the meeting house?" said I.

"Faith, we don't kill 'em till we drive them there," laughed Miles, "and of that they take my word. You know, I've quite a pack of hounds already."

"I know," said I, drily. "'Tis an Irish way of saving money, to keep a pack of hounds."

"True for ye," says Miles, "since the town pays for them. Look here," — and he pointed to the book, where I read again:

"19 day of 10 mo. Motion, consented to: that Care be taken that ye young Hound doggs be in time taught to hunt, and a Pack be mayntayned at the Town Cost."

"That same care do I take. But then there be the panthers: two pounds good money for a panther. And the crows and the blackbirds; see here — "

"Itt is therfor ordered, itt beinge found by much

exsperience. that much Damage is done by blackbirds espetially in Indians Corne both in the Springtime and afterward and att this time more then ordinarie and no effectual course haue ben takin for the subduinge of them which same other townes haue done & by ther exsperience haue found it much for ther advantage as also for the destroying crowes Jayes Chirie birds which also doe much harme

"Itt is therfor Ordered that henceforth who soeuer shall kill in our Towne any of the blackbirds shall haue ninepence a dozin & for the other birds a peny a bird provided thay bringe the heads of all such birds as thay kill to some one of the Selectmen who is to keep account of the heads so brought and the persons that bringe them that so thay may haue there pay out in a Towne rate which shall be levied upon the arable land in the Towne.

"This order to stand in force till the Selectmen see case to alter it."

"Which I only fear they will," said Miles, "for I am trainin' the little Indian boys to shoot for me there, which they're glad enough to do, for the practice and the free powder. Then there be the beaver and the mink; and the foxes — but 'tis a shame to shoot them now, so I'm even saving these for the autumn sport; they go a-clicketing next month, and the wolves too; sure I must preserve a few against next year!" And Miles ended with a wink and a laugh.

"Miles, I'll denounce you to the town-meeting," said I, "and say they've got no huntsman, but a keeper rather!"

"Not so, but rather raise the prices; for sure the wolves and the wildcat are getting scarce. True, it comes week after next, the March meeting, and we'll go indeed, and ye'll speak for the Springfield parish. But what news have ye?"

I knew what he meant, though he spoke so gaily. "How are the oxen?"

"Well — and the cow calved all unbeknownst to me — 'twas on St. Valentine's day —"

"And the calf?"

Courtenay looked out to me, a twinkle in his eye. "Sure, I've been settin' her out on the hillside for bait."

"For bait?"

"Aye — divil a fight have I had all winter — and I thought the Indians might be hungry, in the deep snows, so I placed her out there, tempting-like. But take her they would not, not liking veal, as it seems. And so I've even had to kape the truce ye made," Miles ended with a sigh.

Then the men came in, Quatchett, and Woolacombe, and John Berry, who was like to be married at Whitsuntide, and they had been cutting the timber for a house for him, on the edge of the forest, by the great spring. And then Miles and I went out, and lit our pipes, and sate upon a mossy rock that lay toward the sunset, on the river; and the beautiful bluebirds and the robins made a pleasant noise about us. Then again Courtenay asked me for my news.

It was a sad thing to say again I had none for him. Nor yet of my own, I added, when he had asked about my lady, after having been silent a

bit. But I told him, when the planning was all done, I should get away for the voyage to the Barbadoes; and thence come back with money enough to go to England, ere another year. And Miles puffed at his pipe, with a bit of a sigh again; for he had no cause to care even to go home, as had I. Then, at last, he asked after little Jennifer.

I pulled out her great letter, and gave it to him. But I saw there was no hope that he would wed with her.

II

XXXIV

In which We See a Woman Whipt

I WAS out with the plough at once, and broke the ground so well that in that year we got forty acres down to seed-grass, and wheat, rye, maize, potatoes — for we knew not yet what crops the soil would favour. And we four white men did the working, while the Indians foraged for us; even Miles turned to with a will, seeing that this was no hunting season; but Miles never had the patience for a farmer. Labour was scarce, as may be supposed; and we tried in vain to borrow hands from our Natick Indians: they learned faith, but no works, and how much their Christian worthlessness was pleasing to the Lord, I, being no antinomian, may not presume to judge. But I like the flavour of wild Indians best. Nor would the fact an Indian learned to make a good dramatick dying speech reconcile me to the fact that he had done no Christian work but drink the while he lived. Yet the Natick records be full of these dying orations, in which (for the most part) the dying Ephraim or Jethro beshrews himself that he hath drunk such quantities of rum (now that he may drink no more), but boasts himself like any Pharisee that now he must no longer die like a warrior, silent, but may so flatulently caterwaul

about his saved soul! However, these be prejudices I may have absorbed from Miles; certainly these praying Indians (poor souls) were very faithful to us in the great wars, after we white Christians had but ill requited them for warning us. Only, I have never known a wild Indian either break his word to those that had been true to him; and they do fight better. For it seems, the moment a savage learns he hath an immortal soul, the more anxious is he to put off its immortality.

I have told how good these Naticks were at spinning yarns about our fireside o' nights; but now, with the winter, their stories of the Dingle Hole and such like matters seemed to have gone by; their minds were bent on things of this world's kingdom; and they talked to us about the great town-meeting that was at hand. True, they had no interest (save in the bounty on vermin) and could neither vote nor hold office; but they had a fine natural instinct for politicks, and wished only to make Miles "ruler of an hundred," and were zealous to go in his tail and shout for him. And Miles himself had an eye to his hunting money; moreover, we at Springfield had received due notice of the meeting (brought by Eben Fairbanke, with an eye still to the weirs) and that

"whosoeuer shall haue received notice of the meeteing & shall absetne himselfe one halfe houre after ye beateing of the armme shall forfet twelve pence; and yf anye shall wholly absente himselfe shall forfet the sum of Three shillinges and Fower pence. except ther be some greate occasions to the contrary & ye same be alloed of accordingly in eyther of ye sayd cases."

Whereby we were resolved to go; and when the eventful morning came, did set off (through a sulky mist of sleet) in a majestick procession of both our canoes, and three of Indians from Natick. (For Miles's mighty dug-out still lay by the river, fashioned to a point at but one end, like a child's shingle-boat, half-whittled, and full two cords good firewood had he vainly burned atop of the same in the effort to hollow it out; whereof I did get much merriment.) There was Miles and I, and Quatchett and Woolacote and Berry; and Awonsamog and Nohkow and other Natick sachems, permitted by Eliot to go and learn how white men practised the mystery of government; while Nehoiden (who was on a visit to us) preferred freely to run along the banks.

'Twas a great day, and we were all in high spirits; for soon the sleet washed the March sky clear to a blueness; and even the heavens, that had so lowered upon us in the morning, as Miles said, like a damsel ruffled by too bold an address, now cleared up again, when they saw we took no notice of their sulkiness. It was a fair Spring noon when we pulled up at the little landing-place by Dedham; and we heard Ralph Daye (who was paid for it, 20*s.* the year in cedar-board at 4*s.* per cent.) beating the drum lustily to call to meeting.

Now I had never been to these meetings before; and I asked Miles what they were like, and would the good people of Dedham treat us fair? To which he gravely responded that

"In their intercourse with each other, or with strangers, they exhibit as much urbanity, generally speaking, as is consistent with pure republicanism."

I was so taken up with the fineness of this language that I said nothing more, but put on my face of gravest ceremony, until we found ourselves on a back bench of the little meeting-house. "In length 36 Foote it was; and 20 Foote in bredth, and betweene the upp and nether sell in ye studds 12: Foote, the same to be girte & thetcht." And no women were allowed within the same, only dogs; and the boys in the gallery, high up, whence they too might in time learn how to govern men (women not needing the same). And the first thing that happened in this town-meeting was that "Goodman Fra. Chickerg. be fined one quart of Saick for late coming this daye." So fined he was, and Miles said to me, laughing, "Faith, this is human of them: now whose and when is the drinking of it?"

"Silence," cried Major Lusher, that was moderator (but with a wink to Miles), while Edward Alleyn, the same that we had met before, got up with a long preamble that whereas, "our weekly meeting appointed for other occasions falling to be at Eben Fairbanke's became altogether spent in agitation concerning the Huntsman, despite the information that our brethren of Meadfield have declared themselves grieved that our Town have resolved to call for 20l. from thence. and that they have declared a purpose not to pay till it be cleared, and despite our letter to desire a loveing treaty with them on this point," he moved,

"1 that the vote of grant of ye 3 pt of ye meadow ptly by sale & pt by gift be so altered that those yt would giue their pte now cannot;

"2 that ther is not so much loue from Meadf

as they expected apeere in refusing 20l. at this time."

Then there did follow a long dispute about the boundary with Meadfield; whereon Miles was fain to speak, saying that the Meadfield men were our good neighbours, and he would not see them put upon. But I held him down.

Then the matter of a free school was taken up; and it was with "an vnanimous consent concluded that some portion of land in this entended deuision should be set apart for publique use: viz. for the Towne a Churche & a fre Schoole viz. 40 acres at the least or 60 acres at the most." And thus was established the first free school; they tell me such things are not known in England yet. But when next it was asked

"to be pposed whether the sense of the Towne be and require that girls should be taught in this schoole or not" — the debate waxed more furious. For on the one hand, Alleyn was objecting that the girls should not be over learned above their sphere; while Miles took sides (partly for dislike of Alleyn and partly for the maids themselves) that the women, as they are better than men, and now do but mislead them, should surely be taught wisdom to lead us aright. And that matter is not settled yet! And then Mr. John Allen Pastor and Eleazar Lusher gave notice of their discovery of a mine of metal or other mineral "whereunto they laid claim to them their heirs executors and assigns for ever by virtue of the order of the town in that case provided. And the land lay betwixt Charles River on the North and the high Rock near the Great Plain and in or near

about a small stony valley being encompassed on the south, north and west sides with rocky hills the east end of said valley opening towards a stony brook thereby — "

("There's something for good Master Simpson," whispered Miles to me. "Pray don't write him of it, for he's over daft about it now," said I.)

Then spoke up Fairbanke, our hunting friend, at last, and moved as follows, as we had due record made:

"Resolued, to ppose to the Towne to know their minde about the raysinge of that Tenn L. for the recompence of the Hunts-man, and whether it be paid in lawful money or in colony coin."

There was some debate, particularly on the last clause; Mr. Alleyne thought Indian shells good enough payment for Indian wildcats or other Indian vermin; Major Lusher reminded him that powder and ball had to be paid for in good silver, and that Captain Courtenay, "whose settlement West of the town was such a protection to us all," had held the King's commission and was enused to the King's money; Dwight, Wight, Day, and Fisher, all our other friends took part; Miles had the sense to keep silent; and, to cut it short, it was at last thus voted (as any of you may see it yet today in the Dedham records, at page the fifteenth of the second part)

"after Lectur (i.e. reading of the resolution) these being pposed: all was left to the 7 men."

"The selectmen!" whispered Miles: "now we'll have them all to dinner!"

We had a very good dinner, at Dwight's tavern;

and Miles was even particular to ask "Brother Chickerg.," that he might get something back from his forfeited quart of sack; whereat he voluntarily doubled his fine, and I doubled this, and Miles doubled my double; ten men we had to dinner, viz., seven selectmen, Chickering, Miles, and I; and by that figuring had fifteen (or was it sixteen?) quarts of sack; for I am getting old-witted, and no longer good at arithmetick.

Only this point I do remember (and from this point it seems but yesterday, for it was the beginning of the end) that we fell to singing, and made so much noise inside the little tavern that it must have been a mighty tumult indeed that we could hear outside it. But all at once, we became conscious of a vast murmuring noise, not of cheering, but of jeers; voices of men and boys; but amid them it seemed to me that I heard a woman's cry. And I looked at Miles and saw that he had heard it too.

"Constable Chickering! Constable Chickering!" then we heard them crying; and presently two or three men forced through the door of our room; and one of them held a paper, which he flourished before Chickering, and then at Major Lusher, and I saw that it bore a fair broad seal and ribbons.

"Deborah Lyle, a Quakeress!" he cried. And now we could make what the rabble was crying outside — "Deborah Lyle! to the stocks! the Quakeress to the stocks!" And now too we heard, mingled with the shouting of men and boys, the shrill scolding of the women.

"By order of the worshipful, the Governour,"

cried he that bore the paper; and Miles whispered me and we both recognized him for a Boston constable, even he that had arrested us that Sunday we arrived, and spoke so rude to little Jennifer. "Deborah Lyle, Quakeress: ordered to be whipt at the cart's tail from Boston to the line of the Providence Plantations — I do hereby deliver to the selectmen of Dedham, across their town line, that by their reeves or constable the worshipful orders of the Governour be carried on. Where is the constable?"

Somebody pointed out Chickering.

"For her safe keeping and delivery beyond the limits of the colony of Massachusetts Bay, you are now responsible." And he sought to thrust the paper into Chickering's hand. But it dropped to the floor; and now we saw that Brother Francis Chickering was very drunk.

"The Quakeress! the Quakeress!" kept howling the mob outside.

"This is no work for me — give it to the hog-reeves!" then growled Major Lusher. And going to the window furthest from the street, he jumped out of it; and Miles and I, going after, saw him running with all haste across the fields.

"Come out of this!" cried Miles; and we made into the street. A snowstorm had begun to gather again; and it was nipping cold.

The mob was crowded before the door of the townhouse. And forcing our way through, we found indeed a cart with two oxen standing by it, that was Christian church as well as townhouse; and there, tied fast by ropes to the cart's tail (for else

she would have fallen) was a young girl, not more than twenty, stripped naked to the waist.

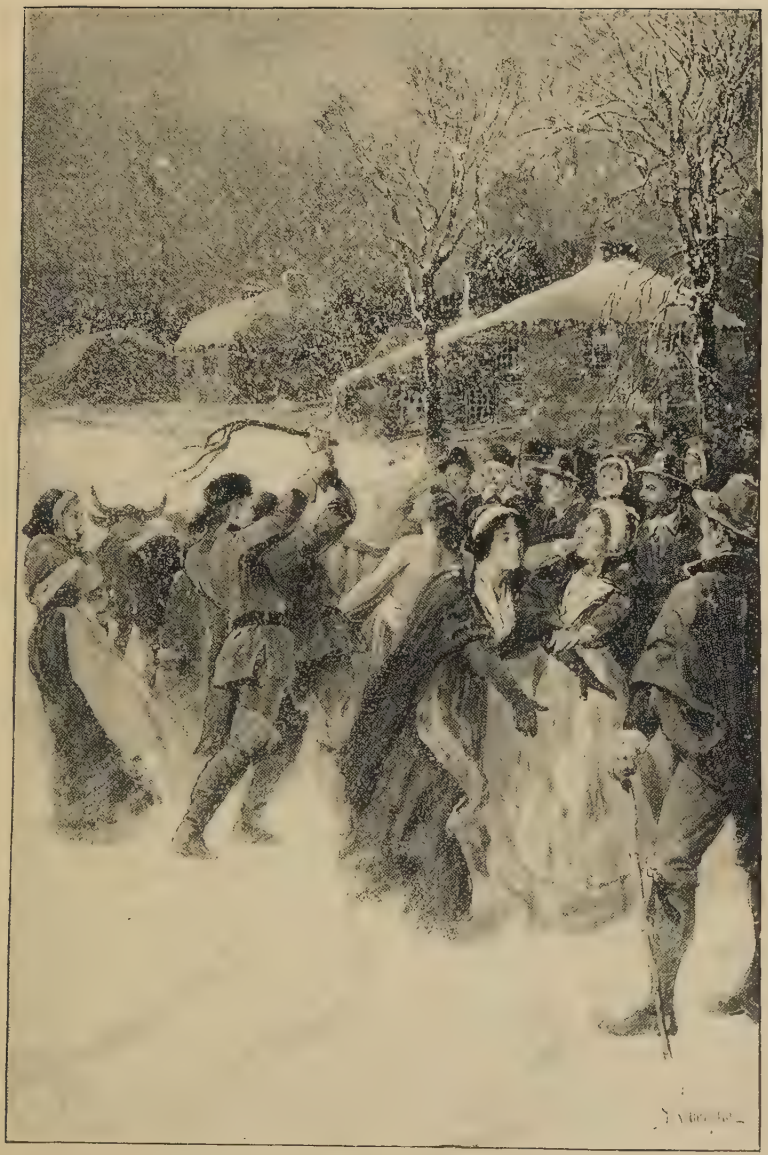
"Ten stripes at each town-bound! and ten stripes upon each village green!" cried the Boston constable, who followed us. "Where is your chief man?"

The crowd murmured. Some one said, "Major Lusher. He has gone." And the women screeched again. "Whip the Quakeress! Whip the Quakeress!" Only the men and boys were more silent, gaping open-mouthed and shamefaced. And in the hush the poor girl, that had seemed fainting or asleep, as her wounds had grown numb and frozen since the last whipping, opened her eyes despairingly, and cast her look about the crowd until it fell upon me and Miles. And all this time the snowflakes were falling on her, scarce whiter than her poor shoulders where there were not already the cruel purple scars.

"Men!" said Miles through his teeth, "ye'll not carry out this thing?"

"That will I!" cried Alleyn; "I am second of the selectmen. Constable, yourself carry out the law! and then we'll rid the town of the pestilent heretick!" Miles looked at me; John Berry and Woolacote had gathered behind us, looking very pale, and even our Indians were there, and, at a glance from Miles, Quatchett and Nehoiden ran towards the landing, where our boats were left.

But before we looked the heavy lash of triple-knotted cords had once descended, circling the girl's back. She but moaned faintly, though it left a crimson weal below her breasts. Some of the women



turned and ran away, but the others screeched out shrill again and crowded the closer to see.

Then I laid that constable's head open with a stave of his own cart. It was poor John Berry, swearing and crying at once, who cut the poor girl's ropes; and Miles, gathering her up like a child, cried to us to run before, and we made a dash through the crowd and got to the river. Nor did they stop us much, though Alleyn and the constable ran after. They seemed to be fighting among themselves. For when we had got safely into our canoes, and Miles had made a sort of bed for the Quaker maiden, and covered her with furs and blankets, we looked about again. And I did see Brother Francis Chickering, that was so drunk, fall down in the way of Master Alleyn, so that he pitched headlong at the steepest part of the hill; and then did Chickering get up and jump upon him.

But the crowd of women ran down to the water's edge, aye, and into the river, shaking their fists at us; and the officers made ready boats to follow.

Then Miles stood up in his canoe with a loaded gun and swore by the Virgin the first of them that stepped in a canoe should die there. "Man or woman!" cried he, and crossed himself. And the women, that were much the worst, screamed out at this, but turned and ran, like a parcel of hens. And suddenly Major Lusher appeared; and we heard him call to see their warrant. And it must have taken him a long time to read this warrant; for when we passed around the first bend that hid us from sight of the village, he was reading it still.

XXXV

In which King Noanett doth Fight with Water

MILES and I had got into the same canoe, the better to defend the poor Quakeress, that lay between us on a pile of furs, but still unconscious. We had no thought to bring her out of her fainting-fit at first; but bent ourselves to our paddles; and Miles called to Berry and Woolacote, who were each commanding a boat, to lag behind and engage any pursuing party, with words or blows, as they should deem most fitting; and they nodded to us gaily, and bade us have no fear; for John Berry, that was to be wed at Whitsuntide, was sadly cursing and crying still together, and swore his Meadfield maid should die unwedded rather than that flogger of women should get by us.

Meantime the still snow fell more heavily; and I looked at Miles, and Miles looked at me.

"We must take her to Mr. Eliot at Natick," then said I.

"Nay," answered Miles, "I don't doubt his good will; but he cannot jeopardize his work in harbouring the outlaws of the Colony — She must even stay with us — would we had Jennifer!"

"That would hardly better it," said I. And then the Quaker girl opened her eyes, still trem-

bling; and seeing Miles, put her hand to her throat; for we had wrapped his cloak about her. Then, as she shivered, Miles made her take a swallow of raw spirit; and she seemed to fall asleep again; and so slept calmly while a faint colour stole back into her cheeks until we pulled up our canoe before our farmhouse door. And the other canoes had caught up with us, reporting no pursuit; so Miles sent Nohkow across to Natick to get a squaw to come and treat the girl's wounds; and over our pipes that evening we discussed the situation. But we could think of no other way than to keep her with us for the present.

But whoso reckons for a woman must not leave out the woman's will. All that next day she slept; while Miles and I went to the fields and began our ploughing; for the day was fair and mild, and we heard nothing from the constable and selectmen of Dedham. But on the third day, when the bleeding of her wounds was healed, she came to us and desired to be led back to Boston, where she had the Lord's work (as she said) to do.

This was more than we had bargained for; and we looked at one another again, and Miles swore roundly that she should not go; whereat she reproved him for his oath, and affirmed that go she would, seeing that she had to announce the vengeance of the Lord. And Miles and I thought this was news that might very well be put off; nor doubting the same, but that it scarce needed such another messenger. And Miles and I could see no better thing than to go to Natick and ask the apostle Eliot's advice.

So we got in a canoe again and paddled up the river with Quatchett. But there, just below the footbridge, we saw Awonsamog and Nohkow, gesticulating much as if to warn us back; and then a long discourse began 'twixt them and Quatchett in the Indian tongue. And at last Quatchett said to us:

"They want you no land. Want me go getum; you go home; they come to you." And I would fain know why.

"Givum dinner; smokum pipe," was all that we could get out of Quatchett. I was for going on to Eliot; but Miles had a fancy he saw Awonsamog give him a clumsy wink (for the Indians, like Scotchmen, do for the most part have a dignity above humour) and was for trusting once more to the Indians' good counsel. So back we went again, and prepared a mighty dinner; and at the proper time appeared Quatchett, paddling down again with the two Natick Indians, in their finest beads and feathers, newly painted and with manners of much pomp. And until the dinner was over, they would say no word of business; but then, when our pipes were lighted and we had had a glass of rum apiece, and sat each one bravely smoking, Awonsamog pulled out a paper from his breast.

"Me Justice of Peace," said he, solemnly. "Nohkow, he but tithing-man; me Justice."

Miles bowed solemnly, and winked at me.

"Me have warrant: arrestum Captain Miles, arrestum Captain Moore, arrestum Quaker squaw."

Miles bounded from his chair and snatched the warrant from the Indian's hand. Then we read it together, and thus it ran:

"AWONSAMOG!

"You, You, You big Constable you. Quick you catchum Captain Miles; quick you catchum Captain Moore; quick you catchum Deborah Lyle; strong you holdum; safe you bringum; all afore me

"THOMAS WABAN, Justice Peace."

Miles burst into a roar of laughter and thrust the paper in the fire. The Indians went on smoking most unperturbable.

"Well," said Miles at last, "why don't you do it?"

"This Dedham; he justice Natick; he have no law arrest Dedham," said Nohkow, gravely.

"Me have no warrant; warrant in fire," said Awonsamog, with equal solemnity. "Now me go get other warrant."

Miles made bold to wink at him; but I could see the old Indian looked shocked. He shook his pipe in the embers of the warrant and rose up.

"Go get other warrant; if you go Boston, me arrest; Dedham men come here to-morrow, they arrest; you go Providence, they no findum, no can arrest."

So that night Miles took the reluctant damsel, and with Nehoiden for a guide, started through the woods for Providence; and in three days he returned with the news that there the poor Quaker maid had met with friends. And I told him we had had no molestation from the Dedham people; whether the Boston constable dared not venture to our stronghold up the river, or whether they learned from the Natick Indians that the bird had flown. But alas!

it was all of no avail; for we learned later that Deborah Lyle had returned to Boston and there been cruelly executed.

Miles had met no Indians save a scout of Noanett's, who, when he learned his errand, had let him pass. And now we began to farm in earnest. Our odd moments we would give to working on John Berry's house. And we got it well roofed in and walled soon after Easter; and Miles covered the floor with skins. Then we got word from Simpson (through an Indian runner that we sent to town for seed) that Simpson and the Colonel were coming out to visit us and their estates. Our seeding down was nearly done, and it was arranged that on their return I was to go back with them to town and take our cargo out to Barbadoes; so we awaited them contentedly enough, only laying in an extra store of Spring fish from the river, trout and alewives, and a heap of wildfowl, and trusting that the cordwainer would bring his other stores from town. And as they desired, we sent Quatchett to them for a guide; nor was he loath to go, being anxious to bring back from Boston that store of rum that he had there invested through the winter (the thought of which had many a time made his mouth water for the reality), and perhaps to add to it with his winter's earnings; and now that he was to go and return by canoe, he could easily bring it home; and he vowed never to lay up his treasure so far from home again. For Simpson had sent word that they would come out by river — we marvelled why, for it was a day longer, now the bridle-path had grown so good — and had bespoken for a

guide across the falls, which they seemed to deem a risque most awful. Miles and I chuckled to ourselves and trusted that they might get by Master Edward Alleyn and the Dedham constables, from whom he had heard nought for many weeks. And even if our good friend Major Lusher knew that they were coming for a mine, we foresaw nice points of mete and bound that would busy a town-meeting many days.

Yet on one warm night in May they got in, with no signal of guns, so that Miles and I failed to welcome them at the riverside, but found them on our return from a little hunting trip, very hot and testy, with one canoe only, all loaded down with bales of truck; and they had come through the long ditch in the meadows, to avoid the town, and so had had to load and unload all over again thrice that day — beads, and red and blue blankets, and looking-glasses, and a gross or two of knives and hatchets; and we watched them set out this cargo with amazement, until Miles asked Simpson whether he expected us to start a country store.

"You're not so far wrong, young man — not so far wrong. I'll tell you in the evening, when there are not so many prying ears about."

"Eyes, Master Simpson, eyes — ears don't pry —"

"Nay," says Simpson, testily, "but they grow." At which Miles Courtenay did roar with laughter, while the Colonel and I did marvel what there was to laugh at. But tell us they did that night; and it turned out, as I had half suspected, that the Indian silver still had roused their greed.

"So," said I, "you would attack them, after they have kept their peace this sixmonth?"

"Nay," said Jones, "we would only make a reconnoissance, as they say in the army — our object is but to study their position and see how they be placed, and whether on our land — "

"If it's fighting ye want," cried Miles, delighted, "ye have but to drift an hour or so athwart their valley, with your pile of trinkets open. Sure, they made no peace with you — "

But this suggestion did not suit them, though I agreed with Miles that they might prove better bait than the calf.

"We come but for trade," said Simpson. "Surely, there can be no harm nor breach of truce in that — " and he pointed to the beads and blankets and a bunch of axes in the corner.

"If it's the hatchets ye mean," said Miles, "they can do better than that their ownselves — " and he handed them an Indian hatchet he had picked up in the woods; "besides that, the handle's long and inconvenientlike for scalpin'. And there's no woman ye may tempt with the trinkets in the whole camp, seein' it's out for fightin', not for courtin'; barring the white fairy, and she'll not wear common glass beads, but is all bediamonded of dew and dust of violets." And Courtenay winked at me, and I knew that he referred to a foolish legend the people of Meadfield had of a white witch with the wizard Noanett. For wizard they believed him to be, as much as the Indians themselves.

"Now, Miles, none of your Dingle-Hole stories," says old Simpson; and looked at the Colonel meaningly. "Such tales are always made to keep the country-folk away. Did not I tell you they could

work metal? I'll warrant they have a smelting-oven up there. Good Captain Courtenay, tell us how we may best get in there."

"Well," says Miles, who did not relish being classed with country-folk, "they keep a scout on either hill, and if ye go over the range, he'll pick off perhaps a pair of ye before the others get to parley, and then ye'll be so unreasonable as to be fightin'-mad — "

"Nay," says Simpson; "I mean to get there safely."

"And if that's what ye want, ye'd better follow the example of the country-folk and stay away. And even if ye left your trinkets in the entrance of the valley, I'm thinkin' it might still be cause enough to fight that ye went there without an invitation."

"Don't these devils understand a flag of truce?" cried Colonel Jones.

"Sometimes their understanding comes a trifle late," grinned Simpson. "What we want is to get close to their village and get away unseen; or, if we are caught, to go at once to Pomham, who you say speaks English, and offer him samples for trade."

"In that case," said I, "I think I know a way they'll not expect. The waters are high now, and the stream is well hidden in the bushes and comes down through the centre of their valley."

"Capital!" says Simpson, "and we'll take a bale of stuff along."

"And one of Mistress Simpson's petticoats for a flag of truce," laughs Miles. But the plan was agreed, and that we were to start at early dawn;

and we spent the rest of the evening in chatting about the fire; but first had a dinner that did honour to Miles's hunting skill, and Woolacote's knowledge of a Devon pie; and when we came back from table, we found the stores all set out by the men, and our Quatchett ruefully contemplating one small keg of rum.

"And is that all ye got?" said Miles to him. "Why, you did better before."

"White trader say, he keep rum all through winter; cost much; cost much as keep a horse."

"And what had ye to say to that?" asked Miles.

"Me say, Hah! he no eat so much hay, but me believe he drink as much water." Whereat Miles laughed so loud that Simpson asked him petulantly to still that Irish tongue of his, the while more serious business was on hand.

"Manin' gold and silver?" said Miles. "The man's mine-mad. Do ye know the town laws require a grant to work a mine? And then must ye pay one tenth of all the yearly profits to the town-treasury, or, if the mine be less than a mile from the town, an eighth — Moore, me boy, hand down the town laws —"

"D—n the town laws," cried Colonel Jones. "What I fear is rather the law of England, whereby, if the gold and silver mined do countervail the baser metals, it is a Mine Royal, and all belongs to the Crown, videlicet, the Commonwealth, videlicet, Master Isaac Hull."

"Ye must e'en get your mine before ye have to share with him," quoth Miles. "I fear your first accompt will be with Noanett."

"I fear no salvage," says the Colonel, valiantly. "Are the canoes ready? we start at early dawn."

So we had a mug of Quatchett's watered rum, and went to bed and did most valiant snoring. And at four of the clock I got up, and found Master Simpson repenting himself a little of the adventure, and troubled, as was his wont at such junctures, about the health of his soul. But after a stoup of rum and water before breakfast, it liked him not to show this before the Colonel, who had held the King's commission; and Miles reminded him further that the state of his body was the more pressing concern that day. So all he found further to object to, was the cross upon the flag; but the Colonel and Miles both swore they would not travel without the impious emblem; and finally we compromised on Miles's suggestion, to carry it furled, and show but a flag of truce, as being also less startling to the Indians. And then we were soon off; and before sunrise we had turned the canoe into the dark stream that ran deep among the alders. Their twigs were so troublesome that we bade our guests lie flat in the bottom, while Miles and I, sitting each in the bow of his boat, pulled the light craft along by the branches; for there was not even room to paddle.

So all went well for some time; we came out of the alder to where the stream ran still in a little open meadow, between rows of willows. There was yet no sign to indicate that we were seen; and the valley narrowed and grew darker, the sun still behind the low cliffs to the left of us; when suddenly, without word or warning, an arrow flew between Miles and me, just in the place where Colonel Jones's plump

body would have stopped it, had he been sitting up. He instantly began to swear, and Simpson to wave his white handkerchief; while Miles and I but paddled and pulled the harder, hoping to reach again a part where the stream had better cover. But I asked them whether they would now turn back.

Simpson only grunted. "How far is it to their confounded fort?" whispered Jones.

"We must be very near," said I. "I see a crag to the right that I know hangs over it."

"Then in the Devil's name, go on," said he. "Better they fire on a white flag than pink us as we run away."

Miles chuckled; and just then the stream took a turn between two steep rocky banks, quite bare of brush or undergrowth, and so high that no one could wound us without showing himself on the bank above and letting us see what enemy we had to deal with. I breathed freely again; and the Colonel sat up in his canoe.

But at the moment, I saw Miles's face change; his canoe was in the lead. "Holy Mother," said he — but then his words were lost in a mighty roaring; and I saw his canoe leap like a horse; and then felt ours rear and plunge over backward; and the stream rolled me under and shot me along, and when I got my right end above the rapids, I could only gasp for breath and spare no time for looking; until at last, when I brought myself to, I was hanging with one arm in the crook of an alder-tree and the other arm swaying broken in the river. And then I saw, caught upon its side a few yards above me, the brown stream pouring under it, Miles's canoe,

quite empty, as I could see at a glance, its top being laid over toward me, bobbing and swaying on the torrent. And then I looked below me and saw Jones and Simpson caught on other trees, like flies in a strainer; and so far as I inferred, they were not hurt; for Jones was cursing vehemently, and Simpson loudly invoking the Lord's interference with the circumstances of his soul. And around us, in the alder swamp (which I now saw was the one we had passed through some half furlong before) were also caught some of the larger articles in our cargo that would float, a bale of red and blue blankets, Colonel Jones's cloak, and divers other trifles.

But Miles was nowhere to be seen, and I cried out to know where he was. No answer came, and I was about letting myself down into the flood (which I could see was subsiding) when to my joy I saw his black head in the water swimming down toward us.

"Miles, Miles!" I cried.

"God help us!" said Simpson.

"What hell is this—" shouted Jones.

But Courtenay swam quietly up to the canoe, which he righted, and then, finding bottom now to stand on, he shoved her under me, and I dropped into the boat, exhausted.

"I see your arm is broke, my boy," said he; "lie still and let me get in the traders." So he got them in, with some difficulty; and then was fortunate enough to recover one paddle, and with it began forcing a way through the alder swamp.

"Where the devil did you come from?" then said Jones.

"Well, I thought I might be more useful on the bank," said Miles, "so I even jumped."

"What in the Devil's name — O Lord, what was it?" cried Master Simpson.

"Water," answered Miles, laconically.

"Water?" chorussed both.

"Aye — what did you expect — whiskey?"

"Nay, but where did it all come from?"

"It came around the corner, like a brown wall, only a bit noisier; and I sang out to ye, and jumped."

"Was that all you saw?"

"Faith," said Miles, "I had no laysure for looking at the scenery."

"'Tis witchcraft," said Simpson, gravely; "the Lord protect us!"

"Aye, it must be the white witch's doings," said I. The Colonel looked pale; and glad enough we were to come out that thicket into the sunny river. And that night Simpson was for going back to town. But Courtenay, who had dressed my arm, told him I could not go for a fortnight.

"Then let him come later," said Simpson; "my business needs attention."

"And how about your business here? and the fine gross of silver slugs ye were to get for so many strings of beads and buttons?"

"Nay," said Simpson, "I'll have no more dealings with the devil nor his works."

And next day he and the Colonel went. And so, our mining put a stop to, Miles and I were left to our farming cogitations.

XXXVI

In which Miles Hath a Vision

OF course I could do no work; but I went round with Miles and showed him how to harrow and watch the crops, and did a bit more ploughing with my right hand and Quatchett, who marvelled much that one could do such tedious work to better a harvest that at best could not come before the fall, and I saw things mostly up before I went away. We were half expecting an attack from Noanett, but none came; so we stayed quietly by the farm and got ready for John Berry's wedding, which came at Whitsuntide; and after this I was to make my voyage to the Indies.

And if this turned out successful, I was to go home. So only one thing troubled me, and that was Miles, my friend. For there was a strange absent-mindedness about him in these days; in his eyes a dreaminess, as were they full of visions. There was a light in them that came from nothing that he saw; but often when you looked in them, you saw not Miles, nor he you, looking. And to me he spoke no more of her that he was seeking, and for whom he had come from England.

We asked Colonel Jones and Savil Simpson to the wedding, but they contented themselves with

sending fine presents to Polly Leland, the bride, and wedding-cake, and cheese of Cheshire, and puncheons of good beer and rum. The good Colonel wrote that the cordwainer would trust himself no more in that devil's country; and that he, the Colonel, was busily engaged in making investigations, the results of which he would communicate to us in due time. But all the Meadfield people came over to the wedding, albeit provided with more blunderbusses than sugared cates; for they were too near to Noanett to feel in safety, and troublous rumours were already rife. But we danced until after midnight, and then the good people marched homeward in the moonlight, cutting a wider swathe than when they came, and much in peril from their own blunderbusses. Then we left the bride and groom in their new house, and coming home, made our own guests (who were Lusher, and Fisher, and Fairbanke, and Wight and Dwight, but not Master Alleyne) comfortable for the night; and then we walked out by the river, down which the full Spring moon was shining, low in the West, and a gossamer sense of dawn lay in the valley, not yet a mist, but a lighter veil thrown across the night. Then Miles saddled a pony for me (as I was still a bit stiff in the upper arm), and we started together, for he said it was too late for sleep and he wished to walk with me.

We took the Hartford trail which still was shorter at the Boston end; and for an hour or more we went on in silence, I riding, and Miles tramping beside, his hand upon my pony's neck. So the moon fell down behind the forest, and the sky

through the trees ahead was pale; and then with one breath all the birds began to sing. I remember, we were crossing the brook above Noanett's valley, and the rugged crag to the left had a glow upon it, as we stopped, and Miles laid his hand upon my sound arm. It was like Miles to remember my hurt still when saying this:

"Moore, dear Moore," he whispered, "she is dead."

I started, and looked at him, but his face was turned away; then I asked him how he knew. Had he heard of her by her name? Even then it might be a false rumour, another person; the name of Clerke was not uncommon; but Miles only shook his head.

"'Tis no white witch," said he. "I saw her."

Then he told me how that he, when he was overborne by the flood of waters on that day, had seen her, plain as light, standing robed in white upon the hillside, and she had stretched out her arms to him; and, as nothing surprises a dying man, he had merely thought that he was drowned already, and with her in another world, until he woke again in this. But now he felt sure that she was dead; so, life was idle to him.

It wrung my heart to leave Courtenay like this. But if indeed he had seen her spirit — I half envied him, for the sign that she came to him — and what could I say to disprove it? Death is ever likely enough, the more so to her, as a delicate English lady coming to this wild country — nor is it always worst of all things. I parted from him very sadly, in the green May woods at sunrise, taking first his

promise that he would yet wait my return and not lose heart; and in a way this was a comfort to me, for I knew the faithfulness of the man; and so I went, and bore his sorrow on my own, through all the voyage. And then I came Southward, into the thoughtless light, and saw his notions were but visions. Yet they hardly troubled me, on his account, the less for that.

Now coming to Barbadoes, I went up to dinner with Sir Henry Gibbs, as I found him still there and living, and asked him what news he had from England. And he, looking at me kindly, said he had not written me, for that the thing might not be grateful news; but he had had advices, first, that old Penruddock had later been attainted of high treason and found guilty; and this first was the last, for what fate had come upon his granddaughter thereafter there was no way of finding.

Now you may imagine what frame of mind this left me in. I do guess the merchants of Barbadoes made their profit of my trouble; and that is one reason why I hate trade, that therein can men of stomach best men of heart so readily. But still, there was profit enough in this voyage at the worst, seeing the prices Simpson and I had paid for our goods; and I sold out all the cargo as quickly as I could, nor would I take time in the payment, but cash or Bristol bills; and so hastened back to Boston on the summer trade wind, bound thence at last for England! And just one tack we made from Barbadoes to Cape Cod.

And so getting home, I was met by Jennifer the first evening, at Mr. Simpson's. And she told me

she was on some trace, as she thought, of the Clerkes that Miles had known and sought so long; so she mentioned them, and blushed a little; but begged I would say nothing of it to him until she better knew. And I told her of poor Miles's visions, and his doubts that the lady were dead. And at this she implored me to hasten to him at once; for she seemed to think it more grave than I did, and I left her crying about it, and went at once to make sure of my ship for England; and paid for my passage to Bristol (the trade of the Virginias was commonly with Bristol, and ours in Massachusetts with Plymouth, but this was an exception), and made sure that I had some days before its sailing; and then I borrowed a horse and rode home to our plantation.

All was doing well; the maize was three feet high, and the barley tremendous, only the wheat a little thinner than I liked to see it. I gave up wheat thereafter. In the forest, hewing down great trees, I found Miles Courtenay; for now, as always, only the fiercest work would suit him. The old smile was in his eyes when he saw me, and he gave me quiet greeting, and looked, I thought, well; the great muscles of his arm stood out as tense as ever, albeit his skin was too white for a man's, and his eyes over brilliant. And I found he had learned a habit of working in the woods at night. He would come back only to breakfast; then he would shut himself up and write or sleep till afternoon, seeing nobody, and so start forth for the woods with his gun and axe at sunset once more. I thought this might be that he cared rather to live with shadows than with living men; I had a memory of

the song he had said to me one night as we were coming up to this country; and I asked him whether he had seen his vision any more. He told me, No; not once since I had gone. And I could see that he took this only as a sign of great meaning in it, and not as showing that his first sight had been unreal. But he preferred now not to speak of this, and would talk to me only of my lady; and cheer me up by saying she would surely be found, and encouragingly envy me the going to England for her. But he jested no longer, since he had seen his lady's soul.

Now that summer was a terrible season, never to be forgotten in New England. For, first, the witchcraft terror began to be heard of. God knows whether the poor creatures were all innocent; but before it ended, many a maiden that appeared as innocent as our Jennifer, and many a man less strange in ways than Miles, was accused, yea, and hanged, as witches. We escaped the fear of it, living so far away in the forest, where were witches enough of nature without making them of honest citizens, to say nothing of having a white witch of our own that had once been nigh to drowning us. And then there were the rumours of coming Indian troubles.

Now so far as I have ever heard, the praying Indians were always true; and one of them, Sassamon, a learned sachem, was later foully murdered by the Indians for his fidelity. Yet at that time the English would, as I believe, have massacred the Christian Indians but for Eliot and Daniel Gookin; and the praying Indians of Marlboro' indeed were cruelly driven at the cart's tail one winter to Boston,

and kept there on a bare island in the harbour through all the heavy cold, in great hardship and suffering, so that many of them died.

And one night we too were warned and helped by them; for a praying Indian named Quannapaug was led to us by Nehoiden and told us how he and another had been sent out from Natick by the English as spies; and for forty days they had been wandering even so far as Deerfield and Chebacco unsuspected; and so they had returned to Boston, weary and footsore, and warned them there that in twenty days all the frontier towns would be attacked — that is to say, Lancaster, Groton, Marlboro', Sudbury, and Meadfield. And we told John Berry to tell them of this at Meadfield; and they sent back word that they were well prepared.

Now I did not much like the going off to England if we were to be attacked. But what decided me to stay, at last, was this. I had given Courtenay Jennifer's message, despite her doubt; but he had only shaken his head sadly and said nothing. I could see he felt assured that no more on earth would he see his lady. Alas, it was scarce to be denied. New England was not yet so full a place that a young Englishwoman could be lost in it, living, and never found. And every settlement from Maine to the Connecticut had Courtenay searched in vain. Often did I thank God, when praying for my love, that she was lost to me but in England. And then would come the joyful feeling that I was so soon to go home! — until I saw Miles's still face again, and it smote me. And so, one day, I was sitting alone at the sunset and dreaming; dreaming that I was

buying minutes of my lady's life with years of mine; it was only the fourth or fifth day before my ship was to sail for home. The house was empty, and I was in the room that Miles had partitioned off for himself, with windows looking only on the river. The furniture was but furs and a table; and this was littered with Courtenay's books and writing. He never minded my seeing these; much of it was but his journal, but some was verses; for Miles had lived in Court in those days when they did write much verse; sometimes even, in this last winter chiefly, he would read his sonnets to me, and ask if they were not as good as Sir John Suckling's, and I would not know whether to take him for jest or serious, it seemed so strange to me that a man could write himself down in such light way — so I was glad now seeing that he was light-hearted enough to rhyme still — so I took up some of these, and read; there were two or three that were but beginnings; and one (I have it still)

"To My Lady —" (so it ran)

"Handmaiden to the Virgin, now on earth,
Her eyes the Virgin Mary's eyes in heaven
Best worshippèd through tears —"

I have it all, but it is very sad. And then I came upon another:

"To My Lady in Heaven."

"Dear, I have seen thee; and my soul returned
To wait for thee through all the worlds until
Our mother Mary lead me to thee, where
I still shall know thee, having Mary's eyes —"

Now as I read this, it seemed as if I were reading

Miles's prayer, and had no right; and I lay them aside and looked down the river. And there I saw a canoe coming round the point; and in its prow was standing Jennifer, waving her handkerchief. And I ran down to the bank, and saw also Colonel Jones, and there seemed to be two Indians; and I waved my hand to them, and the good Colonel shouted, and they came to the shore; and there, half laughing and half crying, Jennifer lept into my arms.

"Where is Miles Courtenay?" said she. "Where is Miles?" And when I told her that he was in the woods already, and would hardly return before dawn, her eyes filled with tears. "I hope that I have news for him," said she, simply.

"Is this," said I, "why you have come?"

She bowed her head and blushed. "Colonel Jones will tell you other things," said she. "But you must help me find Mr. Courtenay at once."

I told her she must rest a while and have supper; and moreover that there would be no use trying to find Miles until the moon rose, and he ceased wandering about the forest, but went to work where the clearing was. So she lay down to rest; and I went to help the Colonel, who was disposing his load of goods about the house. I saw that he seemed graver than usual, but waited for his news until he had had supper.

"Carew," said he to me, after we had finished, and Jennifer was lying down again, and we sat in the doorway smoking our pipes, and looking out at the meadows, that were gay with darting fireflies, and the sky with quiet stars, "Carew, there be three

things have brought me hither. First, thy partner Simpson is anxious that we should have another try at Pomham's men, and Noanett's silver; for he saith your truce must now be at an end, or if not, the Indians are moving from the Providence Plantations to the Merrimack, and we, like other English, have cause enough to drive all salvages back into the wilderness; for already have they burned Deerfield and Hadley, and carried many helpless women into captivity. Second, there are rumours that affairs have changed in England; and the townspeople are all the more embittered for that, and do begin to look askance at me for a royalist; so I deem it not unwise to retire to my country estate for a while, that I may be forgotten until Charles is comfortably on his throne, or at least we know whether he or Monk or Richard Cromwell is to be king of England. For king there shall be, mark my words; 'tis not in the spirit of the English people to be governed by its rump alone. Third, and last and worst, this damnable spirit of witchcraft has got abroad, and while nobody knows the real witches, the vixens and the Puritans are over ready to accuse churchpeople, and newcomers, and young and pretty women. And I had word from Mr. Josselyn over at Charlestown that danger lay that someone might name our Jenny; though God knows she hath done no harm, and given no suspicion, save by going to gaol to nurse some of the captive Indians or poor accused persons that were lying ill there."

At this I sprang to my feet. "Charge our Jenny with witchcraft?"

"Nay, nay, my lad, you may be sure I'd not have given her up. But 'twas just as well for me, a soldier and a magistrate, not to be in conflict with the ceevil authority; so I e'en thought I'd bring her out here for the country air, and not wait for the necessity; the more so, as for some reason of hers, she begged me much to come."

Just then Jenny appeared, at the door of Miles's room, which we had given up to her. She had a shawl drawn about her; and looked at me, pleading silently. So I told Jones that I had promised her help to find her brother (for so still we often called him) that night, though not sharing her anxiety about him. Jones hinted that he himself was well placed, his heels on the hearthstone and a pipe to his lips, with no fear of a visit from Master Mather or Justice Sewall, and enjoying the novelty of the feeling. So we left him there alone, and Jenny and I went out, as the moon was rising; I leading the way through the forest, her white figure gliding silently behind, bearing the answer to Miles's prayer. But when we came to a fork where the path divided, Jennifer had an instinct to turn to the right; and took the lead.

XXXVII

In which We Find why Miles Walked Lonely in the Wood

THREE times are forever fixed within my memory, and that night is the second of them — Jennifer leading silently through the woodpath, in her white dress, with a black mantle thrown like a surplice over her shoulders, and the dim light touching her face. The path was like a narrow aisle in the great hemlocks, and she was like an angel in a lofty church that bore her message unto one that prayed there; a message (as I then thought) of life to Miles, of death to her who bore it.

We came to where Miles was used to work; but his axe stood buried in the block and the clearing was silent, save for the great harsh cries of the nightjars and the whippoorwills. We sat down there, waiting, on a log at the edge of the clearing, and the night grew darker while Jennifer told me her story.

How she had vowed those three years since, in the Maryland country, that she would find Courtenay's quest for him (for true love doth always take no thought but for the other's happiness, beyond the point of mere renouncing), and that night when she had the fever she had a vision of a lady with soft, proud eyes, and gracious like a reed, and it

was the face, she knew, that Courtenay had loved; and so she had never forgotten it. And since, she had never seen a company of people, in the streets, in the markets, in the church, without looking for that face. And of late, that she had less to do at home (for our friends had learned to make a lady of her, as she well deserved), she had sought to do some kind works, and so had taken to visiting the gaol and reading or praying with the poor people that were lying there. Among others she had seen and comforted poor Deborah Lyle, when she had returned to her death; and Jenny's eyes glistened as she told me how the poor daft Quakeress had spoken of Miles and his saving her, and of his brave kindness on their long journey through the snow. And many Indians used to be there, too; for adjoining the gaol was a house whither they used to send people that were sick, especially Indians and such as had no friends, and others who had small pox or other dreadful ailments. And of the Indians she would always ask whether they knew of any white lady that was living away off with the tribes or in the forest. And several such she had found, and made quest of, but only in vain; for they were not like the face she had seen in her dream.

(Now it was this strange habit of hers, the making meaningless journeys about the country; or her friendly converse with the prisoners, some of whom already in those times were locked up on charge of witchcraft and awaiting trial; or still more, her nursing of poor sick Indians without fear, and taking no infection; that made the people look

askance upon her. Or most of all, as I believe, herself, with her wondrous eyes; for they did have the strange look of seeing even into heaven; as, this year, had Courtenay's too; and a certain lofty sweetness, that made the common people afraid.)

And so it happened that one day she was tending a poor captive Indian that had been wounded in the wars. And he had told her that far to the West, in the high hills beyond the Deerfield river, they had captured a white man whose name was Clerke and a maiden with him; but that later through some power of magic they had both escaped, and gone, he believed, to the Westward, and joined their enemies the Mohawks; for there had been rumours that a mighty Englishman was leading this tribe, and they had never won a battle from them since. And this Clerke, when captured, had been with a party of Bay Indians that had come from Wampanoag; and they were all tortured to death; yet would not speak before they died, nor tell the reason of their coming there, nor why they all carried bags containing multitudes of white shining stones. And so they had all died, silent, before the eyes of this Clerke that was with them; and he had made strange signs and magic movements over them which had seemed to have some wonderful effect. And all this time the young woman had been weeping, but keeping far away in her tent; and he, the sick Indian who told Jennifer, had found a squaw to tend her. And the white girl had a totem with her that had magical powers, for she kept kissing it; and then she had asked him, who spoke a little English, to take it to the

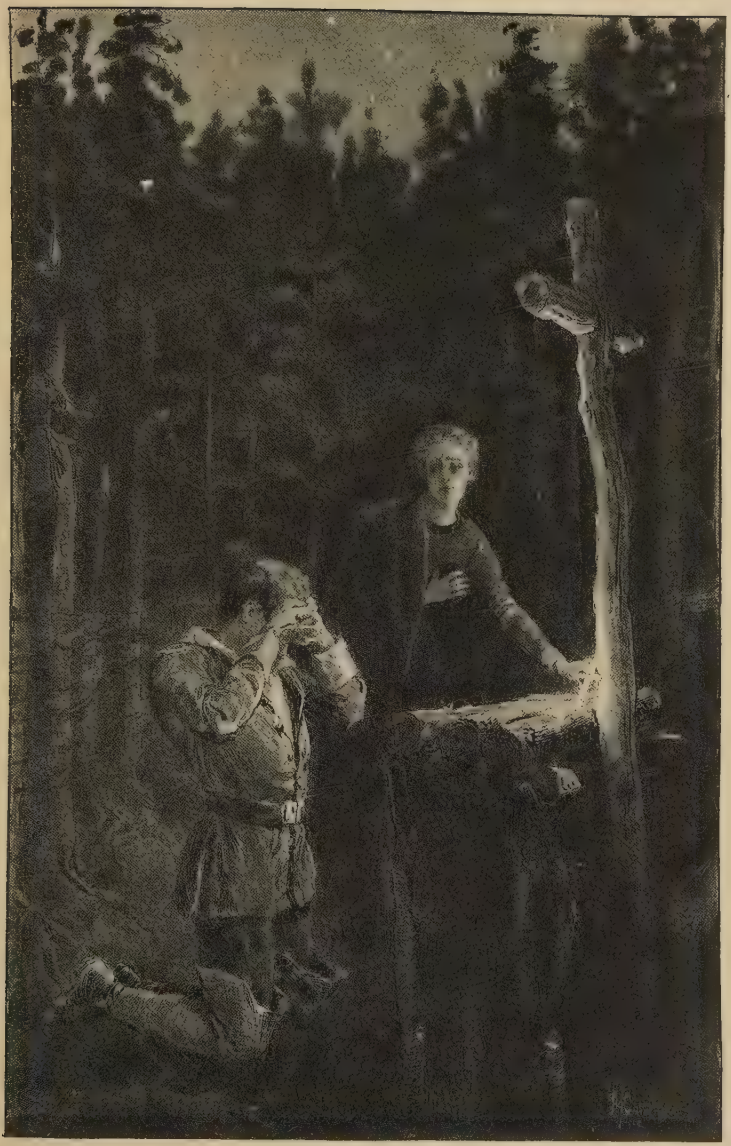
white man and the dying captives; and so had he done, and the white man gave it to the Indians that were being burned, and they had kissed it too.

Then (had said this Indian) they had resolved to keep the man for his great medicine powers, and the young squaw that was with him; but after some months they had escaped, with his connivance. In that time he had spoken much with her, and had been led to serve her, in what ways he could; and in return, she had taught him of their God, that was the true God. And it was curious (for they were nothing but Papists) how this Indian had no inkling that their God was not a different God from that worshipped by the Puritans on the Bay; but it was evident, Jennifer said, that she had made him believe; though in the years since it had grown half broken in his mind, and all his thought was of finding her once more and completing the lessons she had given him, so that he might teach his tribe. But now, that the Indian knew that he was dying, and would never find her, he gave to Jennifer the "totem" as he called it, which the lady Clerke had given him the night before they went away, in gratitude for his protection and in reminder of his abiding by the new faith. And from that time had he never wavered, nor forgotten. Now this "totem" was an ivory crucifix, very beautifully carved.

So Jennifer had stayed with this Indian until he died, with a prayer to the Virgin on his lips that she (his saint-lady he called her) had taught him; while Jennifer had held the crucifix for him to kiss. She took it out and showed it to me, even now, as we sat there, in the dark wood, waiting for Miles.

But Courtenay did not come, and we were restless with waiting. We got up and walked about the clearing, and as we did so, I noticed, for the first time, a little well-worn path that made off toward a swampy part of the wood where I had never been. I wondered if Miles had made it. We went into it, but so narrow it was that we had to walk in single file. It led (as I knew it must) down to a great pool that lay, in many bays and arms, in the lowest depths of the forest; but what I did not know was, that in the narrowest part of this morass, whither this path led, was a bridge, made by a huge, dead hemlock trunk, over to a little island that stood in this wood-lake, grown dense as men could stand with cypress and red cedar. Into this island the path led on, after we had crossed the bridge, over netted roots; and as we stepped on them, the tall cedars, for a rod's distance around us, would quiver with each tread. And I was thinking what a defence this place might be against the Indians, when Jennifer, who was walking now in front of me, made a low murmur of surprise.

For in that dense growth of evergreen was an open place some five yards square, cut out clean and even as a little chapel with its walls of stone. The cedar growth about it, with tree-trunks not a foot apart, must have been dense enough to shut out both sight and light by day, and were furthermore thickly wattled to a screen with evergreen boughs. The close coppice grew but some four yards high, to where in a level line the sad trees ceased growing, crowned with gray moss; so that from above the starlight came down; and we could see, at the other



end of that chapel in the wood, a sort of altar and a great white cross, hewn of stripped wood and covered with forest vines; and before it we saw Miles upon his knees and praying. And we both knew that he was praying for the soul of her he loved and had thought dead. For the Catholicks do pray for souls in either world.

Jennifer said no word, but went up and placed the ivory crucifix upon the altar, in the centre of the cross of evergreen. I saw her stand there one moment, in front of Miles, her slender body gleaming in her white dress. Then she came back noiselessly; and all the while had Miles not moved.

"Come home," whispered Jennifer to me; "we may leave him now."

XXXVIII

In which We do Battle at Meadfield

WE came softly away; and as we came to pass over the tree-trunk above the opening of the pale water, we saw in it a red reflection from the sky to the South. And coming out of the wood, I saw that all the horizon was reddened scarlet as by a forest fire. But it was brighter, sharper light, with less smoke than a June woodland should have given; and I was half anxious about it even then, before I heard John Berry's voice crying over the wood.

I answered, "Here am I," and he came running through the path from his house, into the new clearing, where we had sate to wait for Miles.

"God help us, Mr. Carew," cried he, "but the Indian devils have fallen upon Meadfield!"

"And they are burning it, I see," answered I, calmly, as was my way, to keep authority among the men. "But how did you know?"

"A boy that is my wife's brother ran over, crying. —O Mr. Carew Polly is like to die, I fear, for her mother and her sisters are over there, and she lieth moaning by our hearthstone, and the baby not yet born!"

"Quiet, man," said I; "I'll go with you to her. Have they called no other aid?" And I wanted to

fire my gun for Miles, but that I remembered the horror that womankind have of gunpowder, and feared to alarm her in her illness. And Jennifer ran with us.

"A runner started for Dedham at the first attack; but he hath sixteen miles to cover, there and back, and no help may be hoped from thence before the morning." As he spoke, we came to his house; and Jennifer went in to nurse the wife.

"Tell her that we have gone to Meadfield and will save her sisters, God willing; and that I am about to fire a gun to bring the others, and bid her not be alarmed." So I ran to the clearing by the house, and fired my musket in the air twice, and then the little cannon, hoping it might reach to Meadfield. "And Berry, run thou into the house and get Colonel Jones, and tell him bring his arms. And Woolacote and I will start at once, but stay thou by thy wife and the farm — saddle the pony for Colonel Jones, that he may ride and overtake us on the trail."

As we came back by the new clearing, I loaded and fired my musket twice again for Miles to hear, and Woolacote and I started on the way; for I knew how much even two fresh men might mean, to men that were fighting at bay for their lives. But we had scarce gone two miles before Miles overtook us, running lightly as a deer, his gray eyes gleaming and his face all pale. "Did you hear my shots?" I asked him.

"Aye, Moore — but 'twas the blessed Virgin warned me." I looked at him, in dismay for his mind.

"Aye, brother dear — have no fear, for it was herself did come to me as I was praying to her, and brought a love-token from my lady in heaven —" and Miles took from his breast the ivory crucifix, and I saw that it was Jennifer that he had seen.

"Moore," said he, "this was my lady's. 'Twas one I got for her, for hers that she had lost. Now will ye doubt that she is dead?" He kissed it and put it back; and I did not tell him then that we had brought the crucifix; for we heard now the firing of musketry at Meadfield, and so we ran on, and at the meeting of the ways found a company of the friendly Indians from the Natick village; and Courtenay naturally took command of us all, even to Colonel Jones, who rode up just then loaded with pistols and blunderbusses, but gave way to Miles's greater influence and knowledge of Indian fighting. "I left your man Berry to look after his wife and Jennifer," gasped the good Colonel, without waiting for the wind to catch up that he had left behind upon his gallop; "if we can't beat the Indians without him, we'll try to keep 'em busy while he gets the womenfolk in safety."

And after this was nothing said, for we needed our breath for running.

When we came to the high upland North of the village, we saw that to the Westward all the houses were burning, but at the East end of the town some few were standing still. "Come to the unburned houses," then Miles gave order; "that is where you'll find the English, if there be any left to fight."

So we circled around, crossing the marshy meadow, until we struck the Hartford trail where it came in

from Dedham; and it proved that Miles was right, for we heard shots, and saw them firing from the windows of their houses, as we ran up behind them. And when we came to the wider road, that was laid out straight through the little village, we saw at once the whole dreadful sight. For all down this street, for nearly a mile that we could see, burned the houses; those that were farthest West already embers, those near us still in flames; while from the windows of the little house there was nearest us of all (which still stands there, and you may see it any day, with its narrow gables and single high-pitched roof, the only one not destroyed by the Indians in all the town of Meadfield) we saw the frightened faces of women and children, looking Eastward for the hoped-for help. Then we knew that the attack had come from the West, and was from the young chief Metacom or Philip (he that had made the speech about the button on Eliot's coat) and not by Noanett's people; for we had heard that he had been making a great fortification by the river West, over toward what you now call Sherborn.

The street was empty of white men, save for the dead bodies that lay across it; we might have thought them all killed, only now and then we heard scattered shots, that came from that nearest house. But down the road a furlong in front, in the crimson light that the fires made, we saw the throng of dancing, scalping savages.

Then said Miles to the Colonel, "You must give me your horse — let me lead; and do you form regular like soldiers, and we'll charge and clear the street."

"Nay, Captain Courtenay," answered he, "'twere madness to expose a handful in close order against all that band. We must seek to join them in the houses. Moreover, our Indians will not fight so in the open, as you know — if indeed these praying Indians will fight at all."

"Not so," said Miles; "we cannot hope to beat the others if they fight; our only chance is to make them run away; to make Philip's people think that we are the Dedham trained band arrived, trained soldiers, the vanguard of an enemy superior to them. But I am in command," he cried, breaking off; "let who will follow me!" And he threw himself upon the horse and charged with a shout down the street.

"Forward in line — double-quick — charge!" cried Jones; and we six white men (counting Isaac Chenery who had warned us and Nehoiden and the other Natick scout) followed running; I fear me the Natick Indians scattered to right and left, behind the houses, whence they afterward did much murdering. We saw Courtenay gallop into the foremost crowd of Indians, firing two of Jones's blunderbusses far and wide; and then his sabre gleam above their feathers; and we fired one volley at command of halt; and then charged again, as they turned to run. And then our Natick allies must have begun to shoot, for there was firing from round about, though our own guns were empty; and the Meadfield men, thinking that we were indeed the trained band from Dedham, came out and joined us. And so we cleared the village of the cowardly heathens and saved the lives of the Meadfield people that were left, a score of men and

almost all the women and children. But all the town save that one house was burned.

Courtenay did not rest, but started with me to go about among the smoking ruins and succour such of the wounded as remained alive. But alas! all that had not been overlooked or lost by those devils were scalped, and dying if they were not already dead; and I was glad for poor John's sake to find his wife's people safe in that house among the other women. And many of the village, they said, had taken to the forest at the first alarm. These only dared come back to the burned settlement when they saw the Dedham soldiers come along the road, which they did about an hour before the dawn.

Then we learned from the Meadfield men, how, on the day before (which was a Sunday) the Indians had been seen to the South, on Noon Hill — so called because from the village the sun lay always over it at midday — and on Mount Nebo, as the people were coming out of meeting. Little then had been thought of it, because it was known that Philip had been erecting that great palisade at the place called Bogastow pond, to the West of the river, a stronghold surrounded by swamps and only to be approached up a little stream by one canoe at a time. But, on the Monday, at dawn, two brothers, Jonathan and Eleazar Wood of Sherborn, living over on the river at the place still called Death's Bridge, were sent to fetch a pair of oxen; they entered the barn where the beasts were kept at daybreak, and heard a noise which they mistook for that of swine, and so let out the cattle; and while in the act of yoking them they were assailed by

a party of Indians, who rushed from out the barn and knocked them on the head with tomahawks; so but one survived long enough to tell the tale.

Now at Meadfield a constant watch for Indians had been kept; and the signal to seek refuge in the stone garrison house and stockade was a continuous beat of drum, or a beacon fire, and three shots; and there was forty shillings' fine for the firing any other gun after watchset. But Jonathan Wood had fired one shot; which hearing, the Indians began the attack upon the town. And Samuel Morse told us that he had first seen an Indian hidden in the hay when he went out to feed; he had then turned out the cattle, pretending not to see him, told his family, and all had fled to the garrison; the fire breaking out in their house even as they ran.

Among the killed of that attack were John Fussell, nearly one hundred years old, burned in his own house; Mary Thurston, a little girl of seven; Eliza Smith, killed while flying to the fort with an infant child who was left for dead, but recovered. The great gun was fired, as a signal to Dedham; but Isaac Chenery, who had warned us, had seen the Indians lurking about the belt of woodland near by, so took his wife and children and hid them in the hollow of a great rock; and then came on to us through the woodland, not daring to cross the open to the town.

And now at dawn, the Indians retreated across the bridge on Stop River, which they burned; and upon Noon Hill, in full view of us all and the smoking ruins of the town, they did roast an ox and hold a savage revel by those great swamp horn-

beams you still know as the King Philip trees; and there we could even see Philip himself, riding his black horse exultantly and leaping him to and fro over the fences.

Then we took counsel what to do. For it was clear that an Indian war had begun, and no farm nor outlying settlement would be safe from that time on; and we lay between two strongholds of the Indians. Most of the Dedham company were for following them now to Philip's fortress behind the Charles; but Miles opposed it, for we could not know they had gone back there; nor could we cross the wide Stop River marshes beneath their fire from Noon Hill; and Miles also reminded them of Noanett's nest in the hills behind us; they might turn and go thither; at all events, while it remained, there was no safety for our farm, where were Berry and his wife and Jennifer, nor hardly, in our absence, for Dedham; though it might be hoped that this place, with its palisades and swamp land surrounding, might be strong enough to fight and hold them off with only the old men and boys that remained in it.

So it was finally agreed that the women and children should be taken to our farm and thence sent down by river to Dedham in canoes. Many of them were too weak or ill to walk over the eight miles of rough trail that intervened, to say nothing of an ambush from the Indians on either side; and the men, after they had rested and got new supplies, were to march on to the attack of Philip's fort at Bogastow; leaving us, with the Natick men, to deal with Noanett.

So we marched back, through the meadow you now know so sunny and peaceful, the women all in front, and Miles and I with loaded muskets bringing up the rear. And though he had fought that night in a mien that had put me in mind of the avenging angel of whom scripture tells (yet neither of us had received a scratch), I now saw that he looked pale and walked heavily; and his eyes were dull, as of one who is weary with the look of this world. Then I remembered what he had said as we marched to the attack. And as we got into the kinder forest close by home, we fell behind, and I told him, that warm summer morning, every word of Jennifer's story. When I had done, he gave a great sigh; and I saw the colour in his face once more. Then he took out the little crucifix and crossed himself.

"Moore," he said, "this Cross that Jennifer (God bless her, as I took her for the blessed Virgin herself!) — that our Jennifer hath found and brought to me, belonged to my dear lady. And she it was, I know, that brought the poor savage's soul to God."

"With His aid we shall find her, then," said I. And as he kissed the little crucifix she had so sent to him, I had to think of my own love in England, and of my ship that was to sail now only three days away. Then we came by the path that led by Miles's little chapel; and I saw him give one glance toward it; and he was walking now as I had not seen him walk since we first had landed, for our long searching, in Virginia. "Will you go at once?" I said.

I saw there was a struggle too in his mind; for he answered not at first.

"If she is in the West, even with the Mohawks, they are enemies of our Indians, being Iroquois. But this war that Philip hath commenced will spread through all the land. Aye — we must lose no time."

I was silent. It was hard to leave him now to seek her out alone; and it was hard to lose, perhaps for many months, my voyage to England; for it seemed my heart could hear the voice of my own lady, calling me there.

"Nay," said Miles at last, as if answering a thought like my own, "we cannot leave these poor people here in all the danger — poor Berry may not leave his wife; and Jenny, if I know her, will not leave her. God is there, and here," he said. "We'll not go before we can leave them all in safety, and the blessed Virgin, that hath found her for me, will see no harm comes to her, in these few days." And Miles bared his head; and looked longingly toward the golden West, which lay already in the flush of sunset, like some dreamland for a knight to ride into.

Then was my own mind made up. "And I'll stay and go with you," I said. And from this simple doing of our duty came both our happinesses, as you shall see, though in such different ways.

XXXIX

In which Jennifer doth Find Miles's Love

THEN we hurried on to the head of the little column; and Jennifer met us on the doorstep. "God bless you, Jennifer," said Miles; and he bent and kissed her; and then she knew that he knew. But she only turned a little pale; and then spoke to me.

"What is this?" she said. "I found it at the house door when I came back in the night."

It was a snakeskin, stuffed with powder and ball; and about it was twisted a paper, on which was written, in fair English script, "FROM POMHAM."

"Faith," said Miles, smiling merrily, and it was good to see him smile again, "he hath broken his truce at last, and sent word like a gentleman, to let us know." And he looked again at the writing, closely.

"Who do you suppose could have done the writing for them?" said I. But Courtenay did not seem to hear. And in that afternoon came a company from the Plymouth colony that had followed a war party of Indians up through the great swamps by Rehoboth and the source of the Neponset water, and thence, seeing the smoke of Meadfield, had crossed over the hills to the Charles valley; and so to us, and much surprised to find a farm there.

They reported that the forest was alive with Indian runners, and the band they had been following had surely come to join Philip's muster at the great Bogastow fort.

"We may expect an attack to-night," cried Colonel Jones. "We may expect Pomham's snakeskin to mean as much as that."

"Unless," suggested Miles, "it meant the attack on Meadfield, and was a warning to us, neighbourly-fashion, to get out of the way."

But the Dedham men were all the keener to attack the great fort at once, before more tribes could get there; though indeed they offered to leave a dozen men with us; but this we did not care to ask for. At this the good Colonel sulked a bit, and said something of our damned independence; but was reconciled when, at nightfall, Master Simpson and young John Jones arrived from Boston, whither news of the intended war was at last believed, he being anxious about us and bringing along two servants with horses for our escape. Thus we had four more men; and Miles and I consulted whether we should send Jennifer and the women back to the town; but resolved not to, partly that the country was not safe, even between Natick and town, with all the bands of savages flocking from North and South and West to join King Philip's army, partly that little Jenny was most determined not to go. And a dozen men were as many as our house could comfortably hold, and might defend the stockade as well as fifty against the little band that Pomham was likely to bring against us.

And there we found that the few Meadfield men

surviving were in such terror that they dared not even take their womenfolk down the river, as they would have to pass by Noanett's valley, but preferred to stay with us and fight; so this brought our number up to rising twenty. It was just dark when the train-bands from Dedham left, meaning to march up the valley of the Charles and invest the fort at Bogastow by dawn; and we passed the night in setting pails of water at handy places about the house and stockade; for fire from their flaming arrows was what we most feared; and we brought out the little cannon that had done such service once before against Noanett's men, and set it to face the main gateway. And sure enough, that night the attack was made, soon after the moon set. But they were not prepared to find us in any such force, thinking, doubtless, that but Miles and I and our household remained, for their scouts of course had told them of the marching of the train-band; and, after surrounding the clearing and shooting harmlessly from the woods, they dared make but one attack in the open. And then we met them with such a mess of iron stuff from the little cannon and such a volley from our twenty guns that they vanished in the forest, and thereafter we heard nothing more of them. Both Miles and I had made out Pomham; but Noanett I did not see; Miles had never seen him; but I fancied I should know him from his long white hair.

Now there is no time when a man is so anxious for a fight as just after the enemy have run away; he is like a hunter that has had a shot and missed his bird; and so we found, when the Colonel and

Simpson came to hold council with us, that they were keen to follow it up by attacking their stronghold again in the morning; the two townsmen may have been still thinking of the silver slugs, but Miles and I were still fighting mad from Meadfield — at least I was. Miles was in a joyous mood, or led by some impulse, to go on. And, lest any should escape, it was planned that Miles and I, with our own men, should take the canoes, with the little cannon in the bow of Miles's oaken dugout (which my gibes had got him to induce the Natick men to finish) up Noanett's stream; while Jones and Simpson (who had no stomach for further floods unchained by the white witch) led the others, with Woolacote to guide them, through the trail there which lay over the rocky hills to the West of the valley. Four men we left to guard the farm with Berry; though it was hardly to be feared they would attack it again that morning after the beating we had given them in the night.

So our party started, the three canoes taking the lead by an hour, about the time it would take us in them to reach Noanett's stream, that the two forces might reach the heart of the valley at the same time, or as near as might be; and we urged Master Simpson till the last to stay behind, for he was getting an old man, and his wide son was there to be shot at. But he would not hear of it; whether the Colonel had put him in a fighting humour (for Jones was full of fight as any younger Welshman when he once smelt powder), or more likely that both were sniffing on the scent of Noanett's silver mine.

As Miles and I drifted down side by side, he drew his lighter craft to mine. "Moore," said he, "you must let me be captain of this sally — will you not?"

"Surely," I answered, laughing, "*Major* Courtenay" — thinking of the old times in Virginia.

"Then I want you to let me take this light canoe, and only one man, that can swim well, and we to go ahead; and you to wait with the artillery; and not follow on up the valley until you hear a shot from me; but stay behind in the alder swamp."

"Do you fear the white witch?" said I, demurring; for it seemed we had too often been in danger side by side for me to stay behind him now.

"No," said he, "but I fear some crafty man's contrivance — and when we so have drawn his fire you can come up upon 'em with their outworks empty."

I had an inkling what he meant; and agreed, seeing there was not much real danger, perhaps, in what Miles proposed. And so, when we turned into that steep valley, it was dim yet with the night mist, and the sun not yet over the Eastern crag; and with a whispered word to the men we turned aside with the other large canoe into the recesses of the alders, while Miles paddled on in the open. And sure enough, only a few minutes after his canoe had disappeared, we heard the roaring of loosened water; and in a few seconds more came the brown flood, as I had expected, here spread outward into the wide alder swamp, so that it now but gently raised our canoes amid the trees. And then, his canoe floating

down stream, bottom up, himself and Nehoiden swimming unharmed beside it.

Then we righted it, and divided our men equally between all the boats once more; and started all of us up the stream, now rapidly subsiding. And as we passed beyond the place where we had met the flood before, we saw that the walls of the stream were here laid artificially of great squared stones. And in a few moments more we came to a great dam of unmortared masonry, running straight across the valley from hill to hill; and behind it lay the oozy bed of an emptied pond; and meandering through this was the deeper natural bed of the stream.

"Does that look like Indian handiwork?" called out Miles to me, pointing; and I saw that the dam itself had been a movable timber gateway, which had been drawn up and so let the whole little lake go out in a sudden flood. "Faith, a very pretty idea of water defences hath your Noanett," laughed Miles, "for a man that hath been bred inland and speaks no English. Are you sure that he be indeed a savage, or doth it merely suit him to appear one?"

"He spoke no English," I began; but even as I said it, I remembered that one word which he had seemed to understand and had been quick to answer the sentence before Pomham had interpreted it to him. "He certainly was painted," said I.

"That he learned, maybe, from the Court ladies. I only hope he hath no other lake to drown us with."

I looked up the valley in apprehension; and as we came up to where the stream entered the pond,

we saw it was there too an artificial sluiceway running between stone walls. And while we hesitated whether to venture in it with our boats (for we saw, scarce two hundred yards farther up, another great embankment of round stones and gravel blocking the narrow glen) upon the top of this came out Colonel Jones and Simpson and all the others of their party, and waved their caps at us with a mighty shouting.

"Divil take him," grunted Miles, "old Noanett has got away; sure they never had taken him without a shot." But we paddled up without apprehension; and there found another huge dam making a second little tarn up in those hills. And beyond this, we could see, was even one more; and we marvelled that this Noanett had had the skill, or his Indians the industry, to lay these great stone dikes across the valley.

His camp lay at the neck of land that divided these last two ponds, the houses, or wigwams, running across the dam and up the hill on either side; but at the left there is a beautiful grassy slope, leading down from the Eastward crag; and here, with a garden and even an orchard of English apple-trees, was a house of mortared stone; and this, it was plain to see, had been the chief's. And about its doorway grew a side of yellow English roses; and standing on the threshold I looked backward and saw a prospect that was marvellous fair. For here the three little lakes lay at my feet, the lowest one now but a bed of bright greens and watercresses; and through the narrow glen I could trace the stream that is still called Noanett's, winding down

to join the Charles, where it lay hidden in the forest. And far beyond this the country rose in wooded waves to break in chain after chain of purple hills, until they culminated in the round filmy domes of the mountains in the Hampshire province. While, to the South, the glen grew wilder until it vanished in a maze of upland moss and moor and broken crag. And in all this country not one sign of settlement could then be seen save only the Indian village at Natick, and far to the Northwest a little scratch in the forest that Nehoiden told me was the street of Billericay.

Now, while I was looking at all this, came my partner Simpson and tapped my arm. "Look hither," said he; "for this is more than mere foolery of war." Miles and I followed him; and we came to a long, low wooden shed, the only other in the glen that was more than wigwam; and here was Colonel Jones standing, looking at a run of stones inside it; and beside it was a little flume and an undershot wheel.

"A mill," said I.

"Aye," said he, "but not for flour — where should he find more corn in this wilderness than the Indian women can fill their pestles with? This he used for crushing ore. And now come hither."

We went by the upper pond through a dense thicket that I recognized as being near the place where I had fallen through the ground that day when I had come through the valley unawares; and here, by the stream, hidden in the dense wood that would hold the smoke down in the glen and scatter it but slowly, we found a large oven like a lime-furnace.

"Now you can see where his silver bullets came from," said Jones. "Here was his smelting-pot — and now, where did he keep his ingots? though I fear me well he hath left none for honest Christians who would make a proper use of them." A notion came to me, and I led them back up the wood-path, near the place where I had fallen. And here, to be sure, we found a sort of cellar, that had evidently been covered with leaves and earth upon a lid of thatched boughs; for this lid lay thrown backward on the ground beside it. But the cellar was quite empty; not so much as a silver button could Jones or Simpson find; though some piles of iron ore, rough crushed or melted into slag, were still there to remind me on what hard things I had fallen; and I wondered not my senses had left me and my shoulder been left ready for a sling.

Jones and Simpson could hardly bring themselves to believe that all had been removed, however; he must have had other treasures, they thought; and how could Noanett and his people have escaped, with both the hill path and the glen way occupied by us? For surely they never could have gone out towards the town of Meadfield or the Hartford trail which was now patrolled by scouts both day and night.

But Miles and I grew weary of waiting; and while old Simpson was delving in the watercourse and rummaging the empty wigwams, we walked up to the Eastern hilltop, which we found to be even higher than that across the valley, though less precipitous. And here as we sat, one thought in both our minds, we started at a gunshot, and then another

and another; and we saw the puffs of smoke rise from the clearing of our farm, which lay almost at our feet.

We sprang down the mountain, and telling the others that the signal came from home, Miles joined them to go back over the mountain, while I made haste to get homeward with the boats. But haste as I might, Miles got there before me; and he met us with the news that a runner had come from the soldiers that had left that night for the great fort, and told how they had been beaten off after more than one attack, and were now in full retreat, and feared that Philip might be bold enough to follow them.

But this was not all that Miles had to tell me. For, leading me apart to a place near by in the woods, I found Jennifer sitting there. "Tell Moore how Pomham escaped, and what you saw," said he.

Jennifer was very pale.

"You had been gone perhaps two hours," said she, "when a row of large canoes came up the river. We feared an attack and barred the gates. But they tarried not, and I counted seven canoes as they passed. In the last sat the Indian that appeared to be the chief. And the canoes were all loaded with many goods, and the Indians had guns. But in the one before the last was an old Indian with white hair; and with him sat an English lady that appeared to be his captive; for she was weeping bitterly; and I ran out through the wood by the water side to see them pass. And as I came out by the river, she saw me; and her eyes met mine. . . ." Jennifer paused a moment; I was looking at Miles; but as

I turned to her, she went on. "And she was the lady I saw in my dream, that gave the crucifix to the Indian, that belongs to Mr. Courtenay."

Jennifer's voice had died into a whisper; and I looked at Miles's radiant face. "What do you think?"

All faith lay in his eyes. "I believe in the vision Jennifer hath seen, as I do in the visions of Holy Writ."

"O Moore," said Jenny then to me, "I know, I know; pray doubt me not; for I have found her at last, as my heart hath led me to her." And I looked; and doubted not the sight that lay within her eyes.

XL

In which I Find Her

ALL that morning the men of the attacking force came in, by squads of twos and threes. They did this, partly in the habit of Indian warfare, and partly that they thought Philip less likely to follow them so, than if they had retreated in a body; and they had rendezvous at our farm. For they were not beaten, as they said, but only beaten off; and the notion liked them not of running back at once to their own homes. Moreover, they had some thought of seeing how our attack on Noanett had fared; and helping us, if we had not been successful, and thus making up in part for their own misfortune.

By the middle of that afternoon all had come; and the latest comers brought word that Philip had shown no disposition to follow them, but was lying in his fortress of turf, betwixt mere and river, and savages still flocking to him from all directions. Then Miles Courtenay stood up and told them how Noanett and Pomham had escaped us; and how he purposed following up the stream at once, and attacking them that evening or early on the following day; and he called for volunteers.

He said nothing of his reasons for resolving this; so I stood up after him and made a little speech, and

told them how Noanett had gone by river, and it was nigh thirty miles of river to Philip's fort; and King Noanett, who doubtless knew that Philip had been victorious (for their runners far exceeded ours), would not hasten thither, but rather camp that night as soon as they had got the Natick village well behind them; so on the next day I promised to lead them, and we should soon overtake them. And I told them naught of the lady that was captive with them, only hinted of the silver ingots; but I well knew, if Noanett once led her into Philip's stronghold, only the issue of the war could give her back to us. And Miles looked at me when I had done, with a light in his dark eyes which will always gladden my heart, remembering it. For on that next day, as he knew, did my own ship sail for England.

But the settlers, that were still half frightened and half sullen at the rough handling they had received, hung back still. Indeed, it seemed strange tactics to divert a portion of a retreating army to attack the rear-guard of a victorious enemy on its way to a junction. But then the Colonel (who knew how strangely our upper river winds about the country, from surveys that he had made in exploring for his grant, and who could not bear that Noanett should get away with all his silver slugs) stood up, and said the young man was right; and it would almost make up for their repulse at the fort, if they could thus cut off two chiefs with a considerable force, and one of them known to be that great wizard Noanett, who lay behind this rising against the colonists, and in whom all the sachems put more faith than in their youthful king, whose arm was yet untried.

"Remember Meadfield, still smouldering," he cried. "And if you have doubt of your leadership (though Major Courtenay hath well approved himself, to my knowledge, in the Virginia wars), you have here also one that holds commission from the King — God bless him — Charles the Second, King of Great Britain and Ireland, and proclaimed but five weeks since at Whitehall!"

Now this was the first that we had heard of the end of the Commonwealth; and the news, though little grateful to us men of Massachusetts, I could see did set them thinking, both of Colonel Jones's authority and of the policy of righting themselves their own affairs and giving no handle for despatch of troops from England. So Major Lusher first, and most of the other officers, and all the younger men that had no wives and of all them that had their houses burned and women or children taken or killed in the sack of Meadfield, came over and stood by Miles or me, until we had two score, or more than our canoes would hold; and then Colonel Jones, seeing how they put their trust most naturally in Courtenay (as all men did that I had ever met), gracefully made over the command to him.

Then Miles gave his orders, quietly, but in tones that brooked not delay; taking the first canoe himself, he placed me in the second with the little cannon; Major Lusher and the Dedham men took the third and fourth; and Colonel Jones, with Master Simpson, who refused to stay behind, brought up the rear. And it was agreed that Jennifer, with the women that had fled from Meadfield, was to go with the others down to Dedham, leaving our house

empty; for nothing now lay between it and the Indian army.

But then Jennifer came to me apart, and implored she might go with us. She would stay in our camp, she said, or by the canoes while our attack was going on; but something bade her come, that she might not leave her work unfinished; to be with her whom Courtenay loved when he had rescued her. And I was about to say her nay, when I saw within her eyes; and I withstood her wish no more, but went and told Miles that she must come. "For surely," said she, "I may go where the English lady goes." So I put her in the canoe with me.

The others came down to the river bank and cheered us as we left for this last battle. The summer birds and flowers gladdened the river; and again the golden West lay in front for us to voyage into. The light of it fell full on Courtenay's face, as I brought my bark beside his; and I looked in it and was glad to see the shadow of the other world had left it now.

"God bless thee, Moore," said he, "and when I have saved her now once more, we shall go home to England with thee. For I have tried thee, and I know thy lady would be true to thee." And then I felt that my love for this man was almost like my love for her, and both I knew not how to better. But I made no answer; and so we went up the quiet river side by side.

We made quick work of the carry at the Indian village; and beyond the river lay through meadow and the virgin forest; in the tender grasses were countless hosts of little blue and star-shaped flowers,

and before us rose one great green hill that was curved even like the downs on Exmoor and had the beauty of a woman's breast. And I remembered the boyish tears that I had wept, and left there in the dell of Combe-Park water, now five years agone.

Then the woods closed up about us, and we progressed warily, not knowing what we might find beyond each bend. But now the water widened, still amid green fields beyond which rose new hills; and ahead of us there was a rocky range, so that we had to wonder how the river ever came through it; but the way led straight up to this, and beneath a bold rocky bluff; till suddenly, as we looked, we saw the river sweeping round the crag and there was a rift in the hill through which the stream came, swirling between two rocks. And from the crest of the nearest one curled the smoke of an Indian fire.

But that they had no thought of our coming, they had surely seen us; as it was, Miles waved his hand, and we all dropped noiselessly back in the swift current, to where there was a hemlock shadow on the Western shore. And there we landed in dense woods; and Miles disposed his outposts to be ready for an attack in the morning, only bade us build no fire. And while he was busied in giving orders, I slipped away.

The sunlight still lay in the lofty places, though in the valleys and the thickets it was night; and I entered in some deep fir woods with design to come in this cover to the top, whence I might look down on Noanett's encampment. And first, from a clearing, I saw the country far to the North of us and

already, in the dusty blue, a star; and then I came out higher still on a mossy rock that topped the ridge through which the river broke; and here, to the South, I saw many miles of meadow, across which the upper river lay winding, like a silver ribbon, in the twilight; for this lay Eastward of that mountain, and was night, as the country to the West was still the day, so that even, some miles distant, as the level sunbeams struck its walls, I made out the square of Philip's earthwork fort, in a strong place that lay amid swamps between the river and a lake. Then I followed the ridge downward until I came to the great crag that we had seen just over the river; and thence, lying down and peering over, I could look through all Noanett's camp which lay upon a grassy shelf scarce an hundred feet below me. Noanett's camp it was; for there I saw the white-haired chief alone, looking down the river reach up which our troop had come. And as I was intently looking, wondering that I seemed to know his face, he went into a tent that stood near by, and I heard a woman's voice, it seemed, in supplication; and suddenly my heart stood still. This was like a white man's tent, and the only one there was; for the other Indians lay about their fires with no such shelter. And then, in a moment more, the voices ceased, and a slender maiden came out of the tent alone; and as she stood erect, to look over the dim lower meadows, the afterlight that was left from that Western glory streamed full upon her face, half turned to me; and it was the face of her I loved and shall love always till I die.

Again her face was outlined to me in the twilight, pale and brave and pure as I had seen it last that day in Devon; and her eyes I could see, that were still as I had seen them in my dreams; in the brown air of evening she stood there, by the grace of God my lady, and I thus by His mercy led to her. And as I looked at her, I knew that I had never doubted her; yet was she a woman now, that I had known a girl, and our two souls had grown on lives apart. One moment I stood, ready to drop down the cliff to her feet; then I bethought me that I had yet to save her, and I held me fast to the rock; just as the Indians clustered about her, and one of them, that I could see was Pomham, led her back to the tent. Then I hid me in the woods to think. For alas! and shame for me! my head is ever slow.

But through all my frame my heart sent my life-blood bounding; and I waited till my brain came cool and clear. Then I saw that it was not enough to attack and defeat; we must take them all captive; and take them quickly, ere harm had come to her. And, to do this, both reaches of the river must be guarded, and the camp commanded from above; and we must wait until the Indians slept deepest, before the dawn. Luckily, they had no knowledge we were there.

And then, when I had so made my mortal plan (not thinking of that higher plan that had been made so strangely to bring us together) my heart would have its way again; and I wandered, whither I knew not, but far off in the silent woods that were to me in the dead night as some bright bower of singing birds. And only when it came to my mind

that it was midnight did I turn my steps again toward our camp; — and then first, alas! came over me the thought of Miles. So she that we had found was not her he sought. And I am glad to remember that, even then, in my great happiness, my heart was grieved for him.

But surely, as he had vowed for me, so I and he would join and find his lady yet, though all this Western world were searched again. And I was sorry for Jennifer, even in her second-sight at fault, who loved Miles so. And while I thus planned, I stopped and listened; for I heard a distant singing in the wood. The tune I had heard last in Devonshire; and surely, I knew the words?

"Her whom ye love
For him ye shall leave.
He is thy King, though Queen she may never be;
Now ye may prove
How both ye do love,
Living so gallantly, dying so lovingly —"

XLI

In which my Lady Keeps her Promise

WELL I knew that old song of the Cavaliers, Lillibullero, to which tune others wrote less tender words, though the melody be so sad and gentle; but never had I heard Miles sing it before. For Miles it was; and he only broke off the song, as I met him, close by the camp, full of my news. And I told him then and there; how I had seen her my love, that I had so long thought in England, there in that camp, in the power of the savages, who were making war. And even then, I was wondering how she came thither, but that things happened so quickly on that day one had no time to think. And Miles, who had been silent for a moment at my news, looked at me; and then he put his arm around my neck. In our camp there was no fire nor torch, but I could see even by the starlight that his face was pale; and I sought to say some words of comfort to him that Jennifer's vision had not proved true. "Little maid!" he said, "little maid!" And I knew that he was speaking of Jennifer; for he often called her so. And I told him that even on the morrow, if God favoured us, we would start West-

ward for the Mohawk country, where his lady, doubtless, still was.

"God bless thee, Moore," said he, "now and always — 'tis doubtless better so. Tell me, at least, dost thou still love her?"

"I am her," I said.

"And thou hast no doubt of her, at last?"

There was a touch of his old raillery in his tone, and I hung my head. "Nay," said I, "I had sooner doubt the God of heaven. I have no doubt of her."

"Nor have I — and thanks be to the blessed Virgin for it!" he answered. And then we fell to talking of our plans for the rescue: I told him mine, and found that his were like to them.

Only we differed on one thing; that was, which of us should take command of the canoe that ran the gauntlet, through the defile, to cut off their retreat on the side towards Philip; for this canoe must be starting ahead, and before the dawn; and we both wanted it, and both agreed that Jones and Simpson should stay behind with the canoes on the lower river, and with them Jennifer; for it was not likely, said Miles, the old fox Noanett would run down there. And at the last, Miles used his authority of command, the only time in his life with me; so for discipline's sake I let him have his way. "When we seek thy lady, I shall order thee," said I; and Miles looked up with a bright smile, and so it was agreed. After all, I was to have the main attack, that from the ridge whence I had spied their camp; for I had described this ledge to Miles, and he had listened, nodding his head as if

he knew the place. And then Miles grasped my hand and took his leave.

"Not yet?" said I; "it lacks two hours of dawn."

"Nay," answered Miles, "I had rather go now. Sure, ye know, I hate to dawdle with my fighting!" This he said with a low laugh; but then added gravely, that he needed more time than we to start up the river and get into position. And this was true, so I let him go.

He waked softly three men; and he chose the three that had lost their wives at Meadfield; and these he bade go with him; and their canoe took its silent way up the black water in the gorge. I watched him go, and waved my hand at him, but thinking only of my lady. Miles waved his hand at me; but he had stopped his singing; and suddenly I wondered what had led him to singing so near their camp. And it seemed to me the voice had not been Miles's, but the same voice I had heard that night of old Penruddock's flight, on Exmoor. I started up, and looked about me; it may have been half an hour after I had said good-bye to Miles, and I was waiting for the first ray of dawn, when I felt a soft hand touch my shoulder. It was Jennifer.

"Where is Miles Courtenay?" she asked.

I told her that he had gone.

"Gone! gone already?" the girl cried wildly.

"Hush," said I; and I sketched to her our plan of attack. And then I told her of Miss St. Aubyn, and how her own vision had proved wrong, and Miles and I were to seek her in the Mohawk country afterward.

"Nay, nay," she moaned; "Moore Carew, go ye at once or it will be too late. Go ye at once — go ye at once." And she said nothing more than this; but I saw she had a paper folded in her hand, and on it was Miles's handwriting. For just then the cold grey dawnlight made a ghostly looming in the place.

So I called the camp, and gave them their orders briefly. And I told Jones's party, on no account were they to shoot into the Indian camp, but only to wait down the river and capture, without injury, any that might be escaping. And then I quickly took some dozen trusty men with me, and led them rapidly up the hill.

But none too quickly; for hardly had I, leading, got to that crag above the camp when I heard musket firing up the stream; and in the dawn I saw Miles Courtenay attacking alone, with his three men. And so all the Indians ran down to meet his one canoe; while we quickly sprang down the rock and had a bloodless victory. And just as I came to the tent, being first, came out my lady, sad, but not in fear (for she had seen long years of such things), and I fell at her feet, as I had done in my dreams.

XLII

In which I Learn to Know Miles Courtenay

"I AM Moore Carew, and by God's blessing do see thee now again as thou promised," was what I said. And what my lady said I do not here set down; only that I rose and took her hand and stood there. For she, too, had thought me under some dire condemnation all that time. "I have only sought for thee here and in the Indies since that day you went from me. Oh, why did not you tell me and let me join you —"

"And you cried out for the King, after all," she said, half smiling; then my heart leaped, as I saw we had in truth not been separated all that time, only in body. And even as we stood there, looking at one another, Jennifer rushed between us. "Where is he?" she cried to me. I knew who she meant; so I kissed my lady's hand but once, and then I said,

"Forgive me that I must leave thee for this moment — if thou art safe?"

For just then the great chief Noanett came out of the tent and looked at us.

But the paint was off his face, and his skin was white. And as I gazed upon him, I saw that he was John Penruddock, my lady's grandfather. And

his sight so amazed me, that I knew not whether to take it for joy or evil.

"In the King's name, whoe'er thou art, surrender," cried I.

"In the King's?"

"Aye, in his gracious Majesty's, King Charles the Second," shouted Colonel Jones, who appeared just then with the third party, toiling up the cliff from the river.

"No enemy am I of Charles Stewart," said Penruddock, "as his enemies well know, and Whalley's blood may tell." And then I saw that she had been no captive, save indeed of this old fanatic, her grandfather, who had lived with savages to make warfare on the Puritans even in this wilderness. But then Jennifer touched my arm again, and I turned to her, and we both ran down toward the river shore, in the Southern valley, where the firing now was silenced.

I did not think to caution her, but ran myself with drawn sword. And there lay a dozen dead or dying Indians, and Pomham alone was standing, but mortally wounded, still glaring fiercely upon Miles Courtenay, who lay upon his face, with a spear thrust through his breast.

XLIII

Which Passeth the Love of Woman

IN the old record of the town of Dedham you still may read of the taking of Pomham, July twenty-fifth of that year, "a few miles West of Meadfield," and how "he fought till he was slain, raging like a wild beast, after being mortally wounded, so that hee could not stand, he did catch hold of an Englishman that by accident came neare him, and had done him mortal mischief if not presently rescued." That Englishman was I; for I threw myself upon Pomham, flinging away my sword, and he struck at me with his knife, as he had stricken Miles after the spear had pierced him through and through. But me they dragged from him, and so held me there, and in his rage, glaring still at Miles, the Indian died.

Then Jennifer flung herself upon her face beside Miles and pillowed his white face, that was bloodless, upon her bosom. And as she did so he turned his face to her, and breathed one sigh, and in it was a whisper, "Do not tell." I heard it, and she heard it, and she looked at me.

"No, Miles," said she, softly. Then she turned to me.

"Give me the canoe, and these two men, and I will take him home." And the two men from

Meadfield that were widowed (for the third of them was lying in the stream, crimsoning its quiet water, as his dead body was swaying with the current where it was caught in the long weeds) stood up and lifted Miles, so tenderly, so tenderly; and I looked on and felt my heart go from me.

"Nay, nay," then cried I, "I must go with him — and Jennifer, my lady is here —"

But Jennifer put her finger to her lips. "This thing I promised him." And she showed me the paper, on which was his writing: *If I am killed or wounded in this fight, I ask Moore to let the little maid take me home and nurse me, all alone; and to let none other see me, even Moore.*

By this time, the two men had lifted him into the canoe; and they had been filling it with great fern-leaves or bracken that grew by the waterside, and of these they made a couch, and placed him on it; and he smiled, with his eyes closed, and moved his lips as if to thank them for it. Then they took leave of me, and I watched them go down the river, so quietly, his face, that I had always known so bright, now deathly white in that fair morning sun; and then I saw Jennifer lean over to shade his eyes from it.

So I went back alone over the crag; and there I found our people hastening to return. No Indian prisoners had they save Noanett, or Penruddock, as I shall now call him; for all the others had run to meet Courtenay's attack, and then had fled (such of them as had escaped Miles, for, they told me, he was fighting like St. George) upon seeing our larger band in possession of their own camp; and Pom-

ham, dead, but placed in the canoe with Jones and Simpson, who, I fear, were even then trying to get him to disclose the secret of his silver mill and where his mine might be; and Penruddock and my dear lady I took in the boat with me, with two friendly Indians, and bade them make all haste, leading the way, so that I fancied now and then I saw the ripples and the bubbles left by Jennifer's canoe.

Then my lady told me how her grandfather had escaped, but would not after stay in England; or, perhaps, he dared not; but came to this new country, where he had sought, she feared, to stir up strife between the savages and the Puritan settlers; and that it was true he had some fable of vast wealth that was to be had from mining, and had scoured the wilderness in search of it, to be rich against the King's return. She fancied, too, he had some dream of so establishing his authority among the Indians that he might be a sort of king among them, as some of the French noblemen had learned to be (but no Englishman could ever accomplish, being too honest), and so either lead them in a general rising or make a cause that he might ask for some viceroyalty over them when the King came to his own again. And then she went back to that day in the court at Bridgewater (to my deep delight, for it showed her heart had dwelt on it, as mine had done) and asked me why I had so looked on her that day, and why I had risked my life in avowing falsely when there was no need. And I told her that I had been sore at heart, for I thought she had not kept her promise in going away without letting me see her; so then all had come weary to me; moreover, I could not

bear to have even her grandfather think, for one moment, I had been the spy.

"You foolish boy!" she cried (and it delighted my heart, though I was surely now a man grown), "dost thou not see, if thou hadst come again, thou wouldst have joined us in that reckless cast, and it had been thy death perhaps, as it would have been my grandfather's but for one kind friend that helped us escape, and sacrificed himself to get us free?" And I was so pleased at her changing the *you* to *thou* that I did not then mark her other words.

But it was true enough that in all my thinking, I had never thought of this explanation before. So I took her hand and kissed it; and then I grew sad, thinking now of Miles. "God forgive me, dear," I said, "but in a canoe that is ahead of us lies my best friend, and, I fear, is dying." And then I told of him, and of all that he had done and been for me; but it seems that I never once mentioned his name. And I took the paper that Jennifer had given me; it bore the verses that I wrote down at the head of this my story, and with them an inscription to

> "My lady,
> Handmaiden to the Virgin, now on earth,
> Whose eyes are as the Virgin's eyes in heaven
> Best worshippèd through tears."

For it seems that Miles had gone out before me, and come back and written these, and destroyed many other papers, while I was away. And as she read it, the tears came into her eyes, and she said that I must take her to him. For yet did neither of us suspect the truth.

But when we came home, Miles was asleep; and Jennifer reminded me of the promise, and what Miles had written the night before, on the back of this same paper. And she told me that he had been in high fever; and kept crying that his name should not be known, and that he must go away for forty years; and then he had recognized Jennifer and gone to sleep.

Toward evening, he woke up; and Jennifer sent for me; and I came, fresh from my lady; and as I went in, he looked up once, and his eyes met mine, and he smiled. "'Tis all well with thee, Moore," he said faintly; and as I nodded, and sat down by him, and began to tell him of all, Jennifer put her finger to her lips; and I saw that I must not talk as yet. For soon the fever came back, and his raving, and Jennifer bade me go away and come back in the morning. She was very quiet herself, and cried not at all.

Now in all that time in the canoe, old Penruddock had been silent, and sat as one dazed, who does not see what things are forward; and my lady had been tending him like a child. But when I went back to the main house about sunset, I found him talking in a low voice with Colonel Jones, so that it looked as if there was some intelligence between them. And I dared not take my lady from our strong house, even had I the heart, while Miles was lying so; and I went out to dispose some men as sentries for the night, and attended to the cattle. And I stopped in to see Jennifer (for Miles and she were in Berry's new house) and found that Miles was calmly asleep again; so we hoped that he might live. For she

had bandaged his wounds as well as any chirurgeon could have done, and she watched every motion of his heart.

I mounted guard with the sentries that night (as neither joy nor sorrow let me sleep) and towards morning I saw a white figure running toward me. "Oh, Moore, he has gone!" cried Jennifer. "He slept so quietly — and I but went to the river for water — and God help me, he is no longer there!"

"Not there? surely, he cannot have gone —"

For I but thought of his quest in the Mohawk country.

"All the night he hath been raving he must go away — for forty years — for forty years! and he knew me not, at the last!" and she wrung her hands, and burst into tears of sorrow — for the first time since that night the little maid was ill with the fever in Maryland.

"He cannot walk," I said; and we went to the river, but all the canoes were there; and into the stable, but the only horse was in his stall. Then I went to look through the houses; I roused no one; but my lady met me at her father's door, all dressed.

"What is it," said she; for my face must have been strange, that could not smile to her.

"It is my best friend," I answered, "who has gone we know not whither, wounded through the breast." And my lady came with me.

But coming out, we could not find Jennifer. All through the enclosure we searched, and then in the clearing around the stockade; and then, as we came by Berry's door again, the right thought struck me. But Jennifer had been quicker than I.

For now we two walked through that narrow path cut by Miles in the cedar wood, and over the bridge just as the water was white with coming dawn; and there, in the little chapel in the cedar-trees, lay Miles, and Jennifer bending by his side. By her look, I saw that he was dead; and we could see that the bandage was torn from above his heart, and the blood there streaming. But over his face, Jennifer had placed her kerchief. And above him was the altar with that great cross that he had made from the wood, evergreen; and leaning on it again, the ivory crucifix.

I felt my lady's arm tremble in my hand that held her. "What is that?" she said. And Jennifer told her it was a crucifix that she had found and given him.

"Uncover his face," said my lady, gently; and as Jennifer hesitated, herself she lifted the slight veil from the face of him who died for us. For,

"Miles Courtenay." It was my lady said it.

I stood still. Only Jennifer, being quicker, cried:

"Oh, God! Cover his face."

I stood still, and my heart thought for me. And my lady, alone of all us three, broke into tears. Then, while she was weeping, and Jennifer laid the kerchief back, I remembered Miles's song.

XLIV

In which is Earthly Ending

LOVE is all that I have found, within this world, eternal; we but pretend, in other things. And I have told you my story that you may see how I have learned this; but my story, now, is done.

In the weeks that followed Courtenay's death, my lady told me how he had been the means of their escape in England; though he had had the foresight not to join in her grandfather's foolish rising; yet she had never known his love for her. But it was doubtless his singing I had heard upon the moor that night; though he had met them first when they were escaping by connivance of that very kindly old magistrate that had reproved me from the bench, and old Penruddock had insisted in veiling their identity, even from him, under the name of Clerke. And it was he had given her that crucifix (which Jennifer had found after all the years) to replace the one she had lost in the abbey fire. And I, who had been so blind, so dull, — and Jennifer, whose vision had proved so sadly right — we both felt that Miles had known it all, that night of our attack on Pomham; and then and there his Irish heart had made its mind up what

to do. For he must have seen our lady in the camp, even as I had done; and so had gone home singing; and then I had been to him, with the story of my secret, and never once, dull Saxon fool, had imagined his own. So he had died for us, saving us with the three Meadfield men from any chance of harm; and his last hours were given to the effort that we might never know his sacrifice and sorrow and thus have any cloud upon our happiness. He had stayed in the wilderness until he had found her, as he had said; and then had God found for him a fair path out of the wilderness of this our world. Only, that the knowledge of such power in weak human hearts can be no cloud upon our living here on earth, but give us rather solemn faith of coming heaven.

There is a happiness so great, so undeserved, that he who hath won it can only pray to be worthy, and hardly dare to take the gifts of God when they exceed all bounds of longing. Yet may there be another life, which I may lose for him as he lost this for me: yet only he that loveth life shall lose it, say the scriptures.

Miles was buried by his own altar in the wood; and then we all came back to the town; my lady and I not known to be lovers, save by Jennifer; but when old Penruddock went back to England, to follow his rising fortunes, I went with them, to care for her, for I had no faith in them; and indeed they proved all an illusion, like his silver mine. For his bits of true ore had mostly been brought him from afar, and only little lay with

the bog iron he found so plentiful; and Charles in England had more to do diverting himself and beribboning his companions than gave time to learn of those he had never known struggling for him in the wilderness. We went down to Devon and lived in a cottage by the burned abbey; the lands of which had twice been given away, and once by Charles himself, so old Penruddock was none too welcome a suitor in his court. And Jennifer came with us, back to her native Cornwall, and waited for our wedding.

This came in the Spring, when we had laid aside our mourning. And by then Penruddock's hopes had already come to naught, and we gladly resolved to come here, to the home that Miles and I had made in this new England. And Jennifer was to come back with us.

But after our wedding she grew ill, and we waited to nurse her; for she had no family left in Cornwall. Nothing seemed to ail her that could be named. But there, near by her old home, she died; and we left her buried there; and sought our new life, we two together, with the memory of their two great loves like a solemn blessing on our hearts. For this was not their world.

Why love is made to deal such ill, I know not. But I know that God it is who made it, and somewhere, somehow, I have faith that Miles and his little maid are happy, even as I and my wife were happy, some brief years on earth.

For it is now forty years since; and as you know, she died before that last and dreadful war that Philip made. But for five years, she that was thy mother's

mother and I lived there, at Springfield parish, together. Since then I have lived there with my children and theirs. And as Miles would think of us on earth, so have I always thought of her, and Miles, and Jennifer, in heaven.

Only house left in Medfield, about 1675, after the Indian Massacre. From a sketch made April, 1896.